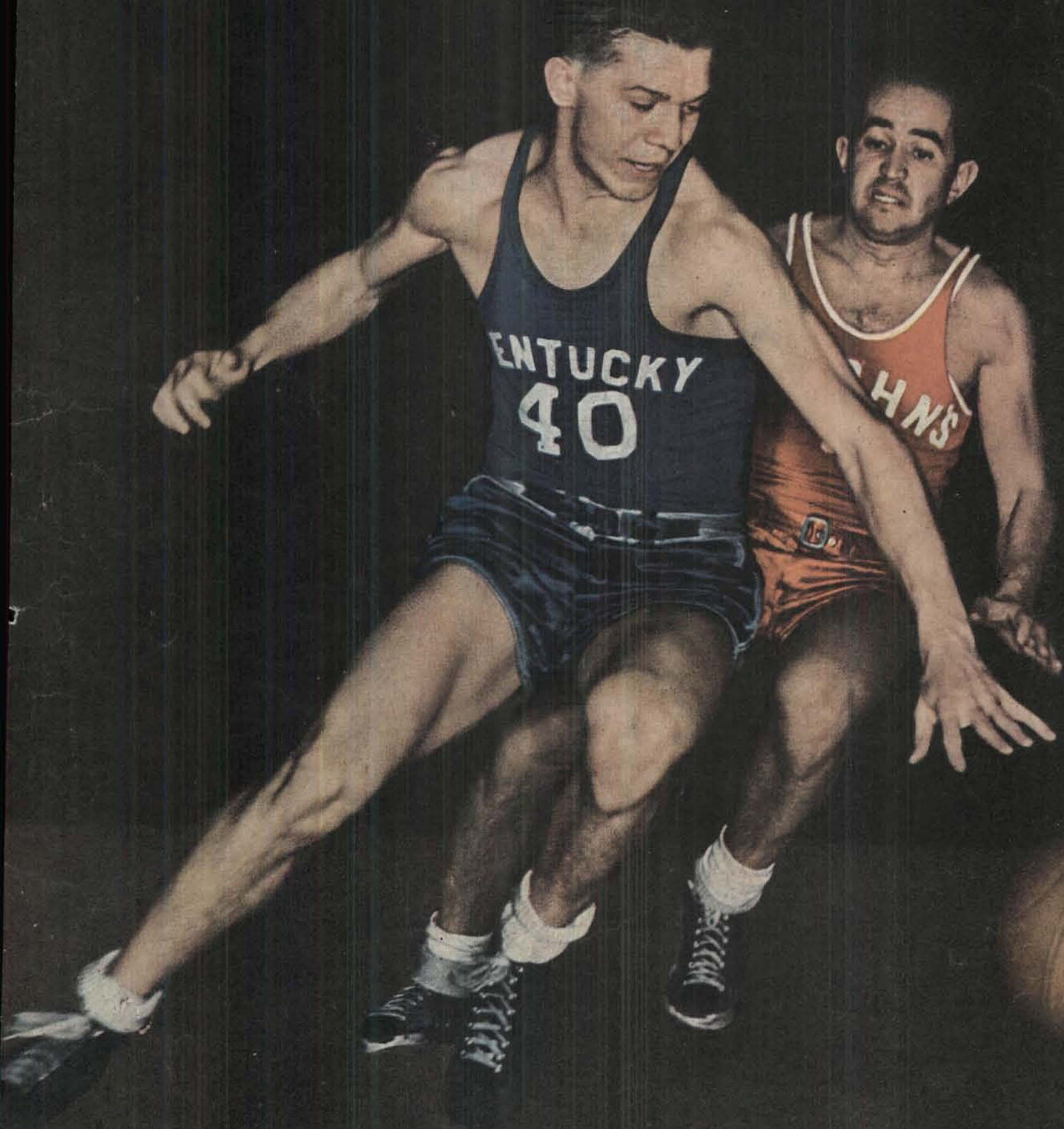


JANUARY 11, 1947

TEN CENTS



REVENGE — A STORY YOU'LL REMEMBER

BASKETBALL CRAZY

Page 20

Jan 11, 1947

Whenever OLD TAYLOR comes into your home, Old Kentucky moves in with it.

You'll savor it in the rich bouquet of this fine bourbon, in its cheery sparkle and good warm flavor—so reminiscent of Kentucky sun and golden fields and limestone pools lying cool and deep beneath the bluegrass.

It is from such things that OLD TAYLOR gets the qualities that make it rank among bourbons of *topmost choice* when bourbon lovers get together.

Signed, Sealed and Delicious



Of Topmost Choice

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York



When you're in line for his COLD—Look Out!

Gargle

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Quick!

Germes reduced up to 96.7% in tests

IF YOU have been in close contact with other people who have colds, or if your feet get wet or cold, or if you have been exposed to sudden changes of temperature, it's only sensible to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic as promptly as possible:

Guard Against Mass Invasion of Germs

Such exposure may lower body resistance so that germs called the "secondary invaders" find it easier to invade the throat tissue and produce many of those miserable aspects of a cold you know so well. Listerine Antiseptic reaches back on the throat surfaces to kill millions of these "secondary invaders."

In tests, germs on throat and mouth surfaces were reduced as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle; as much as 80% one hour after. You can see why it can help Nature in guarding against a mass invasion of germs:

Fewer Colds in Tests

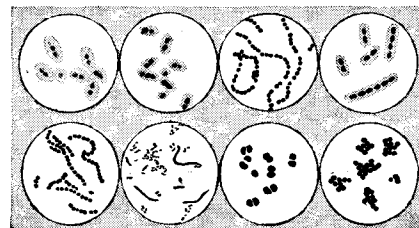
Bear in mind Listerine Antiseptic's impressive record made in tests over 12 years: Those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle :: and fewer sore throats:

So, remember, at the first hint of a cold, use Listerine Antiseptic. Better still, make the Listerine Antiseptic gargle a morning-and-night habit:

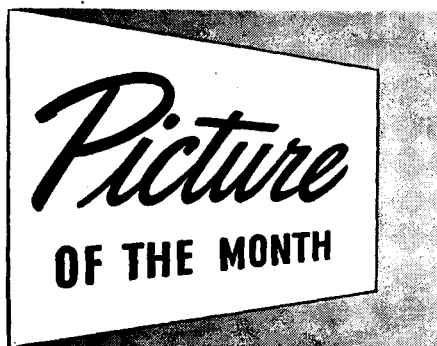
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY; St. Louis, Missouri

"SECONDARY INVADERS," Potential Troublemakers

These are some types of the threatening germs; which can cause so much of the misery of a cold when they invade the throat membranes and which may be transmitted to you in tiny droplets of moisture if you get in the way of a sneeze or a cough:



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

YOU and ROBERT MONTGOMERY

in

"LADY IN THE LAKE"

with

AUDREY TOTTER • LLOYD NOLAN

TOM TULLY • LEON AMES

Screen Play by STEVE FISHER

Based on the Novel by RAYMOND CHANDLER

Directed by ROBERT MONTGOMERY

Produced by GEORGE HAIGHT



Last night we got socked on the jaw, kissed by a luscious blonde, framed by a cop who went wrong, followed a mysterious woman who wore black, smashed up in a car going seventy miles an hour, and solved one of the most nerve-fraying murder mysteries we've ever seen. Yes, we were pretty busy last night, and we weren't dreaming. We were seeing—and living—M-G-M's startling new thriller-killer, **LADY IN THE LAKE**.

And the same things are going to happen to you, when you see **LADY IN THE LAKE**—because through a revolutionary new camera technique, developed by Robert Montgomery and M-G-M, you actually step into Robert Montgomery's role as private detective Philip Marlowe. The camera is his eyes, and everything that happens to him happens to you! It's a startling departure in screen entertainment and Robert Montgomery, who is both the star and director, becomes a gentleman in the limelight with his **LADY IN THE LAKE**.

You'll be hired by a seductive blonde who asks you to find her boss' missing wife, and secretly hopes you never do. You'll visit a soft-spoken Southerner who wears hard brass-knuckles, and you'll feel the impact of Southern hospitality right on your jaw. You'll wake up in jail on a phony drunkenness charge and meet a tough cop who doesn't like private detectives. You'll fall in love with your gorgeous employer, and when she kisses you, you'll forget that you don't trust her. And you'll solve three baffling murders, in a terrific, suspenseful wind-up that will leave your heart pounding.

You and Robert Montgomery are surrounded by an excellent supporting cast, including brilliant rising star Audrey Totter and Lloyd Nolan. Director Robert Montgomery and Producer George Haight have created a motion picture that audiences the world over will applaud for its daring originality. And Raymond Chandler's original story proves, once again, that he is the dean of whodunits.

COLLIER'S

January 11, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

WOMAN TROUBLE

DEAR EDITOR: Let me have my say before the storm breaks. The Trouble With Women (Dec. 7th) by Ralph Banay, M.D., is just the sort of article calculated to maintain your circulation by stirring a hornets' nest—just enough outrageous statements combined with near truths. I think, too, it would impress more people without Jeff Machamer's illustrations—it's like illustrating Faith Baldwin with Grant Wood, God forbid!

MADGE BROWN, New York, N. Y.

. . . I heard a lot of my friends squawking about what Dr. Banay said about women, so I read that article. There were some pretty big words in it, but I get what he means, all right, and I think he was talking about me, because I am exactly like what he says women are, and I even look a lot like the girl in the picture. Also, I am getting along fine.

DAISY BROWN, New York, N. Y.

. . . Dec. 7, 1941: Pearl Harbor.
Dec. 7, 1946: The Trouble With Women in Collier's.
These are two dates that will live forever in infamy.

FLORENCE HAIMS, Peoria, Ill.

. . . What Dr. Banay seems to be saying over and over again is that women are almost as bad as people.

HANNAH LEES, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . I don't think your Dr. Banay is so bright, for all he is so very eminent, and I think he could stand a little analysis to unearth the basis of his hostility toward the sex that bore him. I am enchanted, incidentally, by the libidinal stirrings that must have been behind that purple metaphor, to the effect that women have made themselves symbols of "genitalia with wings."

PHILOMENA RAY, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . In his highly unoriginal diatribe, Dr. Banay merely rephrased the writings of one, Friedrich Nietzsche. Is it not possible that the good doctor suffers from the same derangement which landed poor Friedrich in an insane asylum?

DOROTHY BINN, Nutley 10, N. J.

. . . After carefully perusing Dr. Banay's learned article I am convinced that the real trouble with women is that even psychologists can't understand them.

Sincerely yours,

C. H. FRIDLEY, Euclid, Ohio
(Continued on page 65)

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An Invitation To Readers of This Magazine

FROM THE PUBLISHERS OF THE

FUNK & WAGNALLS New Standard ENCYCLOPEDIA

Please Accept WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS
Volume One of the New 1947 Edition—Now On Press!

[ALL WE ASK YOU TO PAY IS TEN CENTS TO COVER COST OF MAILING IT TO YOU]

WE ARE now on press with our Winter 1947 Edition of the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Encyclopedia, which in previous editions sold over 15,000,000 volumes—an amazing record.

This latest edition, newly revised, we have allocated among the newspapers and magazines carrying our Winter advertising program. In accordance with this plan, we have set aside 1,500 sets for readers of this magazine and now invite you to become the owner of a set—making you this extraordinary offer to enable you to become acquainted with the volumes before you decide to buy.

We want to send you Volume I of the set with our compliments. Merely send us 10¢ to cover our mailing cost—more as evidence of your good faith than anything else. This volume is yours to keep without any further obligation on your part. If, after examining Volume I, you want the rest of the 27-volume set, you may receive it at a ridiculously low price through our book-a-week plan, explained later in this announcement. Or, if you want no further books, you merely drop us a postcard saying so, and that ends the matter.

Some Facts About This Encyclopedia

We expect to enclose with Volume I a small pamphlet giving the facts to show that this is one of the finest encyclopedias anyone can buy for home use—unsurpassed by any other at any price.

In the meantime, we want to give you a few of the facts printed in the pamphlet, so as to interest you in taking the trouble to send for Volume I.

The Winter 1947 Edition contains over 52,000 subjects, covered in separate articles. Compare this with any other encyclopedia in the world. You will find that it is at least 30% more than encyclopedias costing you up to four times as much as ours.

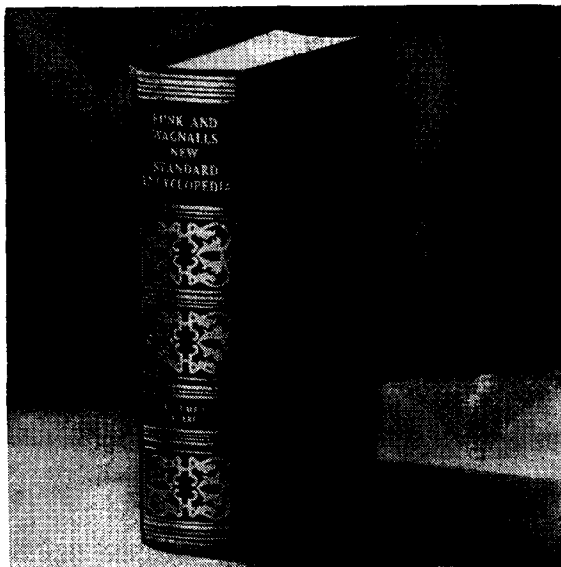
Each volume (comprising about 500 double-columned pages) contains over a quarter of a million words—over 7,000,000 words in all—which will give you some idea of the completeness of coverage of each subject.

Each volume is as up-to-date as human ingenuity can make it. In this edition the subjects have been revised to cover events of this last year, and each volume, as it goes to press, is brought finally up-to-the-minute. Our unique book-a-week delivery plan, bringing you the volumes almost as they come off the presses, makes it the most up-to-date of encyclopedias. Better still—later volumes, delivered to you during this Winter and Spring—will contain events which have not yet occurred!

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But the books are easy to read! Your children in grammar and high school can read them, use



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THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

Since 1935, roller skating has developed into one of America's largest participant sports. Today, more than 12,000,000 persons a week pay admissions up to \$1 to skate in about 4,000 rinks, some of which represent investments of \$300,000. As most of the music is furnished by recordings which must be timed to a certain number of metronome beats, seven companies specialize in making these records for roller skating.

Throughout history, half of all deaths from starvation have been—and still are—among the Hindus of India. As their religion teaches them to sanctify and protect animal life, they not only allow monkeys, rats and other pests to eat and damage their crops, but also use much of their food to maintain animals in idleness, among them being about 100,000,000 head of cattle.

Between 1935 and 1940, Americans spent on foreign lotteries and sweepstakes approximately \$1,000,000,000 annually, about two-thirds of which went to racketeers. Besides the millions of tickets sold on fake drawings, more than 40 per cent of those sold on real lotteries were counterfeits and 25 per cent of the genuine tickets sold on such operations as the Irish Hospital Sweepstakes were worthless, as the agents here destroyed the stubs and pocketed the money.

The only organization of its kind in the United States is the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, which was formed in 1937 and has 10,000 members, all of whom also belong to large trade unions. Its purpose is to instruct its members in labor relations from a religious and moral viewpoint.

The 54 United Nations combined contain 1,646,000,000 persons, or 77 per cent of the world's population. . . . Constantinople did not name its streets or number its houses until 1916 when it was 1,600 years old and had one million inhabitants.

The first commercial crop of cotton ever to be cultivated entirely with mechanical equipment was grown in 1946 on 83 acres of the Oaks Plantation near Montgomery, Alabama. Thus, as each of the dozen operations, from preparing the land to picking the crop, could be performed by one man, less than nine man-hours of labor per acre were required compared with an average of 235 for nonmechanized farms, while the cost of producing the cotton was decreased from 25 cents to eight cents a pound.—By J. E. Martin, Montgomery, Ala.

The 45-year-old records of the American Bowling Congress show that, in official league or tournament play during this period, only 3,209 perfect games of 12 successive strikes have been rolled by 2,891 bowlers. Of these contestants, 2,673 rolled such a game once, 162 twice, 33 three times, 12 four times, 6 five times, 3 six times, one seven times and one ten times.

Since the production of the film *The Birth of a Nation* in 1914, the U.S. motion-picture industry has made but 33 other films which have grossed or are expected to gross more than \$4,000,000 in domestic rentals; and 27 of these pictures were released in the past five years.

The Vice-President of the United States, as presiding officer of the Senate, has no vote except in the case of a tie. In the course of our history, he has cast this deciding vote 201 times, or an average of five times in every four sessions of Congress.—By Roderick J. Elwood, Alhambra, Cal.

Russia, while inflicting capital punishment for certain crimes, does not impose the life sentence, its maximum prison term being 25 years.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission.

7

How many GASOLINE COMPANIES DISPLAY THIS TRADEMARK?

Dollars $\equiv$ to
doughnuts $\odot$
you can't pick
the right number!

- ☐ a 14
- ☐ b 140
- ☐ c 240
- ☐ d 14,000
- ☐ e 240,000

See correct answer at right.



According to the latest count, two hundred and forty oil refiners in the United States use Ethyl brand of anti-knock compound to improve their best gasoline.

So ☒ **e** *is one right answer, but if you guessed 14,000 or 240,000, you aren't wrong*

...because the oil refining companies, that are licensed by the Ethyl Corporation to add its antiknock compound to their gasoline, sell the finished product through many thousands of jobbers and dealers. These distributors in turn display the Ethyl trademark on pumps that contain good gasoline plus this famous antiknock fluid that increases power and performance.

ETHYL CORPORATION—MAKERS OF ETHYL BRAND OF ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND

*He Always Puts
His Foot in His
Mouth!*



GOSH, JUDY!
WHAT HAVE I
DONE NOW? SEEMS
TO ME EVERYTHING
I SAY OR DO
LATELY IS WRONG!

HONEY, THERE'S JUST
ONE THING WRONG!
BUT IT'S TOO TOUCHY
A SUBJECT FOR ME.
ASK OUR DENTIST
ABOUT BAD BREATH,
WOULDN'T YOU, JIMMY?



TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC
TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES,
COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH
THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!



LATER—Thanks to
Colgate Dental Cream

COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM
GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN
TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING
FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT
SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE
OF MUCH BAD BREATH



**COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM**
Cleans Your Breath
While It Cleans
Your Teeth!



POP'S PUTTING
HIS BEST FOOT
FORWARD
THESE DAYS!



THE WEEK'S WORK

Daniel P. Mannix
The Great Zagma

HOW," asked Mr. Daniel P. Mannix, some months ago of Mr. Calvosa, the picture editor, "would you like to have a photograph of a vampire bat biting Jule?"

Mr. Mannix was in town briefly from his retreat at Wynnewood, Pennsylvania, where he lives happily with his pet skunks, skinks, snakes, ferrets, kinkajous, jaguars and lovebirds. Also with Jule, his wife.

Mr. Calvosa was intrigued, but incredulous. "Jule wouldn't stand for that!"

The petite Jule, who always goes where Mr. Mannix goes, piped up indignantly, "Just find me a bat that hasn't got hydrophobia!"

When the pictures for *Monsters in Miniature*, p. 26, came in from Mexico, Jule, having her blood drained by a vampire, was missing. Knowing the Mannixes, the only reason we can give for this omission is that in all Mexico there is no bat free of rabies.

The somewhat fabulous Mr. Mannix, who is from the Philadelphia Main Line, after a brief spell at the Naval Academy, left to join a carnival and learn sword-swallowing and fire-eating. Later he went to Nova Scotia with a friend to trap beavers. He ran a small zoo for a time, collected snakes, worked as a magician (The Great Zagma), wrote features for newspapers, tried the fur-farming business but gave it up because he didn't have the heart to kill any of the animals.

Jule is very good at writing carnival stories, and Dan'l at animal stuff. He yearns for the claustrophobic in literature. "The other day," he related to us, "I wrote a short story laying bare a woman's soul. It was rejected with a note from the editor asking for an article on the home life of our pet skunks."

The Mannixes announce they are suckers for an editor to send them to Arabia, Peru, China or India. They can also be talked into going to Africa, or the moon. Jule will willingly kiss a cobra, sail the Nile in a felucca with a Peluca, train crocodiles to replace toys in children's bathtubs, or milk an anteater. Jule's mother is to take care of the eagles while they're gone.

FREDERICK BORG was passing a used-car salesroom on Van Ness Avenue in San Francisco, when he noticed a civilian sad sack in a G.I. shirt and blouse and gray flannel trousers pressing his nose to the window. Inside stood a big, black, wicked-looking Duesenberg with a million dollars' worth of gimmicks screwed to it.

"With a sigh you could have heard around the corner," Mr. Borg says, "he

turned and went on, hands rammed in pockets, shoulders bowed like an old, old man's. All the way home I kept thinking about him, trying to picture his family, his neighborhood, his girl friends—and suddenly it was a story. All but the writing, which comes to me with all the sinuous ease of a stylish stout getting into a junior miss girdle."

Thus was *Lovely to Look At*, p. 24, conceived.

To project Mr. Borg's mechanized dreamboat into reality, artist Carl Bobertz haunted the used-car lots and stood on street corners for days seeking a 1933 Duesenberg.

The manufacturer who took Mr. Bobertz through the defunct Duesenberg factory didn't even have a picture of one. Our art editor, Mr. Chessman, finally dug up a straight three-quarter side view of a '33 Doozie in a collector's catalogue, so you won't have to worry about the authenticity of the illustration.

Incidentally, Mr. Bobertz, who comes from Detroit, claims the world's record for name mangling. He's been addressed as Getz, Bobartz, Booertz, Babbittz, Bonerty and Bobbretts. In the original French, Mr. Bobertz tells us, it was Beau Bertz.

BETWEEN flights in a B-29 over Japan, in the superfort Reddy Teddy, of which he was navigator, Samuel Blas dreamed of stories like *Revenge*, p. 14, peacetime stuff.

"I am 30 this very month," observes the dreamer Blas, "married, quietly settled in Manhattan, sifting dreams again."

Carl Bobertz



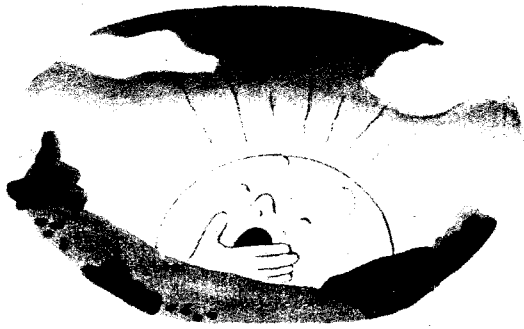
FOR the past four years Paul Larson has posed for Joe, the hard-to-get taxi driver in the Joe and Mabel series illustrated by Al Schmidt (I'm Taking an Apple a Day, p. 16). He now has his own cab business in Toms River, N. J.

Paul says he knows just how Joe felt in the story in this issue when his cab suddenly became the scene of an emergency maternity case because the same thing happened to him not long ago in Toms River.

ALLAN KELLER insists that at no time was he in danger when he collected *The Big Bore*, p. 11. He entered the new tunnel at Castle Garden on New York's Battery and walked underwater to Governors Island. "It was like a stroll over a rocky road," says Mr. Keller. "I didn't get the bends, explode my eardrums or see any sea monsters. They didn't let me enter the part of the tunnel where the sandhogs were working under pressure, you see." This may or may not have irked Mr. Keller, who is a reporter on the New York World-Telegram. . . .

TED SHANE

Collier's for January 11, 1947



First thing in the morning . . .



when everybody's rushed . . .



and tastes are fussy . . .

Try Borden's—the new instant coffee made especially for breakfast!



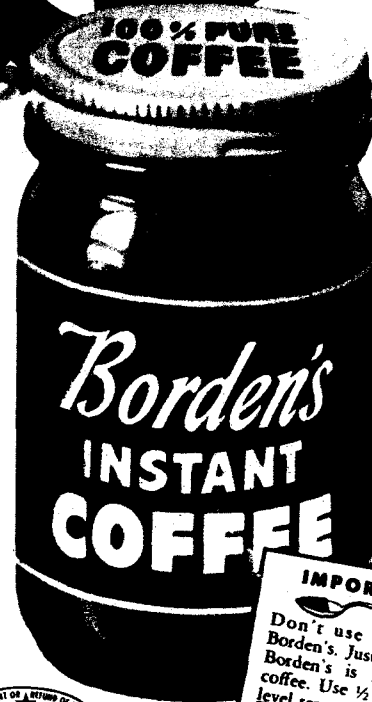
We don't have to tell you folks how nice it would be to have *instant* coffee for breakfast—for that early morning rush, when time's so short.

"Sure," you say, "but *how good is the coffee?* Show us an instant coffee as swell as our best ground coffee—and we'll buy and bless you."

"Fair enough," says Borden. "We'll waste no words. Either Borden's has it, or you don't pay!"

It'll taste as good as your favorite ground coffee every day—or your money back!"*

You see, Borden's was *made* for breakfast—not just for occasional use. It's all coffee—not a half-and-half café-type mixture! And what coffee! Serve it by the cup or by the pot. Serve it to the whole family. Serve it for every meal. If we aren't right, the treat's on us!



IMPORTANT:
Don't use too much Borden's. Just remember Borden's is 100% pure coffee. Use ½ to ¼ of a level teaspoonful.



© THE BORDEN CO.

*Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it tastes as good as your favorite ground coffee, send us the jar with the unused contents, and we'll cheerfully refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



Wednesday is Bingsday

Listen to Bing Crosby on Philco Radio Time,
his one and only radio program.
Every Wednesday at 10 P. M. in the East,
9 P. M. everywhere else. ABC Network
and many additional stations.



Bing Crosby, star of Philco Radio Time, 



enjoying the sensational Philco 1201

The amazing new way to play records, invented by Philco. You just slide a record
in and it plays *automatically* . . . no lid to lift, no tone arm to set, no bother with
controls or needles. An overnight sensation . . . the largest selling radio-phonograph in
the world. Available now at your Philco dealer.

PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

DEATH leers at them, night and day beyond the scant protection of three-inch planks, yet tunnel workers persist in their precarious occupation. For fear is a stimulant to these miners, muckers, hydraulic men and iron erectors who drive underground tubes through rock, muck and shifting sands so that automobiles and trains may whiz beneath water barriers.

This willingness of sandhogs to take calculated risks is making it possible for the City of New York to get on with the business of finishing that \$80,000,000 hole in the ground, the Brooklyn-Battery Vehicular Tunnel that will link Manhattan Island with Brooklyn and tie the West Side Highway and the East River Drive to the Belt Parkway and its affiliated tendrils to Long Island.

One day in October of 1942 a handful of engineers and rock drillers walked out of the Manhattan end of the twin shafts, switched off the power to the crude elevator and turned their backs to the job for three years.

The Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel was just another war victim. Within a few weeks of that day the two shafts that had been drilled and blasted through solid rock from the lower tip of Manhattan to a point about halfway to Governors Island filled completely with water. It had been decided that it would be cheaper to remove valuable equipment, let the water in and pump it out when construction was resumed than it would be to keep pumps going throughout a war the end of which no man could prophesy.

Across the East River and the Upper Bay, two other tubes were being gouged out of earth and mud to meet the tube from Manhattan in mid-stream. Here, too, the work was halted. But the situation was different.

If you could see a map of New York's underwater surface the reason would be clear. Solid rock extends out from Manhattan's colossal foundation to a point roughly halfway to Brooklyn. There it falls off sharply and the bed of the river becomes a quagmire of sand, mud, antediluvian glacial deposit and peat. To hew a tunnel through rock, one needs only to drill and blast, drill and blast, but to do it through sand and mud, sandhogs must force an ever-lengthening tube of cast iron through the muck as one would push a cardboard mailing tube through a barrel of flour. The compressed air in the forward working end of the tube keeps the earth and water from rushing into the open face of the tunnel and engulfing the men within.

So, in the uncompleted Brooklyn tubes the faces of the borings were sealed off with steel girders and concrete, and pumps were installed. For the three years that work was stopped the contractor's engineer, three pumpmen and six watchmen kept guard over the tunnels, running the pumps on alternate days to keep up with the leakage.

Not long after V-J Day the whistles blew at the shafts, and sandhogs and rock drillers came home to the diggings, pulled on rubber boots, donned crash helmets and went into the compression chambers. Aboveground the great air compressors throbbed and shook, while down beneath the ocean-going liners and the ferry boats, sandhogs pushed the excavating shields slowly forward through the river bed.

Beaten down to its simplest terms, compressed-air tunneling works this way:

The tunnel is fashioned of thick cast-iron rings, made in segments for easy handling, that join one another like the segments of a tapeworm. To cut through the river bottom, a steel sleeve of great strength is pushed ahead in thrusts of about three feet by 28 hydraulic jacks exerting a maximum force of 5,500 tons at the cutting edge of the circular shield.

Before each thrust, three-inch planks backed by cross timbers are placed against the earth through which the shield is being driven. These cross timbers are held in place by small jacks anchored to the inner wall of the shield.

After the forward thrust of the shield is completed, one plank at a time is removed, the sand or mud shoveled out by hand and the plank set ahead another three feet. This is where death waits alertly for any human failure. A dozen different mistakes could let the compressed air rush out of the tunnel heading and up to the water overhead, sending sand and slime and water into the tube to drown the sandhogs.

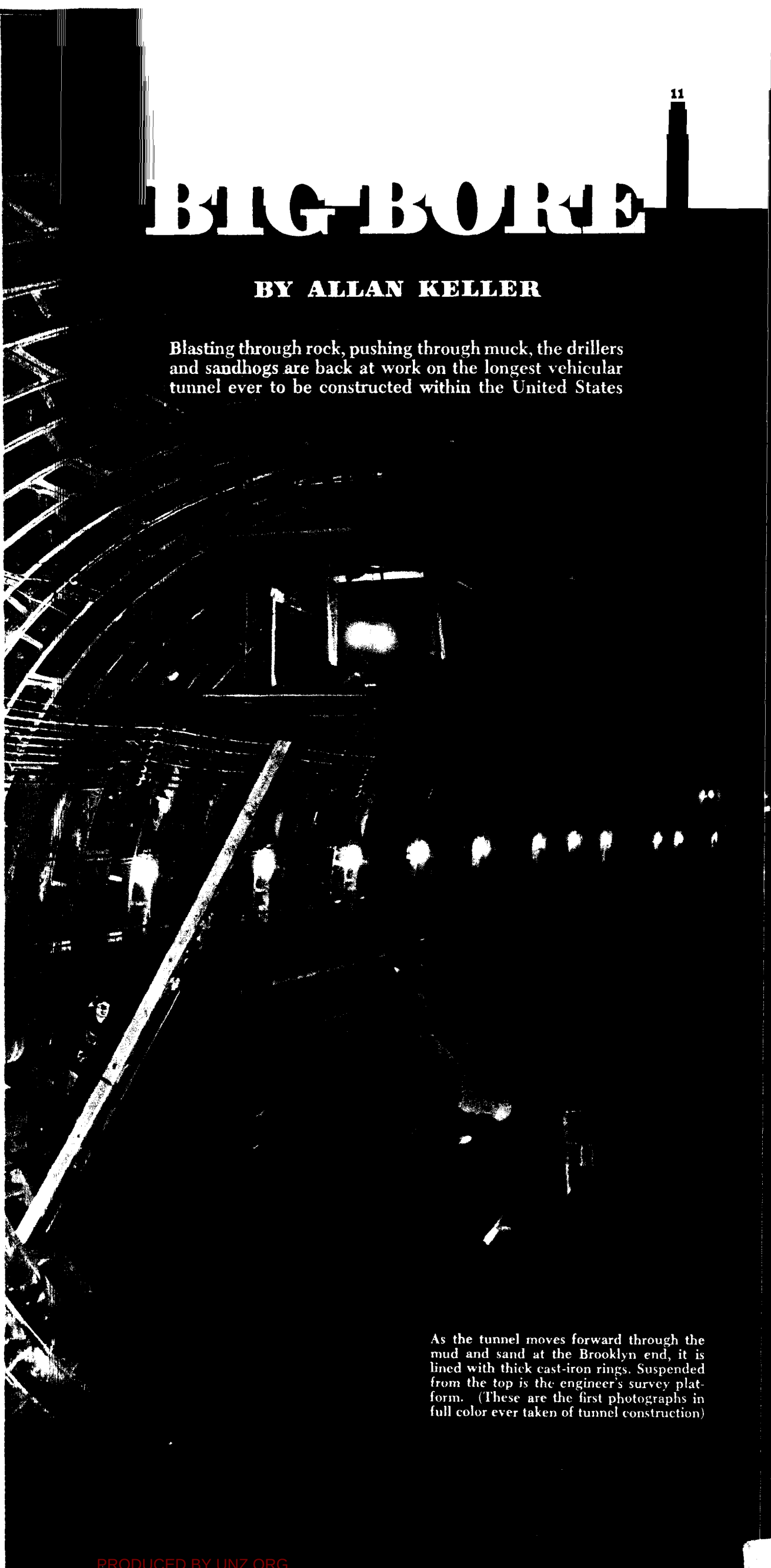
When the Montague Street tunnel for the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit line subway was being built,

Collier's for January 11, 1947

BIG BORE

BY ALLAN KELLER

Blasting through rock, pushing through muck, the drillers and sandhogs are back at work on the longest vehicular tunnel ever to be constructed within the United States



As the tunnel moves forward through the mud and sand at the Brooklyn end, it is lined with thick cast-iron rings. Suspended from the top is the engineer's survey platform. (These are the first photographs in full color ever taken of tunnel construction)



An electric locomotive passing through an air-locking bulkhead, which is built to retain the high air pressure that must be maintained in the tunnel. The large circular opening is the muck and rock removal lock; on the left is the decompression chamber through which the men enter and leave the tunnel



From the Battery in lower Manhattan, solid rock extends to a point roughly halfway to Brooklyn. This portion of the tunnel must be driven through by drilling and blasting. The dynamite-loosened rock at the tunnel's heading is then cleared by an excavator, called a "mucker," which is shown above

the earth above the tube proved too porous. When sandhogs removed the first face board to breast down the muck, the air in the heading, registering about 40 pounds to the square inch, rushed with ear-splitting sound and blood-curdling speed through the shattered face of the tube, sweeping three of the men in its path. Two were killed but the third, shot to the surface of the river like a human cannon ball, swam to a barge and was picked up. He was rushed to a compression chamber to prevent the bends and is today back at work in the new tunnel. "It was a fast ride," he comments laconically.

Sandhogs from England

These accidents are rare. Tunnel excavating has become a nice science since the days when S. Pearson & Son brought the first semiskilled sandhogs over from England to work on the Hudson tubes.

In those pioneering days the sandhogs formed rival work gangs, generally along racial lines, and the English and Polish and Negro groups raced one another to see which could muck out the most cubic feet of earth. Today, with state regulations forbidding pressures above 50 pounds and with the time a man can work at a stretch graduated from three hours in 26 pounds pressure to a half hour at 50 pounds, the rivalry has died down.

But personal rivalry still exists. Sandhogs who can withstand the pommeling of natural forces are nonetheless thin-skinned emotionally and quick to fight.

A code of the underwater depths, however, forbids fighting in the compressed air, so it is not unusual to see two men, itching to batter each other with iron-hard knuckles, sitting side by side in the decompression lock, waiting to get to the surface where they can maul each other in normal air.

Sandhogs are convinced that good

food, high in protein, is a necessity and that whisky, taken in off hours, is practically mandatory. They will not permit a woman to enter a tunnel, sure that such a visit will bring death or injury in its wake.

Having told themselves for decades that tunneling is a young man's game, sandhogs will not admit they are more than 40. Men who were mucking in the beds of rivers when Teddy Roosevelt charged up San Juan Hill still write 40 in the age blank of all official papers.

The greatest occupational hazard confronting a sandhog is the bends, the popular name for the condition that comes when nitrogen bubbles are forced into the body tissues by too-fast decompression from high pressure. That is why the men sit in the decompression locks for as long as 45 minutes to readjust their bodies to the normal pressure outside the tunnel.

Even with this precaution, men sometimes get the bends at home and have to be rushed back to the compression chambers. There the pressure is raised to or above the point it was when they last worked in the tunnel and then very slowly brought down to normal. Years ago the old sandhogs would sweat it out at home, sitting in tubs of hot water, but the agony was excruciating and some of them died. Now they willingly hurry back to the compression chambers.

Engineers like Ralph Smillie, chief engineer of the Tunnel Authority, say, with great honesty, that there is nothing dramatic about building a tunnel. It is their job to see that the things that make drama don't happen. Before the first steam shovel gnaws at the spot where the excavating shaft will be sunk, the engineers have drawn plans to the hundredth of an inch in accuracy and so complete and complex that the paper on which they are printed weighs hundreds of pounds.

More than 150 engineers and draftsmen worked four years to solve the

problems surrounding the digging of the twin tubes that will make the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel the longest vehicular tube in the United States, 9,117 feet from portal to portal.

To ventilate the new tunnel, three ventilation shafts, one at the Battery, one in Brooklyn and one rising from the water a hundred feet north of Governors Island will house triple fan and suction units. They will change the air in the tunnel completely every 90 seconds. To put it another way, 4,000,000 cubic feet of air a minute will be forced into the tunnel and a slightly larger quantity will be sucked out. This difference is due to the expansion of the air by heat while it is in the underground tube.

Scientifically speaking, the air will be changed so fast the exhaust will be purer than the normal air in the streets of downtown New York, and immeasurably sweeter than the stuff folks breathe in Pittsburgh, East St. Louis or Birmingham.

New York City's efforts to better its harbor and its penchant for filling in low places to create additional valuable real estate caused many a headache for Chief Engineer Ralph Smillie and his deep-theory lads of the Tunnel Authority. They knew that much of the land at the Brooklyn end of the tube was made land, recaptured from the ever-hungry fingers of the ocean.

Finding the Bed of the Bay

When they ran test borings they found the old bed of New York Bay many feet below the surface of the land. The new soil was porous and relatively loose but the bed of the bay was a solid bog of thick, water-repellent clay.

To make the initial work of excavation easier they sank a dewatering caisson into the new soil, laid many hundreds of feet of perforated pipe like a huge underground spider web and turned on the pumps. They found they could dry up the soil above the

clay stratum and actually strained the water out of a body of land large enough to build four or five college football fields.

Whether you work in the rock or the sand there is always water worming its way through minute crevices in the rock and prying into the cracks at the head of the shield. Pumps churn endlessly keeping it under control. Water drips or cascades down upon the heads of the rock drillers in never-ending monotony. The casual visitor will invariably come out of the tunnel conditioned to it, expecting to find it raining, just as playgoers at Somerset Maugham's Rain turned up their collars when they left the theater.

Water can do more things than drip down your neck or drown you. You might think a tunnel made of steel and concrete would rest easily once it was embedded in the river bottom. It doesn't. It tries to float. Additional weight is added to overcome this flotation. At the Brooklyn end the ramps have a flooring of eight feet of concrete to counterbalance this thrust.

The eastbound and westbound tubes of the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel are driven about fifteen feet apart. Their construction will call for 12,000,000 man-hours of labor, 48,000 tons of 14-inch cast-iron segments for the portion built in the earth and 44,200 tons of eleven-inch segments for the portion built in rock. More than 360,000 cubic yards of material will have been excavated when the last muck car rolls down the narrow-gauge track. With \$57,000,000 of its \$80,000,000 cost put up as a loan by the RFC the tunnel is expected to liquidate itself with tolls in 50 years.

Sixteen million cars can whiz through the tunnel each year when it is completed, possibly by the spring of 1949. It will be one more important link in metropolitan New York's fabulous network of vehicular express routes, all designed to make motoring speedier and more comfortable. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY J. JULIUS FANTA



The sandhogs emerge from the air decompression chamber after working in the tunnel under high pressure. To reduce inside pressure gradually to normal requires 26 minutes after three hours' work



Workmen bolt together the segments of cast iron that line the tube. Each section weighs 3,000 pounds, and 14 sections form a complete ring 31 feet in diameter, 32 inches wide. Entire lining will weigh over 90,000 tons



Working under pressure, sandhogs may get the bends from excess nitrogen in the blood stream. Here a workman is helped into the air chamber at the hospital, for decompression under supervision



Here is a portion of the Manhattan side of the tunnel—built through solid rock. The rock is checked for stability

Vengeance is MINE . . . saith the Lord

ROMANS 12-19

REVENGE

BY SAMUEL BLAS

TWILIGHT is settling in the valley. Far below us pale lights are beginning to flicker and the spreading pattern of the city slowly comes alive. As the winding road narrows to the mountaintop the motor sound grows louder in the thin air, within the enclosing silence through which we move.

In the pale blue haze on my left the deepening dusk mingles with the vast silence that seems to suspend the day. A square yellow sign ahead blazes in our headlights: DANGER! SHARP CURVE AHEAD. The mountain wall leans close to the road. On Elsa's side the low branches of a solitary tree rush by, scraping the top of the car.

Elsa, too, is part of the surrounding silence. Beside me she stares straight ahead at the highway. For a long time now she has not spoken; she neither smiles nor is sorrowful. Her expression is grave, almost serene, as if there were no such things as tears or laughter.

BUT this morning she smiled. A half day's journey away, in the cool morning of a quiet glade she stepped from our trailer door and smiled softly as she waved me off to town. She blushed when I turned back a step to kiss her again. And when I finally drove off, the sweet touch of her hand still tingled in my palm.

Life was wonderful. I drove happily to the small town near by to buy provisions. We had decided to stay a few days more in this pleasant spot we had found. There could be no better place to finish out our honeymoon. As I neared the town I thought it would be fun to add a gift for Elsa to the stuff that I would carry back to the camp.

It was nearing lunchtime when I started back. I had piled groceries enough in the car to last us a week. While I waited for a traffic light to change, a newsboy came by. I bought a paper. It carried a headline reporting the capture of an escaped convict near by. The subcaption said that his companion was still at large. "Presumed Hiding In the Woods Near Campbelltown."

I ran quickly through the rest of the item. When the light turned I moved out fast and put on speed. Campbelltown was a place that lay beyond our camp, but too near to suit me, in the circumstances. I felt uneasy, with Elsa alone in the trailer. It was possible, of course, that the fugitive convict

might be in our vicinity; but what disturbed me more was the thought that Elsa might have picked up the news on our radio. If she had, she would be frightened. I stepped on the accelerator.

The road twisted and turned around thinly wooded ridges and hills, and as I swung each curve I chided myself for leaving Elsa alone. I reminded myself that she had insisted I shop without her. "I have a surprise for dinner," she had said with the only artfulness she knew—a shy, secret smile. My attention returned to the road.

The winding turns ended and the last stretch was a long, straight drive sheltered by a canopy of tall trees that somehow eased my anxiety. Not much further now. I imagined the way she would welcome me. She would stanchly deny that she had been afraid but she would hold my arm tightly. And then all of a sudden she would forget the whole thing. She would smile happily and tell me to close my eyes. How I loved that smile!

In the short while that I had known her and in the single month of our marriage I had grown to cherish that smile and the soft, rich laughter that sometimes accompanied it. So strange, that warm directness with which she shared my life, for in the presence of other men there was only shyness. I think that she was afraid of men. Something in her slender glowing warmth made their blood stir. She knew that, faintly, innocently. When the bold ones stared at her she would ask me to hold her close and never tell me why.

THE sun was near high noon when the road broke out of the trees into the clearing. I rolled onto the grass and parked, feeling relieved because I had come so quickly. I pulled up the hand brake and looked to the trailer, expecting to see Elsa's welcoming figure there. My complacency ended. There in the clear fall sunlight I saw wisps of smoke about our home, thin plumes slipping through the unlatched door.

Wild red leaves fluttered across the grass. And a wavering silence to which I listened stupidly. Then I ran to the door and swung it open violently.

An acrid fog swirled about me, making me choke and cough. A curling heavy mist clung to the ceiling. I

swung the door wider and flailed my arms to clear the air. And as the fog lifted and shifted I saw with some relief that there was no fire. Our dinner was smoking and burning upon the stove. Three chops—I can see them yet—shriveled and black in a blackened frying pan; string beans in a burning pot, brown where the water had been; and in the oven, where I later found it, a crumbling burnt blob that must once have been Elsa's first cake—the surprise she had promised me.

Panic got hold of me.

"Elsa!" I called.

There was no reply.

"Elsa!" I repeated. "Elsa!"

But only the crackle of the burning pot answered me, and outside a thin echo wandered in the woods. I shut off the burners. The crackling persisted as if in defiance, then it ceased. I turned uneasily toward the door that led to our dining alcove in the rear, stopping short at sight of the waiting table with its knives and forks and plates in neat array. But no Elsa. But of course. She wouldn't, she couldn't have been there or the dinner would not have burned.

Trying to understand what had happened I rejected a dozen answers at once. She would never have left the dinner, to burn for any sort of errand. Nor were there neighbors about with whom to fall into forgetful conversation. We were alone. Then as I stood there in the silence I suddenly heard that faint sound, a rising and falling as of someone weakly breathing. Behind the curtain that secluded our bed—Elsa!

I faced about and tore aside the curtain—

There she lay. Pale, still. I kneeled beside her. She was barely breathing. "Elsa," I whispered.

She seemed neither to move nor to make any sound, yet I knew she was breathing, for I had heard her. I rubbed her wrists and temples. I shook her gently, then fearfully. She stirred a little.

I wanted to get a doctor, yet I was afraid to leave. Then I remembered the brandy. I fumbled in the cupboard and my hand trembled as I poured a glassful and spooned a little between her lips.

At last it took effect. Her lips moved. Her expression altered, she sputtered, she coughed, and her eyes opened weakly.

At first they were blank. A long second passed while I held her hands tightly. Then, as if awareness had just touched her, horror filled her eyes and she moaned.

Then as I gathered her into my arms and let the sheet that covered her fall away, I saw that she was naked—completely.

There were bruises on her body, as if someone had beaten her: cruel bruises on her shoulders where callous fingers had pressed; angry marks where heavy fists had struck her.

Those numb moments beside my wife are not easily recalled, filled as they are with shame and a fierce anger. When at last she stirred again in my arms I held her tight and looked beyond her so that she would not see the anguish in my eyes. For long minutes she shivered; then she sobbed pitifully. Finally the tears and trembling stopped.

In a flat voice that frightened me she said, "He killed me . . . he killed me."

HOW I gathered the tangled threads of those dreadful hours I cannot entirely remember. For a long time I cradled and comforted her, as though she were a child. After a while she seemed to respond. But then, when she shuddered again, my indignation mounted; I lost control and stormed at her with furious questions: "Who?" I demanded. "Who?" and "When?" and "How?" Until haltingly the brutal story came out. How a salesman knocked—

"A salesman?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure? Did he carry a suitcase, a display?"

"Yes."

A salesman. Then it was not the convict. Nothing reasonable. It was an ordinary man, ordinary.

How he knocked, interrupting her cooking; how he smiled patly and edged inside, eying her boldly while he chattered about kitchenware. How he touched her arm and seized her and how when she resisted he beat her and—and how she finally fainted away.

As she talked she seemed to fall under a spell of horror that produced in her a curious calm. She repeated, "He killed me, he killed me . . ." until I had to shake her to make her stop. Her eyes, I saw, stared straight ahead as she said over those dreadful words and it

(Continued on page 64)

ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. BISCHOFF





DR. JOSEPH STOOLE
LABORATORY

I'M TAKING AN APPLE A DAY

BY IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN

Clinical incident in the romantic
saga of our favorite taxi driver

EVERYBODY who ain't below the age of twelve years old knows what the doctor don't bring in his little black bag, meanin' babies. What they don't tell you is what the doctors really bring in the black bags; in my case it's trouble.

I ain't a doctor, I'm a cabdriver, which ain't exactly a pleasing matter to my girl friend Mabel, who is a red-head, or her old lady Mrs. Stooler, who is a battle-ax. Bein' a cabdriver ain't exactly pleasing to nobody, especially the police department of the City of New York.

I'm on my way up to see Mabel to square a little argument we had about gettin' married, which ended up with me in the negative and also behind the eight ball. Suddenly, Grogan the cop pulls me over and sticks his big fat face in the window and lets go a sneeze that rattles the door handles.

"Gesundheit," I tell him only I got my fingers crossed at the time.

"Thanks, Sparton," he says; "this cold is ruinin' me and I can't get rid of it."

"I got the only thing you need for a cold," I says, "and it's the juice of a lemon and an aspirin, mix well."

"Is that a fact?" he says. "I'm glad to hear it. I'll try it tonight. Thanks for the advice."

"Don't mention it," I says.

"And here's a ticket for you," he says, "for goin' through a red light." And he sneezes in my face.

That's how it happens I ain't in the best of spirits when I knock on Mabel's front door, which maybe explains how what happens after this happens to happen. I don't know.

Mabel opens the door and I give her the big hello, irregardless of my feelings at the moment. After all we been goin' together for about five years and I figure I owe her the courtesy of at least a nice hello.

"Oh, it's you," she says. "Shhh!"

She don't sound hysterical with happiness to see me.

"Whatsamatter?" I says. "I got a dread disease, or somethin'?"

"No," she says, "but Ma's got a cold and the doctor is here. So, quiet!"

We go in on tiptoe to Mrs. Stooler's bedroom, from where I can hear sounds of loud laughing and carrying on. I open the door.

The patient is sittin' up in bed with one of them lacy bed coats on that they wear, which on her looks like a topsail on the Staten Island ferry. The doctor is holdin' his watch in one hand and her hand in the other hand. She looks healthy as a horse, like always, only when she sees me comin' in she puts on a long face and works up a sneeze.

"Gesundheit," I says.

"Joseph," she says, "don't come in here loaded with germs from your passengers."

"Hello, Doc," I says.

"Shhh!" he says.

"Hello, baby," I says to Mabel.

"For goodness sakes, shhh!" she says.

"Hello, Joe," I says, "whaddya know? I'm glad to see you."

They all look at me as if I was an escaped lunatic. The doc puts his watch back in his pocket and pastes a grin on his face.

"Ha, ha," he says. "You have quite a sense of humor, Joe." His name is J. Welbourne Joslip, which used to be Jack Joslip when we was in P.S. 87 together.

"Yeah," says Mabel, givin' me a look you could fry eggs on, "ha, ha."

This is the end of their conversation with me. They go ahead talkin' as if I wasn't even there. Mrs. Stooler says what a comfort it is for her to have the doctor there. J. Welbourne Joslip, who is a cheerful type doctor, says, "Ha, ha, it's a pleasure to have such a fine patient." Mrs. Stooler says that she bets he likes to come over because he can get to see Mabel that way. The doctor says ha, ha, that sure don't make him mad and Mabel gets red in the face and giggles and says, "You professional men are such kidders."

I had this trouble before with professional men and Mabel, who thinks they are one grade better than Tyrone Power, her favorite. "If you want somethin' that's good for a cold," I says to Mrs. Stooler to change the subject, "it's lemon juice and aspirin, mix well."

She's tellin' the doctor what a wonderful little homebody her Mabel is and the doctor is saying ha, ha, she's pretty also, so I repeat what I said.

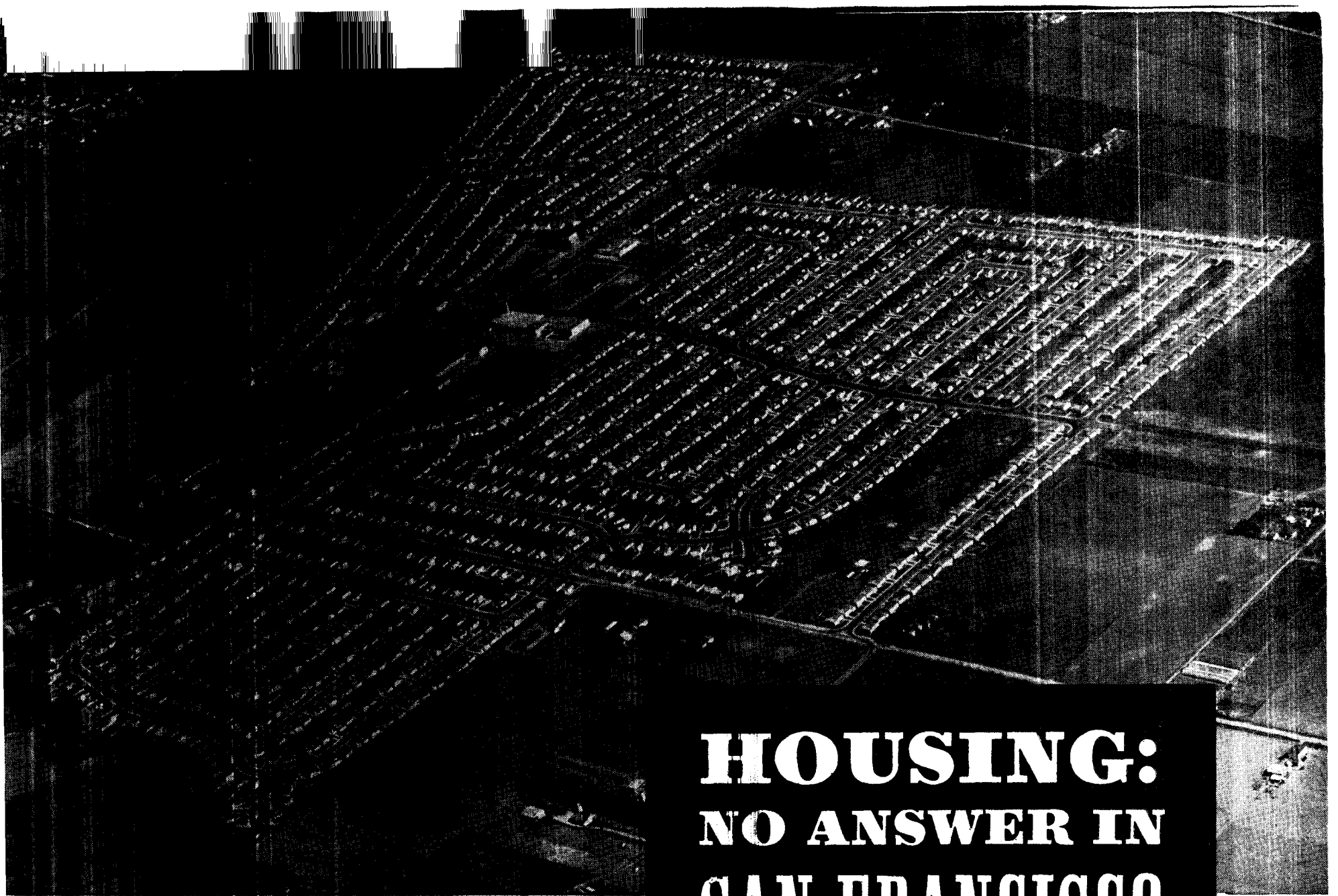
"Listen to who is prescribing," Mrs. Stooler says, "the taxicab physician."

"I'm just tellin' you what's good for a cold," I says.

"We got a doctor for that purpose," Mabel says, "who also happens to be a

(Continued on page 37)

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT



From the air, San Lorenzo Village, the wartime construction job of David Bohannon, presents an excellent picture of what is known as the California Method of assembly-line building. Most people can't afford even these houses

HOUSING: NO ANSWER IN SAN FRANCISCO

BY LESTER VELIE

HE insistent sunshine of colossal California has grown a new breed of builder. He thinks of homes not by ones or dozens, but by planned communities of hundreds complete with supermarkets, nursery schools, firehouses and recreation halls. Where apricot and orange groves grew before, he can pop up homes with Jack-and-the-Beanstalk vigor—at the rate of a completed house every 45 minutes.

He turns a 300-acre housing site into an assembly line with specialist worker teams moving down the line of houses. Each crew of carpenters, plumbers, electricians does its job in scheduled time and goes on to the next. He brings a "factory" to the site, precuts his lumber, cuts and joins kitchen cabinets, wall panels, window frames. He buys lumber mills or takes up their entire output, owns several hundred thousand dollars' worth of construction equipment. He hires community planners, economists, architects, engineers. He grosses over a million dollars yearly.

California's new breed of builder has, with all this, set a pattern for solving the housing shortage—with eight-, ten- and twelve-thousand dollar houses.

But what this country needs is a good \$5,000 house.

"You can explain to me for hours just how building costs have gone up and why you can't produce a three-bedroom house for less than \$8,000," Raymond M. Foley, Federal Housing Administration boss, once told a roomful of San Francisco builders. "But in that case, who is going to build for the typical little man who makes \$2,000 a year and can hardly afford a house of more than \$5,000 to \$6,000?"

If anyone could answer this question, it was the San Francisco builder. For listening to Mr. Foley were David D. Bohannon, who had put up 3,000 houses during the war, the first 635 in 475 hours. In the audience, too, were Henry Doelger and Ellis Stoneson and Carl Gellert, all masters of the California Method, which had been

largely responsible for the 60,000 units that have mushroomed in the San Francisco Bay area since 1940.

But nobody answered Mr. Foley. A year has passed, and still no one has answered him. Dave Bohannon's big organization is building \$8,800 houses. Houses by others of San Francisco's Big Four, who account for more than 75 per cent of the home building, usually bear price tags of \$9,000 to \$10,000.

What price house will the big builders put up when material shortages let up?

Henry Doelger will be occupied for five to seven years on a 4,000-home community. The prices: \$10,000 to \$18,000. Dave Bohannon's Hillsdale project, abandoned during the war, will occupy most of his organization for several years. Apartments will start at \$80, houses from \$10,000 to \$25,000. Ellis Stoneson has some luxury apartments to build, and while he used to produce three low-cost houses for every custom-built job before the war, he thinks the ratio will

now be reduced to one for one. Carl Gellert, now building a \$7,500 house, talks wistfully (like other builders) of lifted price ceilings so that he can get into the luxury trade.

These builders are among the best the nation has, and their best is very good. Why don't they put up lower-cost houses?

High materials and labor costs? That's only part of the story. Ellis Stoneson found this out when he tried to interest his colleagues in a plan for low-priced shelter.

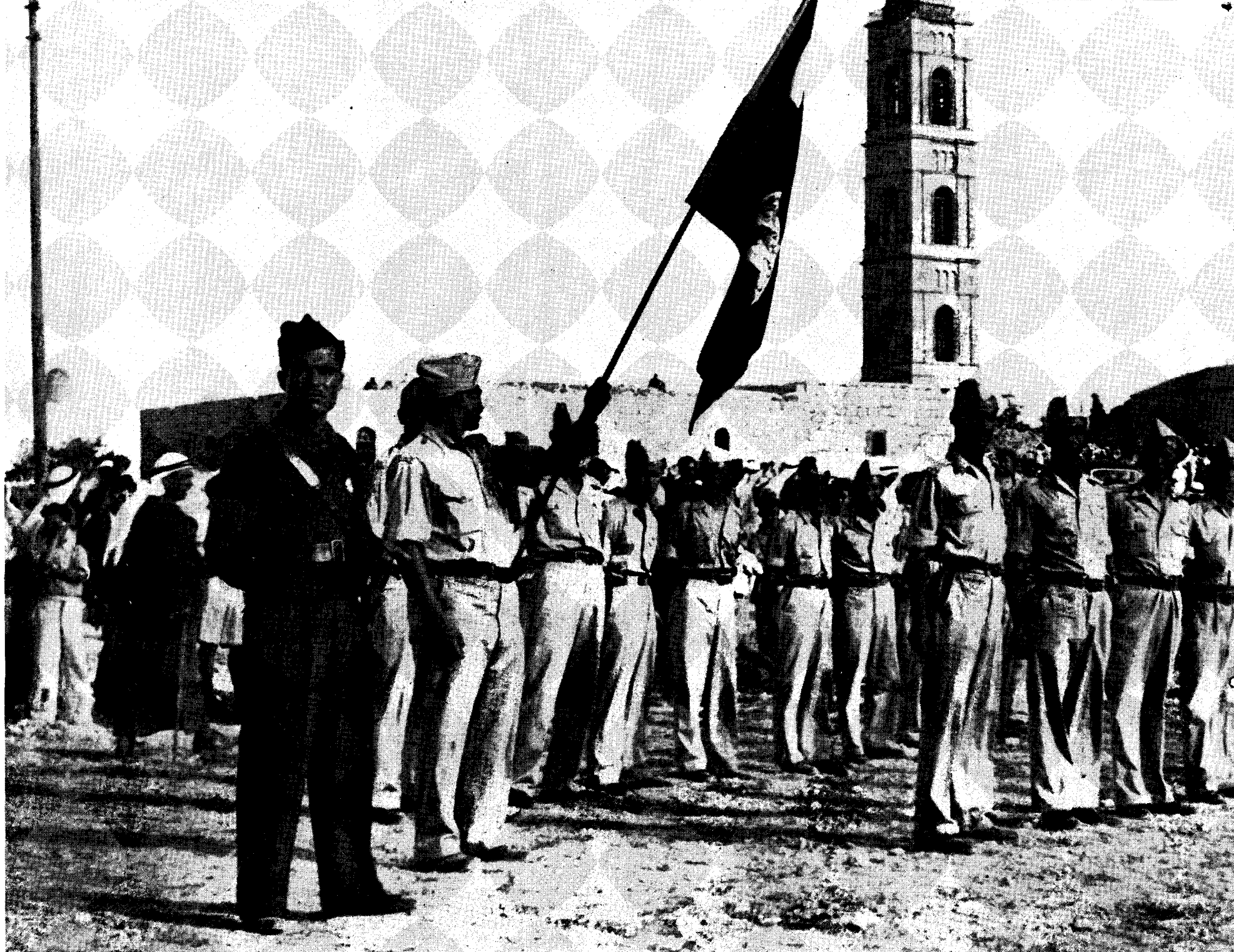
"Let's take pieces of our organizations and form a separate group to design and build rock-bottom housing," he said. "There's land in the San Francisco Bay area, and we can build a complete community, a veterans' village." He suggested housing of the duplex or apartment-house type, specially designed to provide durable but minimum-cost shelter. The big builders had the resources: architects and production men, credit and building-supply connections. They

(Continued on page 40)

Smart West Coast builders have devised a streamlined way to construct whole communities almost overnight. But the houses sell for \$10,000 or more, while nine out of ten buyers want a house for half that. Another article in Collier's housing series

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THE ARABS MOBILIZE



RADIOED FROM JERUSALEM

THE market place in Jaffa, Palestine's largest city, boiled with noise and activity. Formations of black flies droned around the freshly killed beef carcasses hanging in the open doorway of a butcher store. A tall, ageless Arab Negro, dressed in a cream-colored skull cap and a long black coat, stood on the curb hawking toasted pistachio nuts from a charcoal brazier. Fruit stands were piled high with emerald-green grapes, melons and voluptuous fresh dates.

A barefooted woman emerged from an alley, clutching three squawking children by the necks. A man in a striped robe exploded through the crowd on a backfiring motorcycle, his pink cotton headdress billowing behind him like a magic carpet. On the crossbar between his legs he balanced a bunch of bananas. A little boy with a long stick swore expertly

at a burly man swaying down the street under two huge cans of kerosene.

In a shaded sidewalk café, a group of Arab elders, solemn and dignified as philosophers, sipped tiny cups of spiced Turkish coffee and sucked the long silver-tipped stems of their water pipes. The noon sun had burnished the sky a brittle blue, and on the hill a minaret rose gracefully against the flat horizon of the sea beyond, like a solitary chess piece. From his office window, a young European-educated Arab attorney in a red fez gazed down sadly on the scene. "I suppose all this would look alluring on a travel poster," he said. "To me it is an awful eyesore. Look closely there and you can see the accumulated filth and backwardness of centuries.

"That woman's feet are decayed with disease. Those old men's eyes are not dimmed by age—they're clot-

ted with trachoma. Not a handful of people down there can read or write. It was not so very different under the Turks. I'm ashamed to say I could not advise you to walk the streets after dark with more than a piaster in your pocket. There are plenty of people more interested in your purse than in your life. The other day a murderer bought himself out of jail for four hundred pounds.

Places Blame on the British

"My answer is that the British have not lived up to their responsibilities. In twenty-five years as the mandatory power, they could have gone a long way toward civilizing us. They have done almost nothing."

The attorney was somewhat carried away, perhaps, by his own emotions, but the fact is that today an angry, reckless kind of Arab nationalism

is spreading in Palestine in an atmosphere of corrosive bitterness. Mistaken or not, the Arabs are openly afraid that Zionism will engulf them if Jewish immigration is unchecked, but they are secretly envious of Jewish progress.

Currently, violence in this unhappy land is almost exclusively an affair between Jewish terrorists and the British army. But speculation about the "Arab revolt" is endless.

If the 650,000 Jews win autonomy, will the Arabs start a modern holywar?

In terms of the immediate future there is no more prospect of a Moslem army storming the country than there is of the waters of the Dead Sea suddenly rising to swallow up the dusty old hills of Judea. That doesn't mean, however, that the Arabs intend to hold their fire indefinitely. There are indications that unless some fairly successful attempt is made to placate

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BY EDWARD P. MORGAN

In Palestine, Arab leaders are hotting up the fires of nationalism, building military organizations. But the real answer to their troubles can be found in a village called Magdal el Sadek



them, some Arab factions may themselves attempt a little sniping at convoys, the blasting of bridges and puncturing of oil pipe lines.

And as the problem of Palestine becomes more entangled in international politics and the composing of British-Jewish-Arab differences longer delayed, the framework of organized Arab resistance is being slowly spun like a spider web. "And sitting in Egypt," a British agent was overheard to remark, "you even have the spider."

From a guarded high-walled villa in Alexandria, Haj Amin el Husseini, exiled fifty-three-year-old Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, craftily directs the affairs, spiritual and political, of 1,200,000 Palestinian Arabs. (Although the Egyptians and the British agreed he should not engage in politics, a stream of Arab party officials moves back and forth between Alexandria and Jerusalem almost every

day of the week.) This fabulous man, a reputed descendant of the only daughter of Mohammed, the Prophet, and who once cherished the dream of becoming the caliph of a Mediterranean Moslem kingdom, is still one of the strongest Arab figures alive.

The fact that the Mufti fled for his life from the British in 1937 during the Arab revolt and has remained in exile ever since only enhances his halo of martyrdom. The fact that he was the fêted guest of Mussolini and Hitler during the war, that he applauded Axis victories for the news reels and allegedly collaborated with the Nazis to hasten them, only confirmed to the faithful his wiliness as a politician, because they are convinced that Arab freedom was his one consuming objective the whole time.

When, last spring, he escaped from France and flew with mysterious ease to Egypt, Arabs in Palestine literally

Though they are not yet as strong or as numerous as the Jewish underground armies, Arab military groups, like the Futuwwa shown here on parade at the Arab village of Tour near Jerusalem, are forming up, attracting more and more volunteers. If they don't get what they want they may start guerrilla war

went wild with joy. They proclaimed a three-day holiday which lasted a week.

Arab politics are shot through with internal strife but the drive for independence holds all factions outwardly together, and for the moment, the Mufti is more valuable *in absentia* as a "symbol of sacrifice," than he would be on the spot. At political rallies, Arab party leaders are apt to challenge the crowd with such questions as, "Are you ready?" "Are you prepared to defend yourselves?" Then the fellah, the poor peasant farmer, and the Bedouin tribesman of the hills may go home, haul a rusted rifle out of a well and prepare. They may not be precisely sure for what, but it is in the name of the Mufti, and they know the soil of their lands is sacred.

Appraisal of Armed Forces

In the Mufti's web, the strands of potential organized resistance include two rival "youth organizations," the Najjada and the Futuwwa and "mobile elements" of the secret Moslem Brotherhood, which is a sort of Middle Eastern Ku Klux Klan. The precise figures of their strength are elusive, but combined they may comprise something like 50,000 men and boys. However, even if the British army were not involved (which it would be) in case of Arab-Jewish disturbances, it is generally agreed that this Arab force would be no match for the well-trained, well-disciplined and well-armed Haganah, the "illegal" but undissolved Jewish home guard—probably 80,000 strong.

"This time, however," an Arab politician is likely to remind you, "we shall have the whole Arab League behind us." Furthermore, if the Arabs decide on violence again, they would strike as guerrillas, which makes it misleading to try to measure army against army.

While their present public activities are limited largely to parades, policing football games and the unofficial searching of citizens suspected of breaking the Arab boycott against trade with Jews, Arab youth-movement leaders readily admit they are preparing for much bigger things.

"We believe in force," Mohammed Nimer el Hawari, thirty-eight-year-old leader of the Najjada, told me over coffee in his plainly furnished Jaffa headquarters the other morning. He affirmed that his men were receiving military training and that the Najjada (loosely translated the word means "rescuers") had a certain amount of arms, but he did not care to elaborate.

"We do not believe in justice after seeing the way the Western world interprets it," he continued. "We have had enough of high-sounding promises and ideals. The only way we'll get justice is to be strong ourselves; if we have might, then we can enforce our rights. We people of the East offered the world humility and got nothing. The only things that really talk today are material things—money and power. And force."

Hawari, a short, swarthy, barrel-chested fellow who looks like a high-school football coach and talks with the magnetic ardor of an evangelist, is too blunt to become a successful poli-

tician; he is already in hot water with Arab political leaders, who resent his independent attitude. But he is typical of an emerging middle-class Arab, who burns with patriotism like a torch and is blinded by his own flame.

"I want every Arab to have four wives" (all custom and the law allow), he says, "so we can breed sons to combat Jewish immigration." He himself has nine children by one wife and if he can swing it financially, he hopes to buy and wed three more.

Mohammed Nimer el Hawari was a boy of twelve when the Jews first started organized immigration into Palestine. His grandfather, a Bedouin herdsman, warned that to the Arabs no good would come of this move. Mohammed's father, a barber by trade, was the first of the Hawari family to build a stone house. When the Jews came they built stone houses even better than his father's. They bought Arab land and with furious industry they made the desert burgeon with orange groves where the camels and black goats of the Bedouins had wandered freely before. They erected schools and brought teachers and money to pay them from abroad.

The British had led the Arabs to believe, hadn't they, that they would be given their independence? What was this strange invasion, then, of European Jews with their shocking Western customs? Deep suspicion of the Jews and a restless distrust of foreigners, the British in particular, began to grow in Mohammed.

Condoned Massacre of Jews

He became expert at the Moslem law his elders taught him. He mastered mathematics and did some teaching in the Arab town of Gaza. He learned Western law in night school. His ambition and his vague feeling of insecurity drove him on and his resentment of the Jews increased. So when the Arabs massacred the Jews in Hebron in 1929, he helped.

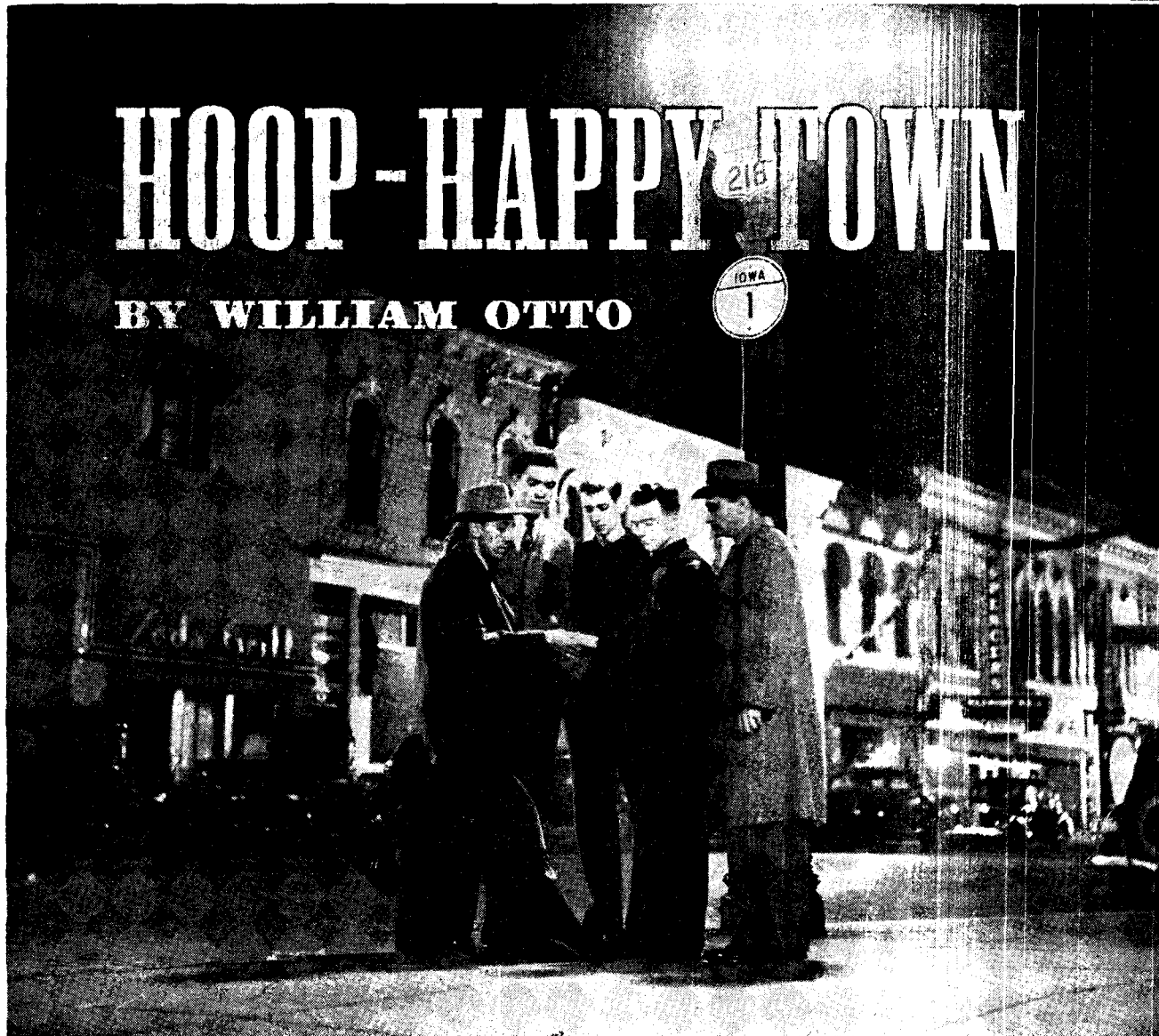
"I hate this work," Mohammed tells his visitors now. "I hate the Jews and the British and the Americans as well. I have been forced to. If you come to my house and say to me, 'Move on, I am going to live here now,' then I must fight. And with much bitterness. I am ready to die but I do not want to commit suicide, and that is what we should be doing if we accepted Jewish immigration."

"Russia? I fight only in the interests of my country. I don't know which side, internationally, we may find ourselves on eventually. We are ready to co-operate with persons who understand us. We are independent."

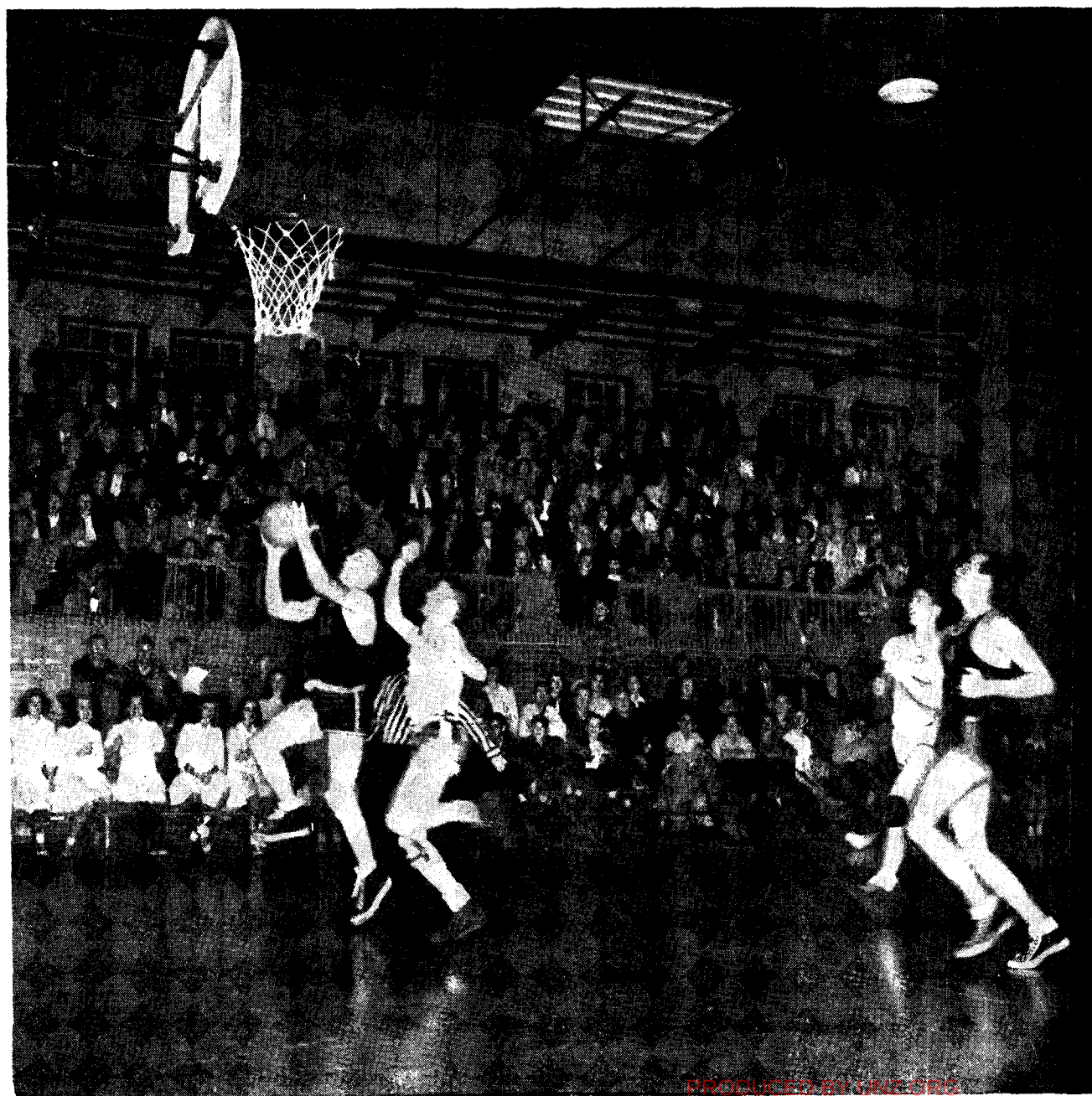
There is proof, of course, that the Jewish contributions to Palestine's increased national wealth have been largely responsible for what additional schools, hospitals and social services the Arabs have received in the last quarter century. But Mohammed and his colleagues reject it as untrue or unimportant. The Najjada's motto of "Arab land for the Arabs" may be the rankest kind of chauvinism, but there it is, to be dealt with. Prime Minister Attlee once said that the disarming of local factions was the prerequisite to any settlement of the
(Continued on page 32)

HOOP-HAPPY TOWN

BY WILLIAM OTTO



In Iowa City, the fans take intense interest in a player's slightest injury. In this street scene, two of them examine the injured left hand of Murray Weir, as hoopsters Noble Jorgenson in light sweater and Jack Spencer look on. Below is the sophomore preliminary to an Iowa City high-school game. Enthusiasm for basketball is so strong in the town that each school has both a "varsity" and a sophomore team



As basketball goes, so goes Iowa City. Home of the galloping Hawkeyes, it's the hottest basketball town in the nation

IOWA CITY, IOWA, is very like most college towns. It has lots of green trees and a river, a Kiwanis Club and a housing problem and an all-night restaurant; it has aging and placid university buildings, with ivy sneaking up the sides; it has bitter winters and it burns in the August sun; it has pretty girls in hip-length sweaters, and elderly gentlemen who lean against the bank building and discuss the price of corn and the state of the world. It's smaller than most Middle-Western university towns, but otherwise it's standard—except for its one bright and burning community passion.

In the midst of last winter's cut-throat Big Nine basketball race, a want ad appeared in the university's Daily Iowan: "Reserved seats for Indiana and Purdue games offered for information leading to suitable apartment." It was the ultimate recognition of the village mania. Iowa City is probably the most basketball-minded town in America.

It is the place where they made the high-school flash the mayor for a day, and passed out the rest of the civic functions to his teammates. It's the town where movie houses buy newspaper space to say that the late show will start *after* the basketball game. It's the little town which has athletic officials worrying about methods of squeezing more seats into what is already the country's second largest college field house. It's the place where a star guard's sprained ankle makes for hushed little groups gathering on street corners, and where the newspapers print not only the players' pictures, but also pictures of the players' parents—and write special editorial greetings for their arrival.

Iowa City is hoop-happy.

This enthusiasm for Dr. Naismith's indoor pastime is as characteristic of the town—and of the state—as the eight-foot corn that grows almost in sight of the field house. But it's more than a localized phenomenon; it is representative of a national tendency. For several years basketball has been our largest spectator sport, outdrawing both baseball and football. It is, by far, the most popular participation sport on any sort of organized basis. It is the sole conference activity of thousands of small high schools throughout the country which do not have enough male students to field baseball or football teams.

Because basketball requires only a little space, a ball, and something to nail a hoop to, and because a lonesome kid can develop a considerable proficiency at it by himself—behind the barn or in a city alley—basketball has become a part of our sporting blood stream.

Iowa City is representative of all this—at the ultimate pitch of enthusiasm.

The town has seventeen teams involved in some kind of organized conference play—one for every 1,000 population. The group is made up of one university team, two high-school teams, two teams from parochial highs, and twelve amateur outfits sponsored by local merchants. On occasion during the past years there have been four basketball games played the same evening in Iowa City, all of them well attended. Last winter the citizenry of seventeen thousand, along with about five thousand University of Iowa students, put down the money for 150,000 paid admissions during the season.

By far the largest portion of these went through the ticket booths of the outsize university field house. Last season an average of over 14,000 people came to watch the Hawkeyes play each of their six home conference games. Iowa drew the largest crowds of any team in the conference. Northwestern was a not-very-close second, despite its big-name double-headers in the Chicago Stadium.

Iowa City's affection for the sport is attributable not only to the quality of university teams, but to the firehouse style of play of the entire conference. Big Nine basketball is raw meat for the spectator. It is extremely fast, with most teams using the fast break. That means passing half the length of the floor and dribbling at a gallop, not a walk. It means high scoring; the winning team in any conference game will almost invariably have over fifty points, and often over sixty. The all-time record was set by Iowa in 1944 when the Hawkeyes scored 103 points against Chicago.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

Such high speed and high scoring indicate a reasonable liberality in officiating. Basketball is a game that can be whistled to death, to the despair of the customers, Big Nine officials are inclined to use their best judgment to keep the game going. This sometimes makes for difficulty in inter-sectional games. Visiting teams from the Big Six sometimes feel as if they had been playing an unscrupulous variety of touch football, and teams from the Nine that go East sometimes return convinced that the officiating was done by peevish old ladies. Big Nine bigwigs don't like to say that their variety of basketball is rough, they prefer to call it liberal. Whatever it's called, it makes the cash registers rattle.

But the Iowa Hawkeyes are more than vigorous exponents of the supercharged Western style. They play good basketball; good under any conditions, and in any league. In the past three years they have won forty-five games and lost nine, and in those same years they won one Big Nine title, tied for second, and tied for third.

Good basketball always means good coaching, and if you look behind the six-foot-three Iowa hot-shots you'll find an egg-bald, round little man named Harrison. Pops Harrison had a brief but eye-popping record when he joined the Iowa staff; he had worked for one year at Westminster College in Pennsylvania and won thirty out of thirty-one games. He returned to Iowa City, the town in which he was born, in 1932, as an assistant coach in baseball and basketball. Ten years later he took over basketball as head coach.

His first year in the pay-off slot was a modest thing; he won ten and lost ten, and was kept busy shaking the hands of squad members who were off to the Army. His real career began in the fall of 1943, when three freshmen came to enter the university. All of them had performed well in the state high-school tournament and their names were Ives, Danner and Spencer. The people of Iowa City knew about Danner because he was a local boy, but the other two were unknown.

By the time the winter was over, two of the three were All-Americans and the other one was quarterbacking the whole squad. Ives had set the all-time Western Conference record for a single game and he was also the season's top scorer, with Danner a close second. Harrison's freshmen lost the title by one point, but they were still so good that Iowa Citizens talked basketball all summer and waited for the season of '43-'44 in short-winded anticipation.

Two Basketeer Brothers from Utah

That fall a young Mormon who had just completed his mission work in Cedar Rapids came to town and brought his little brother. The ex-missionary's name was Clayton Wilkinson, and he played some basketball himself, but he was chiefly proud of his younger brother Herb, who was a freshman member of the Utah team that won the 1943 N.C.A.A. championship in Madison Square Garden. Both Herb and Clayton wanted to study dentistry, but Utah didn't offer it. Iowa's dental school is one of the best, and they checked in.

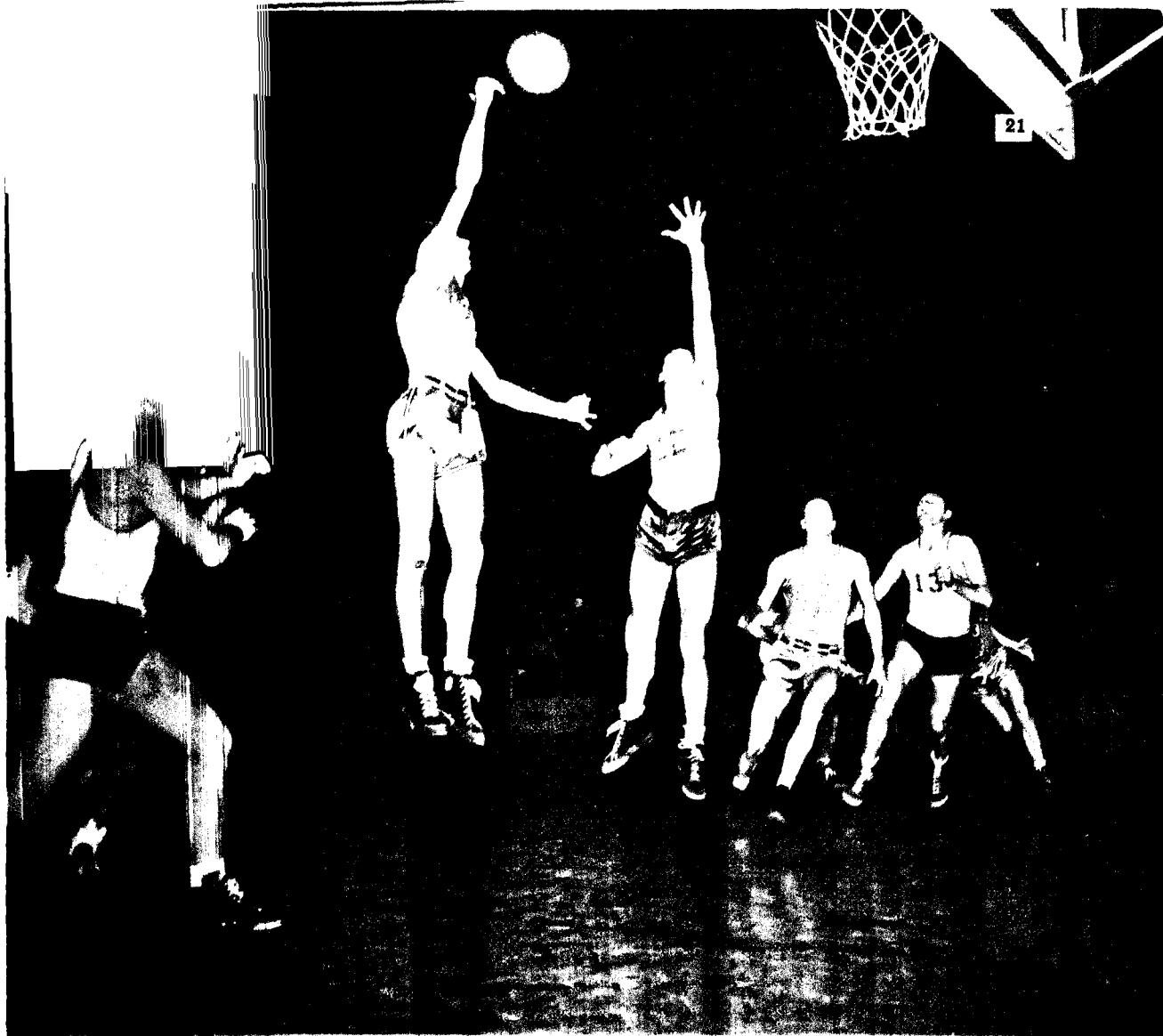
The following December the faithful came out to the field house and sat open-mouthed while Ives, Spencer and the brothers Wilkinson ran up a hundred and one points in the opening game of the season. Danner was in the Air Corps, but a bullet-headed youth named Ned Postels was filling the spot more than adequately. There was also a frenetic seventeen-year-old named Murray Weir who bounced around the floor like a table-tennis ball and possessed an incredible eye for the basket.

That year, the Hawkeyes won eighteen games and lost one, and won the Big Nine title clear. The good people of Iowa City started ordering seats in mid-summer for the season that opened in December.

By the time the corn was in, the whole town—and the whole state of Iowa—was on a basketball jag. No team in Western Conference history had ever won a title two seasons in a row, but these were the boys to do it. In the excitement of the title chase, Spencer had forgotten that the main reason for going to college is to study, and the university had flunked him—but Danner was back. Then Herb Wilkinson twisted an ankle in early practice and the whole town acquired a sympathetic sprain. The populace lived on adrenalin on week ends and hope during the intervals.

They were disappointed; there was no repeat on the title last year, but they (Continued on page 33)

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A practice session of the University of Iowa Hawkeyes (above). Moving up under the basket is Herb Wilkinson (25), younger of two basketball-playing brothers who transferred from Utah to study dentistry. Below is Nate Danner, idol of Iowa City fans because he is from a local high school. He's a favorite of the football fan. Last season Danner, medically discharged from the Air Corps, played in a metal brace





A couple of hired clowns decorate the youngsters with fancy hats and paper frills as they arrive. The fond parents in the group are Hollywood stars Cyd Charisse, Laraine Day and James Craig

MORE FUN THAN A CIRCUS

BY A. L. SIMON

Nothing is too good for Hollywood kiddies. This will give you some idea of the layout which millionaire Atwater Kent and party-planner Beulah Kuh had to work with. The elephant is real



In Hollywood a kids' party is a colossal affair. This one, attended by stars and sons and daughters of stars, turned out to be an A production, as you can see

WHEN Hollywood throws a children's party, you may expect it to be more sensational than a children's party anywhere else in the world outside the Land of Oz. Take the shindig thrown by millionaire Atwater Kent, famous for his hospitality, his eighteen-terrace estate and his fondness for children.

Mr. Kent went into a huddle with Beulah Kuh, who seems to be a sort of Elsa Maxwell, junior grade. Together they dreamed up the extravagant doings you see on these pages. The party lasted three hours, cost \$3,000 and gave employment to 47 people, 21 animals and two special traffic cops.

Additional statistics: 67 children were invited; 96 came, plus parents and baby-sitters. Six men spent four days erecting a tent, a barker's box, 12 side-show signs, booths for candy, popcorn, peanuts, hot dogs and pink lemonade, and a bar for sweltering parents. Five gross of toy balloons were inflated with helium—it took one man all afternoon to fill the orders. The camel which was engaged to give the children free rides weakened after 63 successive knee-bends and thereafter remained aloof and unapproachable. There was a five-foot circus cake with three tiers of carousels and hundreds of candy animals, which cost almost \$100.

Mr. Kent's guests were met at the gate by Josephine, a trained monkey who shakes hands. A couple of unemployed clowns then hoisted the children to the back of an elephant, which promptly headed for the refreshments with an uncanny instinct.

The terraces were decorated with nine-foot lollypops and peppermint sticks as large as barber poles. There was a seven-piece circus band, complete with uniforms, to furnish the oom-pahs for musical chairs. The Hollywood version of this venerable pastime, however, had its own gimmick. The children wore animal masks and tried to keep from getting caught without a cage to park in. Tightrope walking was one of the contests, with the rope tacked safely to the ground. Another was a film-land version of Pin the Tail on the Donkey—using a cap and a live monkey.

There was, of all things, a blueberry-pie-eating contest. It wasn't too popular. By the time most of the youngsters got to it, they were too stuffed. Brian Donlevy's daughter felt that it wouldn't be worth staining her pretty teeth for. Butch Jenkins volunteered, but then balked. "I don't like blueberry pie," he complained. "Make mine apple."

The free acts included clowns, a magician and a trained seal. In addition to the assorted wild and semiwild animals wandering around the estate, there was a large St. Bernard dog named Byron. Around his neck was a brandy keg filled with pink lemonade.

A live jack-in-the-box, in the shape of a midget dressed like a bunny, distributed gifts. There were so many of them that most kids got two. Said John Carroll's daughter to the host: "It's too bad you didn't give this party for my birthday. I could've collected an awful lot of presents!"

But Hollywood children can remain singularly unimpressed by all these fancies. George Murphy's son refused to look at the animals. "I can see all I want in storybooks!"

James Craig's son took in the menagerie but seemed disappointed. "No giraffes!" he complained.

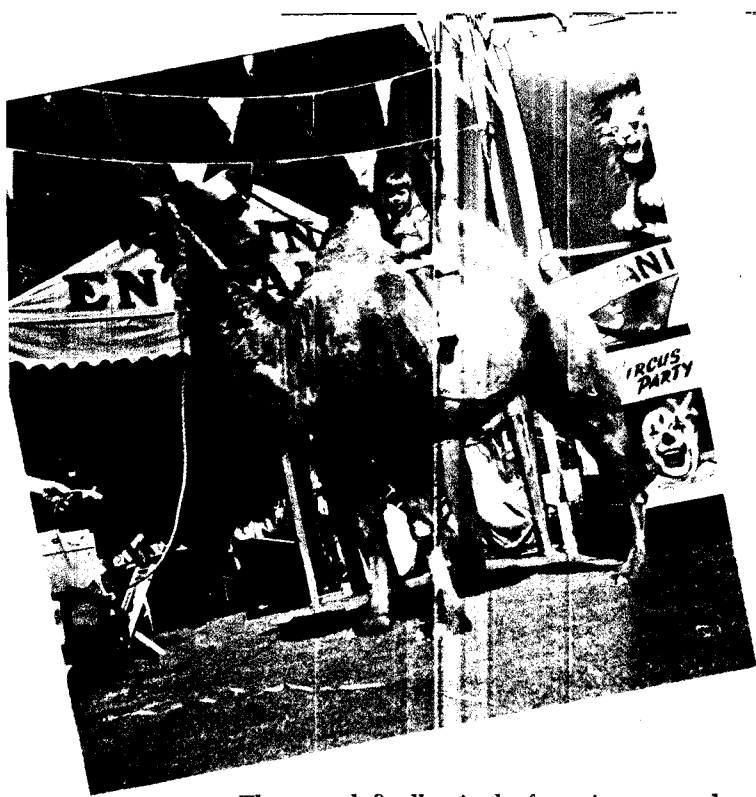
The animal rides, however, were genuinely popular. Margaret O'Brien took seven rides on the elephant before she would quit. Once, just as she was halfway up its side, Photographer Jack Manning yelled, "Turn this way!"

The elephant, having been raised in Hollywood, quickly turned toward the lens, and little Margaret almost toppled.

No less camera-conscious were the stars' children. Vincent Price's son, playing with some other youngsters, stumbled backward into a tripod. He recovered quickly and warned his young friends, "Never back into a photographer."

Altogether, Mr. Kent's intimate little tea turned into quite an affair. Nancy Sinatra, daughter of The Voice, had it right. "This," she observed, "only happens in the movies." ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING



The camel finally tired of getting up and down. Thereafter, kids had to be lifted. Above: Constance Bennett's daughter Jill

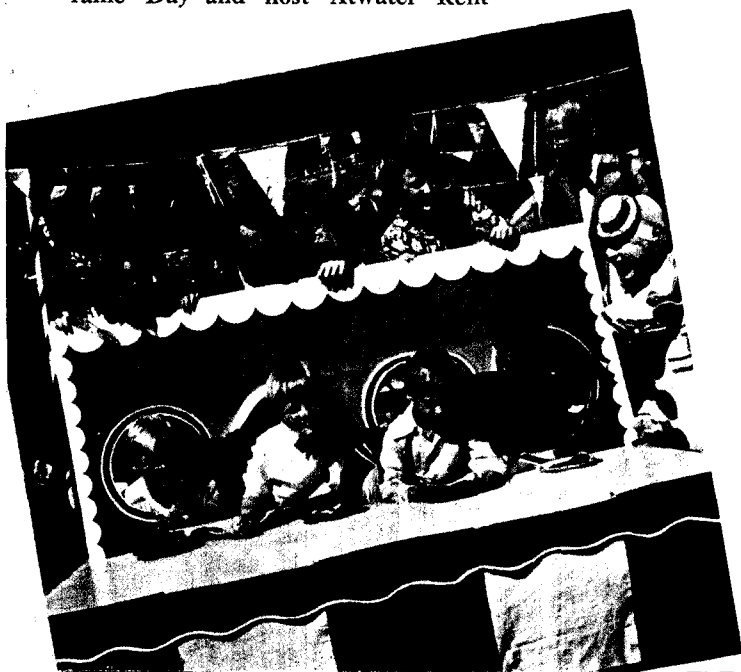


Bob Burns, of bazooka fame, watches while his young son Steve puts the millinery on the monkey. Steve's brother Billy and sister Barbara are also interested spectators



One more balloon and child star Butch Jenkins would disappear into the wild blue yonder — pony, saddle and all

Judges at the pie-eating contest were Joan Crawford, Vincent Price, Lorraine Day and host Atwater Kent



Margaret O'Brien turns toper at a tender age. Relax! The brandy keg around the large animal's neck contains only pink lemonade. The St. Bernard seems thirsty too

LOVELY TO LOOK AT

BY FREDERICK BORG

All of Little Italy would stare at the car. And maybe—
just maybe—the girl would see the boy behind the wheel

THERE were other cars in the salesroom — Packards and Chryslers, two custom-built Fords and a Buick convertible—but the thin young man with his nose against the window did not see them. He was looking at the Duesenberg, an enormous phaeton with a hood half as long as the body, with spare wheels recessed in the delicately curved front fenders, a trunk the size of a piano, and two windshields, the usual one in front, and a second one folded flat over the tonneau. Everything that was not black was chromium, and there was a lot of it, including a twelve-inch searchlight supported by a chromium-plated standard bolted to the running board. In comparison, the other cars looked like toys.

For perhaps ten minutes the young man stood with his face against the window, making blinders of his hands so the strong light of the street could not cheat him of a single detail and, then, like a man who has made up his mind, he turned and went in.

A man with his hat on was sitting at a desk in the rear reading a paper, but he did not look up at the sound of the door. The young man went over to the phaeton and peered inside. The upholstery, he saw, was pleated leather, rich red leather, soft to touch. The gearshift lever was long and slender, culminating a few inches from the wheel in a glittering death's-head with ruby eyes. The parking brake was a heavy shaft of gleaming metal with a push-button release with a chamois guard at its base to keep the wheel out. In the darkness of the rear compartment he saw, shining a few inches above the floor, a miniature dashboard. The ultimate refinement whereby passengers could tell speed, time, direction and even altitude without having to bother the driver.

He went around to the other side and slid into the driver's seat and looked down the unbelievable length of the hood. At the very end was a small silver figure which, with streaming hair and robes, was leaning into a gale and apparently enjoying it. The young man jiggled the steering wheel. His eyes narrowed and he smiled.

Finally the man in the rear folded his paper and tossed it on the desk. He stood up, yawned, stretched, and limped toward the Duesenberg, dragging one foot over the tiles with a sound of whispering; and the young man, who had been watching him out of the corner of his eye, slid out and waited.

"Good morning," said the man, pushing his hat back an inch or two

and passing his hand over his forehead, as if the effort had been too much for his bad leg.

"Morning," said the young man. "Quite a crate you've got here," and he patted the chromium-plated sill of the door.

"You can say that again," agreed the salesman. "They just don't build cars like that any more."

"What year is it?"

"She's a '33."

"A '33," repeated the young man, as though memorizing an essential fact. Then he leaned inside and studied the speedometer. "Sixty-two thousand," he said, his voice rising on the last word.

"That's on the level," said the salesman. "That's sixty-two thousand actual miles, none of this business of turning the clock back. Man, she isn't even broken in."

"What's the horsepower?"

"One hundred and twenty," said the salesman, spacing the words to give them emphasis. "You're looking at the most powerful stock car ever built. Figure it out yourself, with all that stuff she's loafing at eighty. Plus the fact she's never been driven over fifty. I happen to know, because do you know who this belonged to?"

"I'll bite."

"Creighton Halliday."

"The banker?"

"The same. He used to commute between Atherton and here, mostly Forty miles a day at the outside."

"Thought he was dead."

"He's dead now, yes. That's how we happened to get hold of it. They only last month got around to settling the estate. There were four other dealers bidding on this job."

"Mind if I look at the motor?"

"Not at all."

The salesman lifted one side of the hood—the side away from the light of the street—and propped it up.

"I see you were in," he said, indicating the young man's discharge emblem. "You probably know a lot more about motors than me."

"Airplane motors, maybe."

"Oh, Air Corps, eh?"

"That's right. Fifteenth Air Force."

"Well, that was a good outfit. One of my nephews was in it. Don't suppose you ever ran into him. George Dietrich?"

"I knew a Steve Dietrich."

"No, this is George. He was in turret maintenance, I think. What'd they have you doing?"

"I was a pilot."

"Pilot, eh? Well, good enough."

He was thinking it was a little too

good, because if this kid was ever pilot of anything more complicated than a jeep, he, Donald L. Schaeffer, was no student of human nature. He had been selling since 1912 and could spot a phony at forty paces with one eye closed. It wasn't what they wore or how they looked or the way they talked; it was something less obvious, a penumbra of uncertainty and fear, that usually gave them away. The best of them never hit it quite right, they were either a shade too casual or tense. Their pretense was as obvious to him as the almost invisible defect in the jewel is to the expert.

IN THE last few months he had met a lot of pilots—good kids, most of them, a little awed, perhaps by a sense of their own importance, but essentially masters of the situation. At least they looked you in the eye. This one was a wanderer; he stared at the top button of your vest or the World War I emblem you'd resurrected and stuck in your lapel, or at a point on a horizon three inches above your shoulder, but if his eyes met yours it was an accident, and he glanced away. Still, a sale was a sale.

"Let me introduce myself," he said. "Name's Schaeffer, Donald L. Schaeffer, at your service."

"Glad to know you," said the young man shaking his hand. "I'm Frank Caruso."

"What were you, a lieutenant?"

"Yeah—just a lousy first lieutenant."

"That's pretty good for a feller your age. All I was when I got out in '19 was a corporal, and at that I must've been a good five years older than you."

"Infantry?" asked Caruso.

"That's right."

"That's really rugged."

"Rugged is the word for it."

"You must've been wounded," said Caruso. "I noticed your limp."

"Oh, sure. We all got it, sooner or later. I was lucky—stopped a chunk of shrapnel with my thigh. That's better than having your face blown off, I guess."

"Yeah," said Caruso. "You were lucky, all right. Me, I never got scratched," and he looked as though he regretted it.

"Well, Lieutenant," said Schaeffer briskly, "shall we just wrap it up?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Caruso, leaning over the fender and peering at the great engine. Glitter, he saw, had intruded even under the hood; the manifolds were chromium and the cylinder head was held in place by

thirty or forty chromium-plated bolts. The fan had twelve blades and there were two carburetors the size of gallon jugs; there was twice as much of everything, and it was twice as big as anything he had ever seen. He straightened up. "Could you just turn it over?"

"There's no battery in it," said Schaeffer. "If you want to road-test it, I could have it ready in an hour."

"No, it doesn't matter."

"She's a beautiful piece of machinery."

"She sure is," said Caruso fervently, going around to the front and staring at the radiator ornament. "You know," he went on, "with a crate like this you could just about write your own ticket, I guess. You wouldn't even have to drive it—just park somewhere and let nature take its course," and his hands outlined the abundant curves of what he meant by nature.

"I suppose you could," said Schaeffer uneasily. He was a family man and his dreams, when he had them, were more conservative, with golf and an occasional set of table tennis crowding out what Caruso had in mind. He tried to imagine the boy in the car, one hand resting negligently on the wheel, the other exploring the waist of some agreeable doxy, a dark girl, probably, with a pleasant round

(Continued on page 43)

"I figure to park it in front of the house and look over the local crop. Particularly one that's a bit too snooty for her own good"

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BOBERTZ



IN MINIATURE

The entrance to the great cavern at Los Sabinos, which houses thousands of vampire bats in its deep and dangerous recesses. The bats fly through the caverns in pitch darkness, guided by echoes of their squeaking



A captive baby vampire gets a meal of fresh animal blood, which he laps from the eyedropper's end

I MET my first vampire through Charles Mohr of the Academy of Natural Sciences, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Charlie is a speleologist, which means he is an expert on caves and the creatures that live in them. He had just returned from a trip to Mexico, where he had apparently spent most of his time underground.

"Would you be interested in exploring the bottom of a cave full of vampire bats?" Charlie asked me. My wife, Jule, and I were having supper at his home and Charlie knew that we liked strange places and unusual animals. "I've located the most northern colony of vampires ever reported; only a little more than 200 miles from the border. I was exploring a cave and found the place was full of vampires, watching me with their beady little eyes. I was a little worried because vampires infected with rabies will sometimes spring on you."

"Not on me they won't spring, Charlie," I assured him. "They couldn't spring far enough."

"It's possible that there are other vampires farther north that cross into the United States," Charlie went on. "The bats can wipe out whole herds of cattle and it would be very interesting to know their range. I'd like to go back, but I don't have a car available."

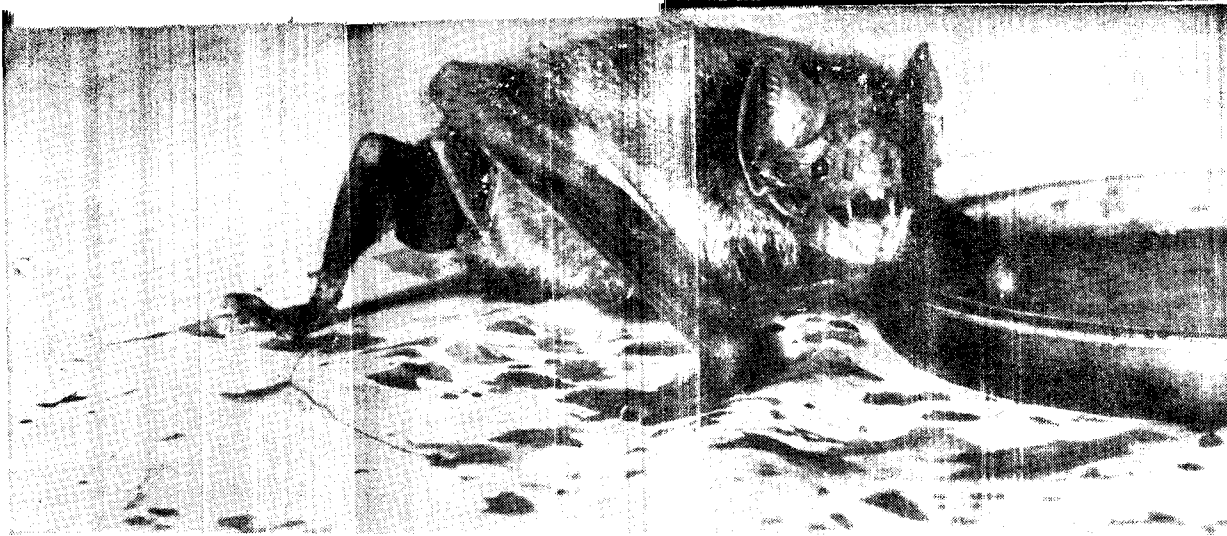
"We have a car," said Jule, who can never learn to keep quiet. "I've always wanted to know something about the home life of a vampire bat. Why don't we spend a few weeks exploring the caves?"

A week later we were headed for Mexico with Charlie and 200 pounds of cave-exploring apparatus in the back of our car.

During the long drive south, Charlie cheered me up with stories about the weird little monsters we were going to hunt. The vampire bat is literally a ghost story come true. Compared to him, Dracula was a clumsy amateur. The wound the vampire makes in a sleeper's body does not close immediately and often the victim awakes next morning to find himself lying in a pool of blood.

One of the captives dines from a dish. Vampires, contrary to superstition, do not feed by suction





This snarling vampire displays the teeth that make him the terror of the Mexican cattle owners. The feeding incision is made by a swift and usually painless slash from the two widely separated incisor teeth

BY DANIEL P. MANNIX

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

The much-maligned vampire bat has earned his evil reputation. He's top gangster of the animal world

Vampire bats, like all bats, are equipped with a sort of radar. In flying, it keeps up a high-pitched squeaking, too shrill for human ears to hear. The sound bounces back from any object it strikes, and the echo tells the bat when he is approaching an obstacle. By use of his radar, a bat can fly through the tiniest passages in pitch-dark caves or through the thickest forest. The bats roost for the day in the most inaccessible spot they can find, usually far in hidden caves so deep and dark that there is little chance of their being disturbed. Thus, little is known about the habits of the bats.

When we reached Mexico, we found there weren't any roads to most of the caves Charlie had marked on his geological map. There are roads there now, though. We built them. We carried rocks to fill in washouts, laid planks across arroyos, and threw cacti and mesquite into mudholes until the car could get through. Then all we had to do was climb the sides of perpendicular cliffs to the caves.

I had always thought of a cave as a fairly straight hole in the ground a few hundred yards long. The best general idea I can give of the Mexican caves is that they are usually explored by Alpinist clubs who have decided that mountain climbing isn't exciting enough. The caverns vary from two to ten miles in length, frequently straight down. No one has ever reached the end of some of the caves. Several people have tried to reach the end. Maybe they succeeded. Nobody knows because they never came out again.

But even in the few weeks we spent crawling through caverns that looked like a lunatic child's dream of fairyland, I began to realize dimly the terrible fascination of this underground world that made men risk their lives to wander through it.

Until humans succeed in reaching another planet, they will never find as weird a place as the interior of a great cave. Often the entrances were so small we had to crawl on our hands and knees. We might crawl ten feet. We might crawl several hundred

yards. Then we would come out in a room that might be as big as a closet, as big as Grand Central Station, or half a mile long. There was no way of telling.

Sometimes we would come on an underground river thirty feet wide, or a lake that vanished among stone columns growing out of the water like cypress in a Florida swamp. Sometimes we would find a tiny pool holding only enough water to fill my canteen. It might have taken years for the little pool to collect that water, drop by drop, from the roof. How long it took the great lakes to form, no one but a geologist could say.

Neighboring Indians Take Them in Stride

We discovered our first vampires in the cave of Los Sabinos. The cavern has probably more vampires than any other spot this side of the Mexican plateau. The village of Los Sabinos consists of half a dozen thatched huts deep in the jungle. I spent some time talking to the Indians because I was interested in knowing what kind of people would voluntarily live next to the largest vampire colony in northern Mexico. The villagers discussed the vampires as impersonally as American farmers would discuss chicken hawks. Yes, the bats came every night to feed on their goats, cows and horses. In the evening the villagers went into their huts and shut the doors. The doors were made of closely woven wattle and the bats couldn't get in.

What about the animals? Well, the more valuable animals they took into the houses with them. The others had to take their chances. After all, the bats didn't take much blood. Had they ever thought of moving? Yes, but this was a good, high spot in the jungle, with a spring of excellent water. Other villages didn't have vampires but they had mosquitoes, ticks and polluted wells. There was always something.

Two Indians, a father and his son, offered to act

as guides in the cavern. I noticed them calmly testing a 150-foot fiber rope of a type usually used by climbers preparing to ascend the Matterhorn.

"How high is the roof of this cave?" I asked.

"How high is the sky, señor?" the son replied carelessly.

They insisted on taking along a double handful of the rough, home-dipped candles that hung in bunches from the ceiling of the huts.

"The candles don't give as much light as our lamps," Charlie told them.

"The candles don't have batteries that go dead, either," said the old man stubbornly.

The way to the cave led through a forest of curiously twisted trees that looked like papier-mâché creations on a Hollywood murder-mystery set. Our guides led the way down a steep slope into a natural amphitheater hung with jungle creepers as big as cables. Across from us a black slit like a giant, toothless mouth showed in the white limestone. Vines overhung it like a straggly mustache. The older guide pointed. "This is the vampire grotto."

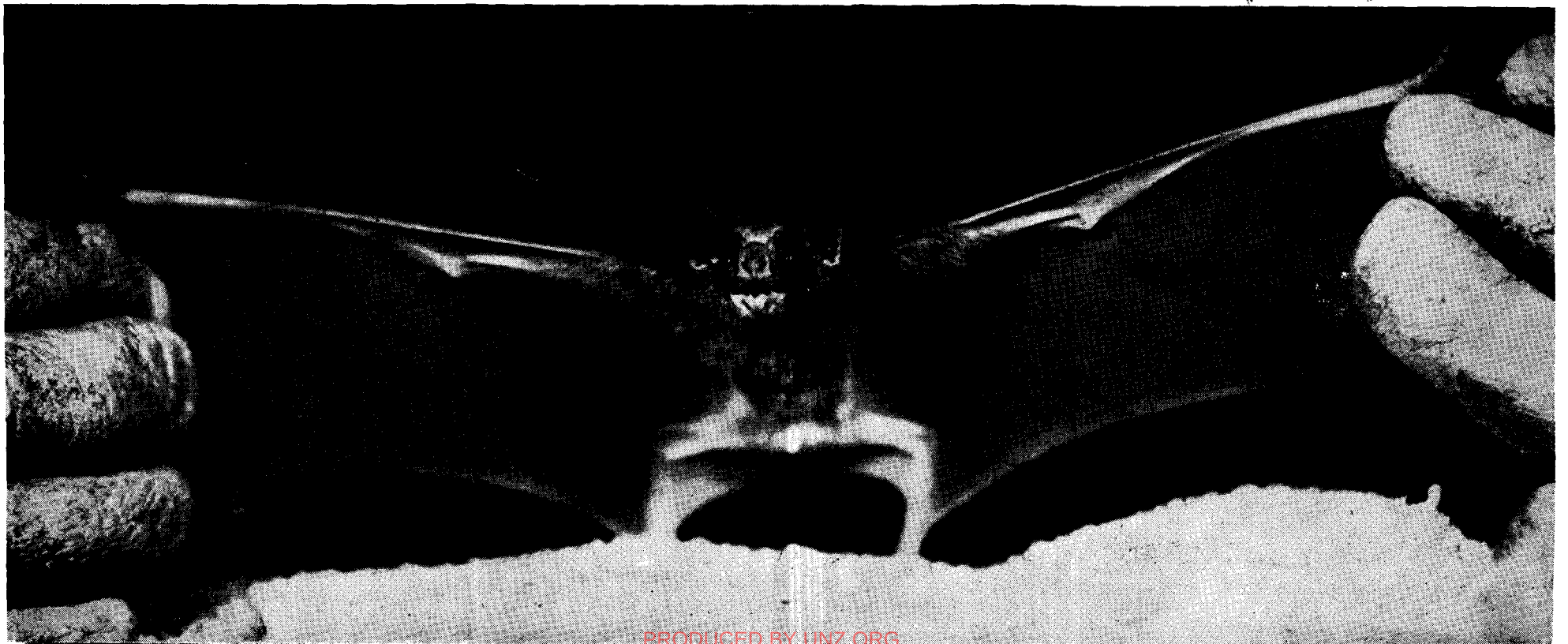
We climbed through the opening into a great entrance hall, seventy feet high. The younger guide picked up the jawbone of a cow and some donkey ribs. "Sometimes our animals wander off and spend the night in this cave," he explained.

"What do the vampires eat when there are no domestic animals around?" I asked.

"If there are no deer or wild pig or monkeys, they will feed on birds. Yes, they even attack our chickens. I have seen one drinking blood from a rooster's leg. The bat was clinging to the leg with his wing-claws and had his hind feet on the ground. When the rooster walked away, the bat walked with him, still holding on to the leg and still feeding."

We lighted our lamps and started downward into the cave. The entrance hall was filled with boulders, piled together like children's marbles. We stepped from one to another, descending deeper and deeper into the earth. The vast mouth of the

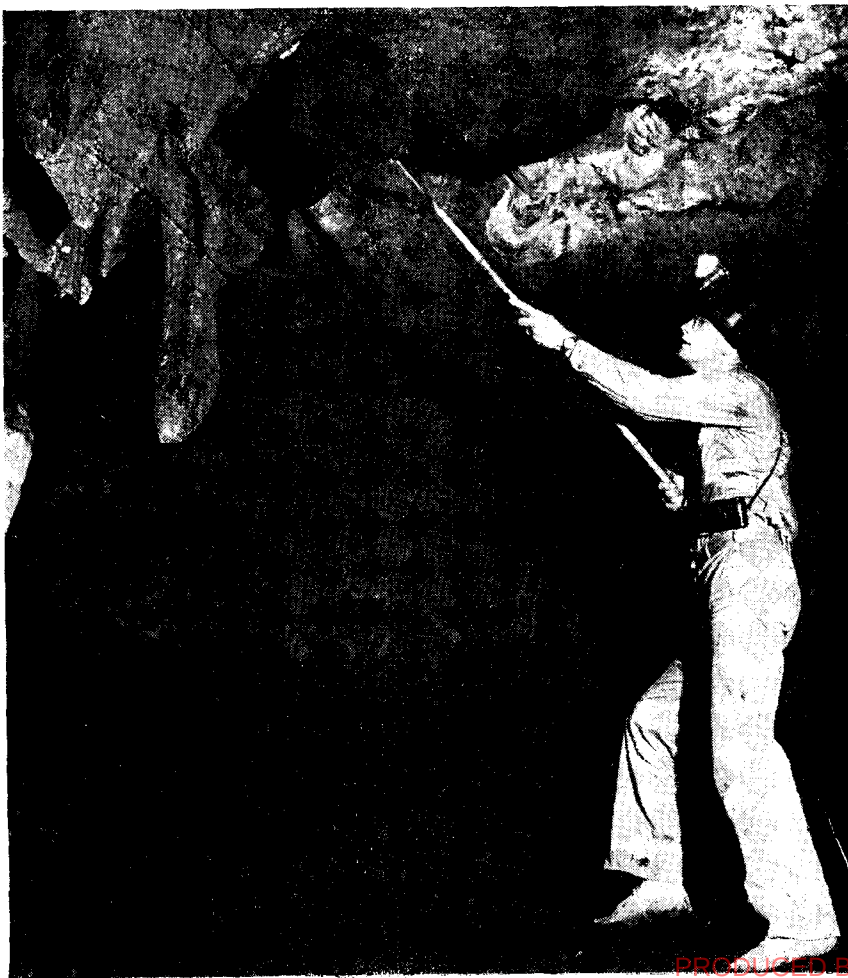
"The Evil Little Man" is the Indian name for the vampire bat. This full-grown specimen fought savagely against capture, slashing through a heavy leather glove. The "fingers" at the tip of its wings enable it to scurry up and down the walls of the caverns and probably also serve to steady it while feeding





The author's wife, Jule, gingerly lowers herself into the deep hole that led to the cavern-within-a-cavern where the bats hide away during the daylight hours

Charles Mohr attempts to capture a bat in his collecting net. The vampires seemed to understand what he was trying to do and avoided the net easily



cave diminished behind us until it looked no bigger than a rathole. Then it vanished completely. We began feeling our way down a great slope in utter darkness except for the puddles of light from our head lamps. At intervals the guides would leave candles stuck to the rocks to mark our path back. Half a mile farther down, we could look back and see the tiny lights twinkling like stars far above us.

Then the slope ended in a steep drop, falling away into a vast black hole so deep that not even our powerful flashlights could reach the bottom of it. The guides started climbing down the sheer wall, working their way from handhold to handhold. To get the camera equipment down, we had to form a human chain and pass it from hand to hand. As each of us climbed down the rock, the others held their flashlights so we could see the handholds. Bats began pouring out of the hole like clouds of confetti. They were the little, insect-eating kind and, although I could feel the wind of their leathery wings, none of them touched me.

Below us, the guides had stopped on a ledge. I could see them playing their lights back and forth along an overhang which projected over nothingness. One after another we landed on the ledge and looked over into the abyss. "This is where we use the rope, señor," the old man explained.

They doubled the rope so we could use one strand as a safety line and climb down the other length. I wrapped my feet around the climbing rope and, gripping the safety line, slowly inched backward over the edge. I began to let myself down into darkness. I went down seventy feet, and then the rope ended. I hung there, knowing I could never climb up hand over hand, especially with a knapsack on my back containing sixty pounds of equipment.

"I've come to the end of the rope. What shall I do?" I yelled.

"Just let go?" the guides shouted.

"What do you mean?"

"There's a ledge just under you. Let go, and you'll drop on it."

I turned my head lamp down, and saw the ledge. As soon as I was off the rope, Jule came down and then Charlie and the guides. We climbed down to the floor of the cave. Suddenly Charlie held up his hand. "Hear them?"

I listened and heard a noise that sounded like the chattering call of ordinary bats combined with the whistle of steam from a teakettle. "That's the cry of the vampires," said Charlie.

We moved forward slowly into a big room with passages branching off on all sides. They were separated from the main hall by fringes of stalactites hanging like draperies around the openings.

Getting down on our hands and knees, we crawled under a strip of the stone teeth. Ahead of us was a series of great, billowing terraces like monster fountains turned to stone.

Like a Fairytale Picture

We began to climb up the terraces. The rock was as smooth and as slippery as ice, but there were occasional hollows full of water where we could sit and rest. Suddenly, on the wall ahead, we saw little shapes running and leaping among the formations. The long shadows thrown by our lamps added to their height and they looked exactly like little men rushing frantically about, trying to decide what to do. Every now and then, one of them would crane himself up to peer down at us. They did not look in the least animal-like. They looked like goblins. An artist trying to illustrate a child's book of fairy stories could not have done better than to reproduce that scene.

These were the vampires. Running on their hind feet and the elbows of their wings, they could go as fast as a four-legged animal. They kept

(Continued on page 59)

Vampire bat feeding on the neck of a burro. The bats learn, by trial and error, how to bite without disturbing their victims. Sometimes they make several tries





O'Brien waved aside the doctor's remedy with contempt. "There's only one method of growing hair," he said

HAIR ON A BILLIARD BALL

BY MERVYN WALL

Instead of being afraid that Miss Bailey would marry him, John Marcus had become terrified because he thought she might not

IT'S a deplorable thing for a man when love comes to him in middle life. Most of us get it over when we're young. We find ourselves married, and we spend the rest of our lives wondering what happened to us; it costs us a lot of money going to cinemas and reading books trying to find out. That's natural, and it's the way things should be; but to see a middle-aged man becoming enmeshed is a harrowing sight.

John Marcus Whittaker was forty-five when the bolt struck him, a plump man with thinning hair and a face of such innocence that strangers concluded at once that his brain was naturally moist. He stood all day behind the counter in his Select Bar without very much to say for himself,

but ready to laugh uproariously at the feeblest jest.

John Marcus' only amusement was fishing; and like all anglers who are not much good, he was always running into incredible adventures. I remember the day he brought the old red setter fishing with him, a harmless, well-meaning dog; and what did John Marcus do with his first back-cast but hook the animal by the tail? The dog didn't stop to ask any questions, but made a beeline for home, with John Marcus, who didn't want to lose a new cast and a length of line, scampering after him, around trees and over bushes, letting out the line from his reel as he ran, playing the luckless hound as if he were a fish.

I felt great sympathy for John

Marcus, and a great fondness for him, so that when his trouble came, I had little inclination to join in with the others in laughing at the ups and downs of his love affair.

It all began when John Marcus accepted an invitation to afternoon tea from Mrs. Bailey, an old lady who lived with her daughter in one of the new bungalows on the edge of the town. He described it all to me the next day with what I can only call bated breath. The old lady had been all dolled up in black with jet earrings swinging out of her ears, and yards of black beads wound in a string around her neck. She had talked all the time, while her daughter Mabel served the tea and then sat with a slight smile on her face gazing

into the fire. Mrs. Bailey was a policeman's widow, and, accordingly, she had a great respect for the old gentry. When she wasn't talking about them, she was regaling John Marcus with the family history of the crowned heads of Europe. The girl didn't say a word the whole evening except "How do you do?" and "Goodby." Neither did John Marcus. He sat on the other side of the fireplace with a cup of tea balanced on the palm of his hand and the sweat rolling down his face.

I thought the whole affair had a serious ring, but I wasn't anxious to jump to conclusions without further evidence. It was the sort of case where you must just wait and watch. John

(Continued on page 61)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN



MEN OF IMPULSE

BY JAMES A. LINDSAY

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

IT WAS the smile that got me. It was rare, because the German occupation diet had *not* left this French girl minus her front teeth. And toothless smiles were very common with French girls, pretty or otherwise.

I ogled at her, and knew my buddy, Al Poriter, was doing the same thing. We seated ourselves at a table, outside the café, and impulsively straightened our uniforms as she came up to serve us.

"*Bonjour, mademoiselle,*" I said, trying to be French.

"Hi, babe," Al said, and I frowned at him. This was a classy number; why was he pulling that coarse stuff?

Then, for whatever such a lesson is worth, I learned it. She turned to Al, gave out with that pearl-backed, ruby-lipped smile, and said, "Hi, keed. Whats you wants?"

"Whats you gots?" Al said. I could have killed him.

"I 'ave gots cognac and wine," she said to Al. I was not there.

I sulked.

She went into the café to get our cognacs, and I turned to Al. "Now, why the hell did you speak English? You know French, and right away you start jabbering in polyglot."

"Nuts," Al said, "she probably speaks English better than either of us."

"Nuts," I said. We both sulked.

But it wasn't for long. She came tripping in with our drinks, and her skirt was oh-so-short—the two of us straightened our uniforms impulsively.

"Sit down," Al said in his crude way. She sat down.

Well, he wasn't so damn' smart, I thought. At least sitting next to him, she was across from me, and I was the one who got the full benefit of a head-on view. Real quick then, before Al had a chance, I asked her for a date that night, in French.

"No-o-o," she said, and the way she smiled sent things fluttering inside of me, things which could not have behaved any differently if she had said yes. "I musts work tonight."

"Tomorrow," I said quick.

"The same," she said, "work, work, work."

Frantically, I thought of saying, "I love you," but decided it would sound sour. Then that damn' Al said it. Why do you suppose he had to go and get sour with a nice girl like that?

They were looking at each other now; him, with his eyes half veiled, like he was saying something naughty to her in eye language; and her, totally unaware—sweet kid—returning his look with blessed innocence. "I loves you, too," she said, but, of course, she didn't mean it.

"What is your name?" I asked, trying to change the subject.

"Jeanette Rezie," she said.

With clever swiftness I said, "Ilikeitverymuch."

It didn't do any good, though, because Al, big brother Al, said it much slower so she could understand, and he said it—in French!

I was thinking desperately of something to stop them from looking at each other that way. Then I thought of asking if she had afternoons off, since she worked nights. In my haste I became confused and asked the question in Italian. Before I had finished I saw my mistake, but too late.

"Can I take you for a walk tomorrow afternoon?" Al said. He was in Italy, too.

"*Oui*, certainly. I 'ave ze afternoon free."

Why did I ask him to come with me? I said to myself. Why, of all the people in the United States Army, did I have to ask that damn' Al to come to town with me?

Then Al said, "Say, Mike, wasn't it a lucky break that you talked me into coming to town with you?" Jeanette had gone to wait on another table.

That was the pay-off. "Al," I said, "how can you take the little lady walking tomorrow afternoon when you have no money? These French girls like little things like a sip of cognac at fifty cents a throw, and maybe a bottle of champagne to dawdle over."

"And when, Al," I continued with satisfaction, "are you going to pay me back the twenty bucks you owe me?" At this point Jeanette interrupted us by returning to the table and sitting down next to Al again.

I knew I had him. He couldn't possibly take her anywhere without money. I turned to Jeanette and said, "What would you do, Jeanette, if you ever met an American soldier who had no money?"

"Oh!" Her eyes widened. "But ze Americans 'ave much money. There is *no* American soldier who 'ave no money!"

I looked disparagingly at Al. "What," I said, my voice full of meaning, "would you do if some soldier *asked* you to go out with him, and he had no money?"

"I would nots go wiz heem," she said pertly.

"Ha, ha," I said, "zat is ze good joke."

Al looked over at me with murder in his eyes. I could see he was trying to figure something out in a hurry. He didn't have any money on him now—I was paying for the drinks—and he was afraid—yes, there was fear as well as murder in his eyes—afraid that I was going to expose him. Jeanette went away to another table and although she was walking away from us, and regardless of the awful tension in the air, the two of us straightened our uniforms impulsively.

I was smiling happily. Then Al started: "You dirty dog, you. You know I'm broke. Now if I don't take her someplace she'll think it's funny."

"Ha, ha," I said, beaming, "then I will be around to escort the little lady to a real outing the next day." Jeanette returned to the table and Al gave me a last hateful look before he fell to admiring other things.

"Jeanette," I said, "what would you think of a soldier who goes broke playing dice?"—I explained dice by hand motions—"and borrows money from his comrades all the time?"

"Oh," she exclaimed in her cute way, "zat is verry bad! Heem is verry bad soldier. Why? You know such soldier?"

I looked straight at Al, who was pulling at his tie, then dusting off his overseas stripes, trying to look nonchalant. "Do you know a soldier like this, Al?"

He jumped when I said it. "Ah—why—ah—no, no, I don't know heem—I mean—him."

Oh, but I was crafty. Oh, how I was making this wolf squirm. Why, the day after tomorrow Jeanette would be only too glad to go out with a soldier who didn't gamble and who had some money. What a brain!

Jeanette got another call, only this time Al said, "Pardon me, you dog," and followed along close behind her. He cut off everybody's view, damn him.

HE WAS inside the café five minutes and I imagined he was telling Jeanette that he could not manage the date the next day. But Al came dancing back to our table waving a fistful of francs under my nose.

"Here—here," he was singing the words. "Here's your twenty bucks, and I've still got enough to take Jeanette out tomorrow."

I sat there with my mouth open like our first sergeant's mouth always was, and could not figure it all out until Al started skipping down the street toward camp and I got a full-length view of him.

Al had a pair of calfskin British officer's boots. They were his pride and joy, and the envy of every man in our outfit. At times he had been offered as much as one hundred dollars by fellow soldiers if he would part with them.

Oh, the man had no sense of shame or even decency. There he went, skipping down the street—the Frenchmen all staring—and him laughing at them all, and all the while kicking at little stones with the bright red stockings he had on.

And Jeanette. I turned quickly to see if she had seen the sorry debacle. She was standing in the doorway of the café watching him, and there was a look in her eyes that convinced me I knew very little of the nature of French girls.

She was smiling and waving, and then she noticed me sitting there. She turned but did not take her eyes off the Barefoot Wonder. She said in French, "There goes my man. Is he not beautiful?"

I said, "*Oui.*"

A SHORT SHORT STORY CONTINUED ON THIS PAGE



Portrait of America's most famous bouquet

OUR ARTIST—as you can see—decided to be *very* realistic in his portrayal of America's most famous bouquet.

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Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York

FOUR ROSES
AMERICA'S MOST
FAMOUS BOUQUET



THE ARABS MOBILIZE

Continued from page 19

Palestine problem. This the Jews have stubbornly defied. The Arabs are busy acquiring more arms themselves, but so far, British authorities have refused to become excited about it and some of them here on the ground have said openly, "So long as the Jews stay armed, you can't blame the Arabs for being concerned about their own defenses, too."

On the other hand, accusations that the British army is systematically arming the Arabs can be almost invariably traced to deliberate smear propaganda or irresponsible barroom gaff. Few qualified sources deny, though, that now and then somebody, fancying himself as a sort of junior T. E. Lawrence or (more likely) succumbing to the pretty black-market prices, does a little private trafficking in guns and ammunition.

Where the Weapons Come From

Most of the Arabs' arms appear to be left over from desert warfare and have been collected and sold by enterprising individuals. It is also reported that a certain amount of smuggling of arms into Palestine continues from Trans-Jordan, the Lebanon and, mainly, from Egypt.

Unless there is some unseen loophole in the fine print of the Official Gazette, the Najjada and the Futuwwa are breaking the law by outfitting their members in military uniforms, but nobody seems particularly to mind. Questioned about it, one high British official replied that, for one thing, it was easier to keep track of organizations operating in the open than those underground.

Despite the lack of official alarm, some responsible Arabs look with sincere disapproval on the growth of these nationalist movements and all that they imply. One young sociologist, educated abroad, and who, incidentally, is an official of the Palestine government, confessed he could not understand why the administration allowed them to exist. "What is the real purpose of organizations that combine military training with politics?" he asked. "I don't see how anything but trouble can come of this situation."

The Najjada and Futuwwa drill on the average once a week. They don't carry arms in public—it is a capital offense in Palestine—but they engage in target practice. Their instructors include Arabs who were NCOs and officers in the British army during the war.

The Najjada's schedule also includes physical training, courses in Arab wars and personalities and politics. There is even one course in "criminal investigation."

The Najjada, whose strength is something between ten and twenty thousand men ranging in age from sixteen to forty, is organized on a semimilitary pattern. Formations are called by the same names as those of the ancient Arab armies which fought the Persians and the legions of Rome.

Although Hawari denies it, the Najjada has had some connection with the Najjada of Lebanon, from which it borrowed some organization and training methods. Hawari, however, insists that the Najjada hasn't received a single piaster from outside groups. "Every member helps finance his training out of his own pocket," he explains. The result is that the Najjada, long on enthusiasm, is short on cash.

The Futuwwa, a youth movement which was suppressed when the Arab disturbances began in 1936, was revived a few months ago by Jamal Bey Hussein, cousin of the Mufti and acting chairman of the Arab Higher Committee, after Mohammed had rejected Arab party sponsorship.

Very recently under pressure, the Naj-

jada yielded and with qualifications is coming under the wing of the Higher Committee, the chief Arab executive body of Palestine.

According to British Intelligence sources, the Futuwwa is neither so well trained nor so well disciplined as the Najjada. But with committee and Arab party backing (Jamal Bey Hussein is head of the Arab party as well as chairman in the Mufti's absence of the Higher Committee), it has more finances to draw from and more authority to lean on. This will probably allow it to eclipse the Najjada in the long run. Its strength today is in the neighborhood of 12,000. Its leader, Kamil Abdullrahman Arekat, is tall, dashing and handsome as the sheik hero of a desert movie. He is less impetuous than Hawari. "Training and discipline are what we need now," he says. "We must build from a strong foundation. It may take years instead of months for us to become strong but then we will be ready."

Interestingly enough, Arekat, who participated in the uprisings of the mid-thirties, was for some time an inspector in the criminal investigation division of

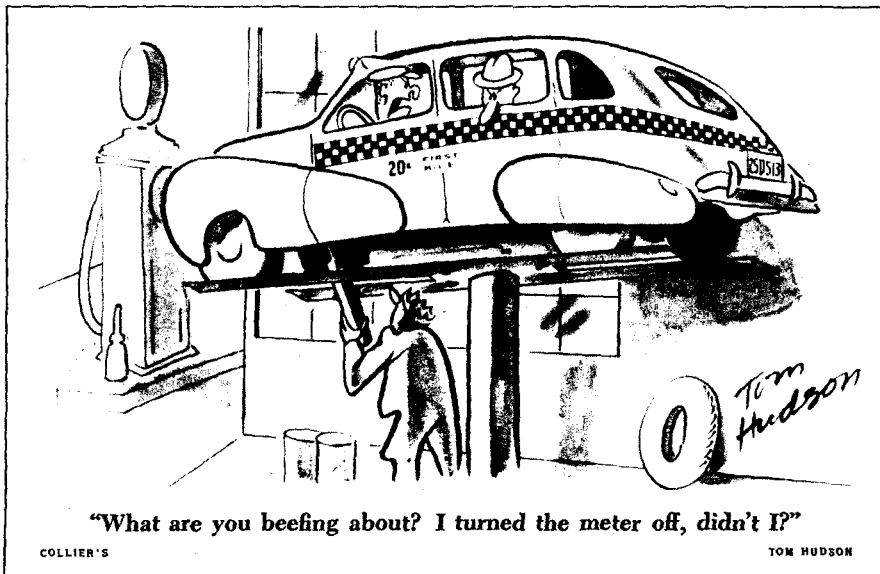
the British, Jews and Americans and extolling Arab nationalism.

The Brotherhood has a "mobile force" called the Jawalla, which is publicly described as a scout movement, but which actually is believed to be embryo shock troops. Some units of the Jawalla have already united with the Futuwwa.

Some Arabs, including young men educated abroad like my friend the Jaffa attorney, are beginning to feel that they face conditions which can't be alleviated with guns and Sam Browne belts. One such is the village of Magdal el Sadek. "And this place," he said after he had picked it out at random one day to visit, "is one of our better communities. It is near the highway; farther back in the hills life is far worse."

Magdal el Sadek sprawls carelessly across a hilltop overlooking the luxuriant coastal plain of Palestine near Jaffa.

The road up the hill from the Lydda highway is steep and dusty. The village, it was explained later, spent more than a thousand pounds to build it by government order and then was unable to get any asphalt surfacing, so in the winter rainy season it is virtually impassable.



"What are you beefing about? I turned the meter off, didn't I?"

the Palestine Police under the British. This has made him suspect with some Arabs.

The most mysterious organization of all is the Moslem Brotherhood, ostensibly a religious group interested primarily in promoting Pan-Islam ideas, but unmistakably interested in Arab politics. It was started in Egypt—allegedly with the sympathy of certain Britishers keen on counteracting Communist influence in Egyptian trade unions—and its present leader or "supreme guide" is a forty-two-year-old Egyptian politician named Sheik Hassan al Banna. A Palestinian branch of the Brotherhood was started in the fall of 1945, and its membership is now said to be upward of ten thousand.

Gunfire at Night in Jerusalem

Sometimes at night, residents within the ancient walled city of Jerusalem have reported hearing the crackle of gunfire from the direction of the Mosque of Omar. The noise, apparently, was caused by the Brotherhood, which often opens its meetings by observing the Arab tradition of firing rifles into the air—technically an infraction of the law.

Because it is organized as a religious group, it does not need police permission to hold meetings and indeed, according to reliable reports, frequently convenes in the inviolable premises of the Mosque itself. Credible accounts relate that much time at these gatherings is consumed in fiery speechmaking, denounc-

The main street is nothing more than an alley filled with rocks and dust and dung. Rectangular one-story stone huts with windows the size of those in prison cells rise in jumbled tiers on either side of the road. Here and there a tree struggles out of the rocks. Except for a power line which cuts across one edge of the village on its way to a Jewish lime quarry a couple of kilometers away, there is nothing to remind you of the twentieth century.

In the one-room first-aid station, the nearest approach to a hospital which the village had been able to manage for its 1,500-odd citizens, a half-dozen villagers told us about their life as we sipped "Irfeh," a sweet tea bewitchingly spiced with cinnamon.

The village can scarcely live on the crops from its meager lands. Most of its menfolk are laborers on the highway or in an Arab stone quarry. The community has no telephone, no plumbing, no water and, except for the three or four houses which are allowed to tap the power line, no electricity. Not more than half a dozen dwellings can claim the luxury of even an old-fashioned privy; most people just use the great outdoors. Water has to be hauled from a well clear down the hill and across the highway a kilometer away. A Jew owns the well but he sells the water to the villagers cheap.

Looking out the open door of the aid station now you could see Arab women below toiling back up the incline with

the tall metal canisters of water balanced on their heads.

"For a long time we have been trying to arrange to have the water piped up the hill," one of the elders said, "but the government has done nothing."

The town has no policeman. "The only time government officials come here," the spokesman said, "it is to collect taxes or investigate a killing. If it is a bad one the government sends three or four police to live in the village until things are quiet, and we are obliged to pay their rent and salaries while they are here."

The villagers themselves have built one school, but it is not enough. Somebody goes to Jaffa nearly every day and brings back a newspaper which is passed around among those who can read, and relayed by word of mouth to the rest.

The world comes to them through a funnel and, except for inflammable little items in the Arab press, not much gets through. They were disturbed at the news that the White House was urging the immediate settlement of 100,000 Jews in Palestine, but they had never heard of any American proffer of economic and financial assistance to the Arab world.

If they are a little bewildered, they can be pardoned. They know, of course, that independence is what they need as a bulwark against the encroachment of the Jews, because that's what their leaders have told them. Still, if it hadn't been for the Jews they would have no electric lights, and no water. They were not entirely ungrateful to the Jews for these accidental advantages.

The Magic of Hard Work

The view from the aid-station door was beautiful. The ground fell away so rapidly it gave you the sensation of looking at the coast from a high building. The blue-green Mediterranean laced the shore with thin, wavy strips of white embroidery. As the dry talcum-colored terrain leveled off on the plain, the magic of moisture brought it alive with the lush light green of banana trees and the cool, lacquered green of orange groves. Open, cultivated fields were scattered over the land in rich rectangles. The Arabs passed them on their way to Jaffa, every day.

Tasting the last cloying cinnamon sweetness of the Irfeh tea, you couldn't help thinking that here was the Arab problem. Not in Jerusalem or behind a guarded villa wall in Alexandria, but here in the village of Magdal el Sadek, which was so dazzlingly equipped with nothing. Had not the British and the Zionists, and the Americans too, for that matter, badly missed the point? If somebody had made a real, concerted effort to raise the Arab standard of living in Palestine over the past twenty-five years and bring it into some proportion with the beaverlike but synthetic progress of the Jews, mightn't things have been vastly different and the so-called Palestine problem not so insuperable? Was it too late now?

As we rose to go, one of the elders, in a long white robe, came over and shook my hand solemnly and then burst forth into an impassioned speech in Arabic, with an imploring look in his eyes. I nodded vigorously and thanked him for their hospitality.

Outside, I asked what the elder had said.

"He wanted to know," came the answer, "if it wouldn't be possible for your Mr. Truman to use his good offices with the government in Jerusalem to get the water piped up to the village from the well."

THE END

Collier's for January 11, 1947

HOOP-HAPPY TOWN

Continued from page 21

got their money's worth. Iowa lost an early game to Indiana, provoking general despair, and then got hot. In midseason they met an unbeaten Minnesota team that was rolling heads all over the Middle West. The capacity of the university field house is 14,800, but there were nearer 16,000 jammed in, among and under the stands. They watched the team trail by ten and twelve points the length of the game, and then pull up and tie in the last four seconds.

Unable to yell, they stood up and croaked during a five-minute overtime while Iowa sank two quick ones and then stalled out the clock.

Too Worn Out for Words

When it was over, a correspondent in the press box sat staring at his telegraph operator. He was supposed to file his story immediately, but he couldn't even find the keys of the typewriter.

"You'll have to wait," the correspondent said. "I couldn't write a damn word."

"That's all right," the telegrapher said. "I couldn't send it."

It was a sad but fitting thing that hope's end came at home. "If they had to blow the title," somebody said, "I'm glad I could be here." The Hawkeyes blew it by losing to Indiana by one point in the last thirty seconds, the first home game they had lost in more than two years. For the first time in two years, Iowa City went home and had a good cry.

There was one consolation in all the disappointment; the state high-school tournament came to town, and there would be one final hoop fiesta, one last orgy of sore back-sides from the steel seats in the field house. And there was a local team involved; City High School had worked its way through sectional and district tournaments to qualify for the final rounds. Iowa City didn't have much hope for a title; the Little Hawks' season record was only moderately good.

The town rigged the streets with flags and banners and closed the stores for the opening session. Some citizens sat in the field house for eight games the first day—from ten in the morning until ten at night. And the local fans were joined by commuters from all over the state. A rural mail carrier from the tiny town of Danbury, not far from the Nebraska border, drove almost three hundred miles to Iowa City during the day, drove home at night, carried his route, drove back in the morning, and then repeated the cycle the two following days.

He had good reason: Danbury, with a total enrollment of forty-nine students, was the hottest team in the tournament for the first two rounds. In the semifinals it bumped into Iowa City and lost by one point. As much to their own surprise as anybody else's, the local Little Hawks found themselves battling for the title in the final game.

Iowa City got the smell of championship blood again. In the early morning of the final day the box offices started saying no to pleading mobs; by early

afternoon the field house was filling with people who brought their lunches and played bridge in the aisles.

They got what they came for. Iowa City won the state championship in the best local tradition; trailing by five points with less than a minute on the clock, a seventeen-year-old named Bob Freeman began a frantic one-man drive. He made three baskets from beyond the free-throw line in less than forty seconds and the populace quietly started tearing the steel rivets from the seats. The following Monday schools took a holiday and Bob Freeman was made honorary mayor.

It turned out to be a pretty satisfying basketball season after all.

As for this year—well, just ask anybody in the little town by the river. City High has to defend that state championship, and the university's Hawkeyes have blood in their eye. It looks like an exciting winter.

Harrison's hopes will be built around four of the men who helped win the 1945

under the basket almost as much as the forwards. Nevertheless he still leads the team in scoring and has an excellent chance this season to become the all-time high pointer of conference history.

Ives can do more than dump the ball through; even his defensive play—a bracket in which the entire Iowa team is strong—is heady wine for the guy in the cheap seats. During the heartbreaker in which the Hawkeyes blew the title last spring, Indiana put on the stall, including a star performance of fancy dribbling and ball handling. Ives leached onto the virtuoso and gently faked and feinted him the width of the floor and out of bounds on the far side—without ever laying a finger on him.

The gentlemen who gather in the cigar store in Iowa City on Monday morning will tell you one of two things—either that Ives is the greatest basketball player anywhere with Herb Wilkinson second, or that Herb is the greatest basketball player anywhere with Ives second.

Herb, younger of the Wilkinson

second-year dental student, is the older of the brothers and by a quarter inch the taller. He had an excellent season in 1944-45 and was named center on most all-conference teams. A leg operation slowed him last year, and he divided time in the center position with outside Noble Jorgenson, six-foot-nine son of the trainer of the Pittsburgh Pirates.

Iowa Citians hold a special regard for Dave Danner, because he is the product of the local high school. Danner, who generally starts at forward with Ives, likes to shoot from far out, with a flat-footed stance and a peculiar push shot that looks like the work of an inept shot-putter. During their first year together, he and Ives had the burghers of Iowa City suspecting a minor conspiracy. They took turns being hot on the basket; if one was cold, the other would warm up. They chased each other's point total all season and ended one-two for the scoring leadership of the conference.

After that came a stretch in the Air Corps for Danner and a medical discharge. Last season he played in a metal brace which cramped his style considerably. Now the corset's in the ash can, and his fellow citizens are waiting for him to light the fireworks again.

There are others whose health and welfare are of concern to the people of Iowa City. Jack Spencer, who has made his peace with the eligibility rules of the hard-boiled Big Nine is back. Spencer, a guard, is the floor general for the team; he paces the fast break with a long arm that can pass the length of the floor. He is tall and thin as a pipe cleaner, and apparently incapable of becoming excited. During a cutthroat affair Iowa's coach

noticed Spencer getting lazier and lazier on a defensive assignment, with the result that an opposing forward was getting clean breaks at the basket.irate Mr. Harrison wanted an explanation.

"Let him shoot, Pops," the Thin Man said. "He can't hit, and we get the rebounds."

A Midget Among Giants

A man no defensive player lets shoot, if he's in his right mind, is Murray Weir. Weir has a peculiar function on the Iowa team—he is a spot player who has never played a full game in his college career, but a crowd darling and a professional game-saver. Five feet seven inches tall, he is too small to be a regular among the Big Nine six-footers. He makes up for it with a bouncing, violent style that shreds everybody's nerves, and he has a phenomenal basket eye.

And there's always Pops. Small Mr. Harrison is a kind of insurance, so far as the ticket buyer is concerned; if the boys don't happen to put on a good show, Pops will. He once hid his eyes during the last few seconds of a close one with Northwestern, and had to be informed of the end of the game, and the fact he had won, by his charges.

The corn is in now, and the Iowa River occasionally shows a trace of ice, and the people of America's most hoop-



"Hi, Jackie-Boy! How's the old novel comin' along?"

JOHN RUGE

Western Conference Championship. Herb and Clayton Wilkinson, Dick Ives and Jack Spencer will be wearing gold jerseys again; so will Danner, little Murray Weir, and some interesting newcomers.

Dick Ives, from an Iowa crossroads town named Diagonal, has been one of the most spectacular players on the squad and in many ways dominates its play. He is the essence of what the crowd comes to see; an incredibly graceful stylist with greased reaction time and tremendous drive. His favorite shot is a lay-up which begins at the free-throw line and involves two leaps and a frog-kick like a broad jumper's. There is far more excitement in watching Ives miss the basket than in watching the average player sink it.

Called the Cowboy, because of his parenthetical legs, Ives has always helped draw crowds. And hold them. During his senior year at Diagonal High School, the village railroad station caught fire. The volunteer firemen were all watching Ives and company; they deliberated, and decided to let the station burn.

Coming into his last season of college play, Ives is not the wonder boy who as a freshman set the Big Nine records for points (43) and individual field goals (19) in a single game. Iowa doesn't play that kind of basketball anymore; the emphasis is upon balance, with the guards

brothers, is a converted forward. He played in the front slot as a freshman when Utah won the national title; Harrison transferred him to a guard position because he needed scoring from the back court. It was a relatively simple change, and the tall boy developed into a defensive giant. Wilkinson is more than six feet four, and as a high jumper can go almost his own height. His rebounding is regular almost to the point of monotony; in the first half of last season's game against a tall Purdue team, Iowa took all but three rebounds off the defensive basket.

Herb has also developed skill in the most delicate of all basketball arts—guarding a man who is going up for a close shot. Iowa followers are so used to seeing him go up and rob the ball in mid-air without touching the victim that they are apt to threaten the life of any referee who whistles him down.

Both Herb and his brother Clayton are men of mild demeanor and an almost astonishing purity of speech. Codes of sportsmanship and traditions of gentleness to the contrary, the middle of a rebounding tangle under the basket is apt to involve vigorous language. Referees in the Big Nine have been jarred by hearing an irate Wilkinson protest a decision by saying, "Well, for gosh sake!"

Clayton, who is twenty-five and a

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GOODYEAR

who wants the world's best tire!



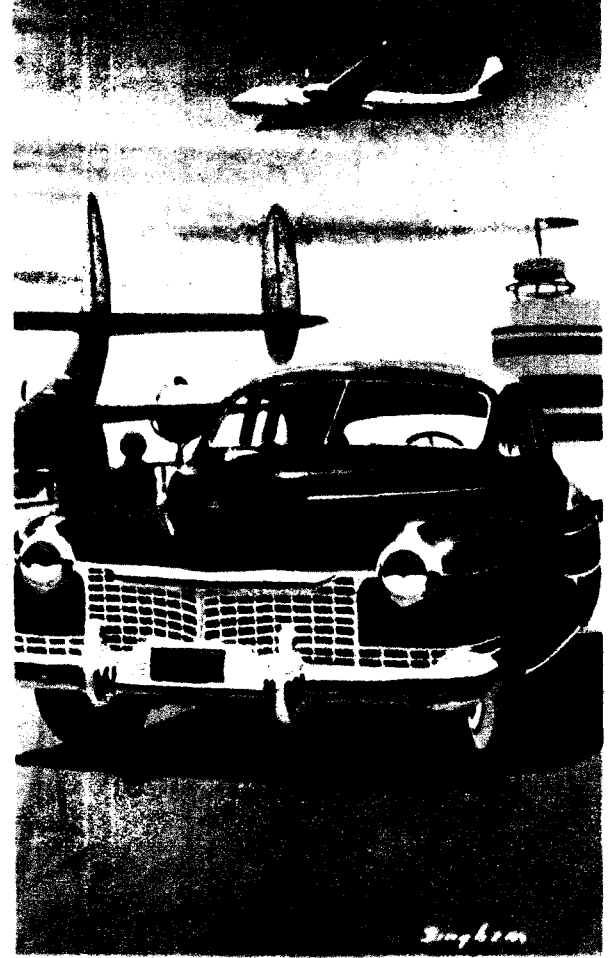
In 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935 . . .

More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind.



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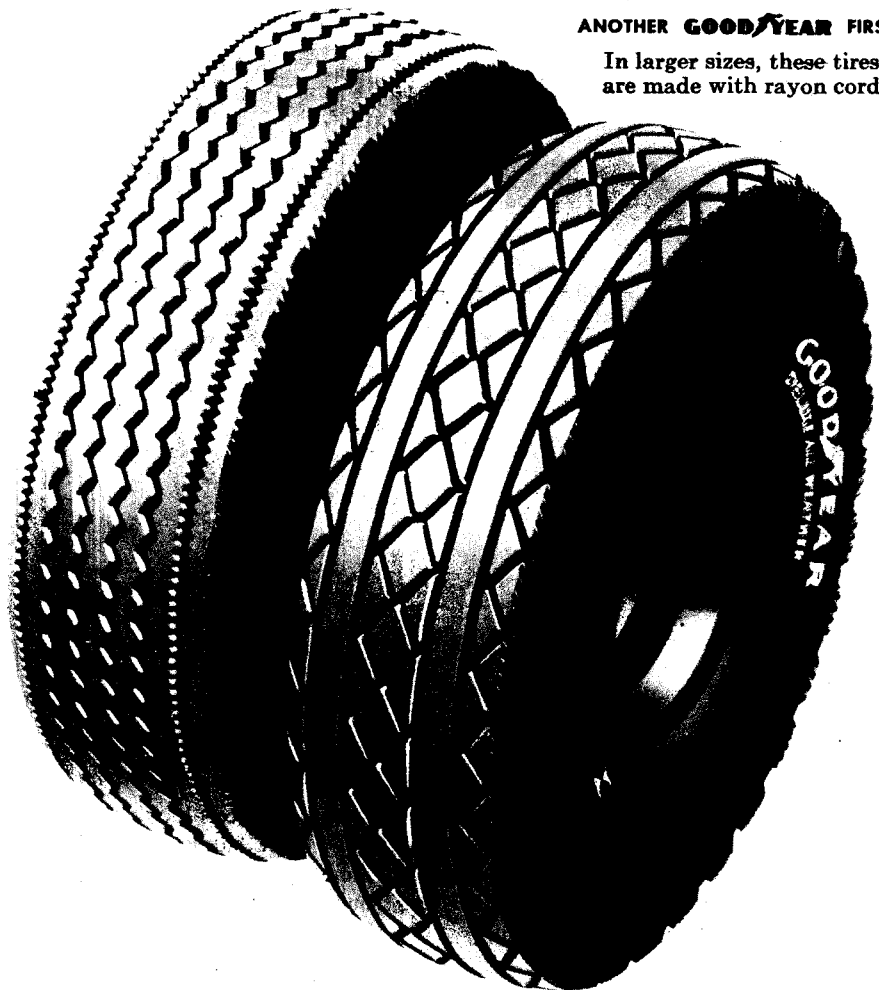
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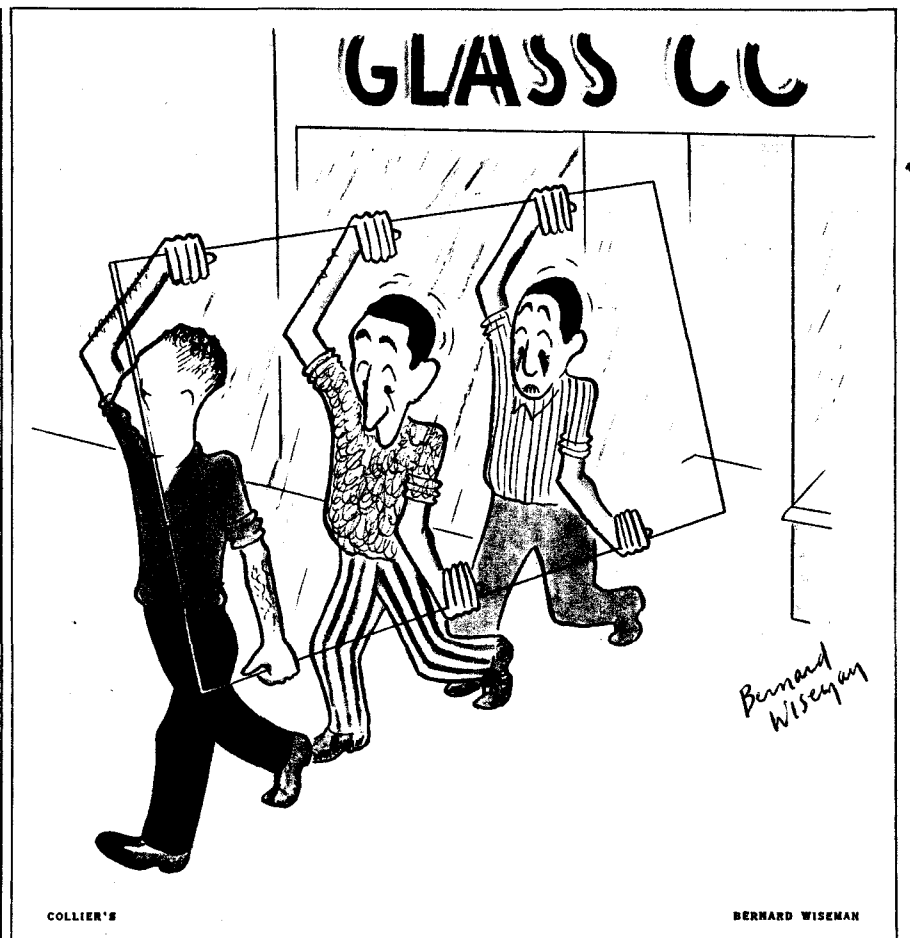


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happy town are getting a gleam in their eye. There's a lot to look forward to this season: City High has that state championship to defend, and in the collegiate bracket the great Whiz Kids are together again at Illinois. The Western Conference promises to be more cut-throat than ever.

Harrison says very little, but his first call for candidates brought out the largest group in Iowa's history, so many that Pops had to divide them into sections and practice on alternate nights for a while. All the regulars are back except Postels, and added to the crew are a lot of sharp-edged newcomers—including Leonard Metcalf from Paducah, Kentucky, who is considered one of the brightest prospects ever to step inside the field house; junior-size Bob Wayland, who is a spot player in the Weir tradition; Bob Mott, a big boy from one of

those little Iowa towns where basketball is a religion.

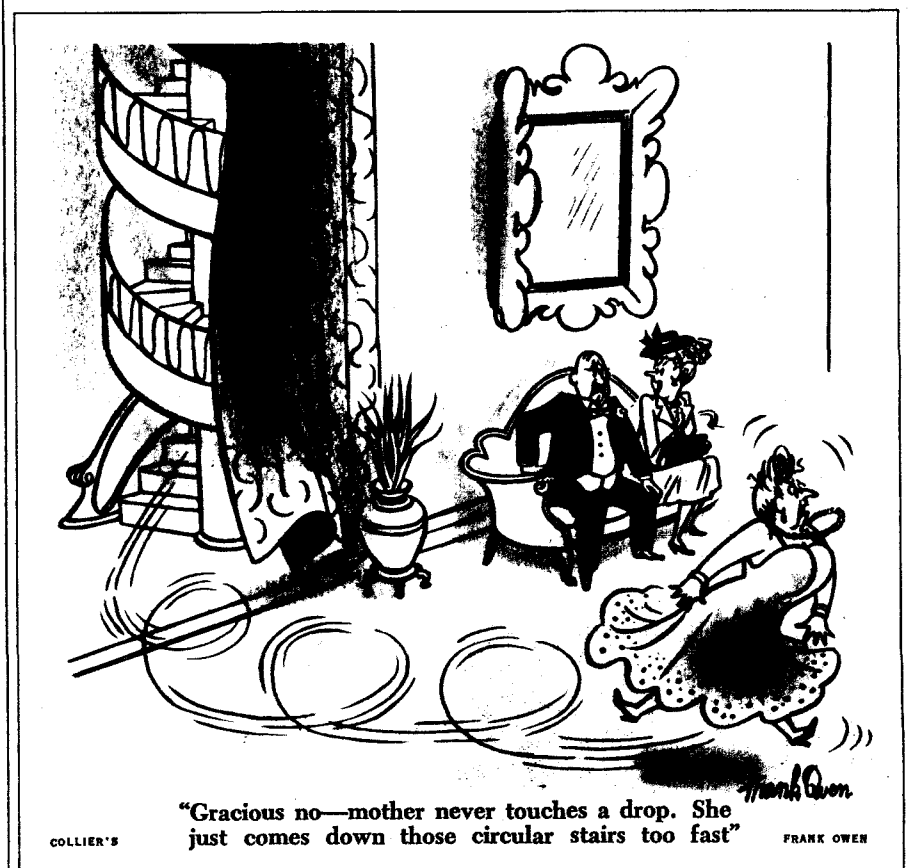
All Harrison will say is this: "I can promise you one thing: we'll always have five men on the floor. They won't outnumber us." Even if they were outnumbered, the cash customers know the show would be superb, and they're besieging the university's ticket offices for the all-important bleacher spaces for Friday and Saturday nights.

A couple of Iowa City's younger matrons got into a discussion of personalities between halves last season.

"I saw Dick Ives on the street today," one of them said, "and he looks nice. Even with his clothes on."

That's what they're waiting for in Iowa City; they're waiting for the Cowboy and his colleagues to take their clothes off again, and go to work.

THE END



"Gracious no—mother never touches a drop. She just comes down those circular stairs too fast"

COLLIER'S

FRANK OWEN

I'M TAKING AN APPLE A DAY

Continued from page 16

very nice man and not the type that would argue about certain sacred questions like matrimony, because he is a gentleman."

The conversation continues with laughter and without me. Mrs. Stooler says she always thought it would be nice to have a doctor in the family so they could save dough on doctor bills, ha, ha. Mabel says, "Ma, you're terrible! I'm sure the doctor isn't even considering a girl for marriage." And the doctor says, "You know the old saying where the farmer takes a wife? Well, that could go for doctors, too, ha, ha."

RIGHT there the conversation stops bein' humorous. They can laugh all they want, but one thing Mrs. Stooler and her daughter Mabel never kid about is gettin' married. It ain't been a laughin' matter for me neither, for five years already. I wasn't even safe overseas, because Mabel was cookin' up a deal for us to get married long distance by telephone. I like Mabel, and I figure we'll get married one of these days, but they're too sudden for me.

"What's so wonderful," I says, "about bein' a doctor?"

They look at me as if I said what's so wonderful about bein' President of the United States, or Tyrone Power.

"Joey," Mabel says, "do you feel all right?"

"Sure," I says. "I'm in great shape, so tell J. Welbourne to get that fishy look offa me." This is for a joke.

"Don't pay no attention to him, Doctor," says Mrs. Stooler, who suddenly loses her sense of humor. "He's jealous because he's only a taxicab driver."

"What's wrong with bein' a cab-driver?" I says.

"Ha, ha," she says in a bitter way. She don't like me especially.

"I could have been a doctor," I says.

"Ha, ha," says J. Welbourne, "I'm sure you could have, Joe."

You can take just so much of this routine. "Ha, ha," I says. "I could still be a doctor, if I wanted to." I'm burnin' a little. "How do you like that?"

"You could, Joey?" says Mabel.

"Sure," I says. "I got all the education I need comin' to me from the government under the G.I. Bill."

"The government caused enough destruction during the war," says Mrs. Stooler, "without makin' you a doctor, Joseph." This is supposed to be a big joke, and everybody laughs. Everybody but me.

"Okay, laugh!" I says. I'm boilin' like a Stanley Steamer. "Everything is a gag around here because you got your professional laughin' hyena around to laugh."

"Now listen here, Joe Sparton . . ." Mabel starts.

"Never mind," I says. "I didn't come up here to be no entertainment committee. Good night!"

I open the door and Mrs. Stooler says, "Good night, Doctor Sparton." I close the door. Inside I can hear them laughin' away, and outside it's quiet and gloomy in the hallway. J. Welbourne Joslip is inside. I'm outside. It's symbolic. . .

That night I dream I'm a doctor. The dream is something like The Miracle of Dr. Sulpha in the movies with Don Ameche, only I'm the doctor instead of Don Ameche. Mabel is sick, in the dream, and Dr. J. Welbourne Joslip is earin' his hair and sayin' that nothing will save her. Then I come on right out of my private laboratory with a new serum I just invented and she's saved. She looks at me with her big blue eyes and says, "You saved me. You are wonderful, Doctor Sparton." I says, "I'm still just Joe to you, Mabel," I says, "and I

didn't do nothin' that anybody else couldn'ta done with the G.I. Bill of Rights."

When I wake up I got a headache, dream or no dream. Mabel still got her J. Welbourne, as far as I can see.

The thing is, with Mabel it's hard to tell sometimes if she really likes another guy, or if she's just givin' him a play so I'll get worried and come up yellin', "Marry me right away!"

I gotta find out which way the wind is blowin'. This same night I drive up to Mabel's again in the hack. I got a five-pound box of candy with me for ammunition. The field of romance ain't for free. You gotta put out some dough.

I stop for a red light on the way up, and who sticks his head in the window but Grogan the ticket giver?

I got enough worries on my head without this guy. "Listen, Grogan," I says. "I'm just sittin' here. I didn't go through no light, I'm waitin' for it. I didn't make no U turns because I'm just sittin' here. I ain't parked next to no hydrant, I stuck out my hand before I stopped and I renewed my license last month. Goodby."

"You got a great sense of humor, Joe," he says. "I just wanted to get back that ticket I give you yesterday. It was a mistake."

"Huh?" I says. "You feel all right?"

"All right?" he says. "Listen to this, Joe." He closes his big mouth and takes a big breath through his nose.

"Am I supposed to be happy because you're still breathin'?" I says.

"I'm breathin' again," he says. "Lemon juice and aspirin."

"Yeah?" I says. "Say!"

"Yes, sir," he says. "You shoulda been a doctor, Joe."

"Yeah?" I says. I got a sudden picture in my head about Dr. Sulpha, how in that picture he could cure everybody in the neighborhood even before he was a doctor. "Well, whaddya know?" I says. "Say," says Grogan, "you don't know somethin' good for my wife's kidneys, do you?"

The light gets green again and I hand him back the ticket and take off. I can't help feelin' that my luck is changin', which is gotta mean it's gettin' better.

I DON'T get no brass-band reception at Mabel's, but the candy gets me past the front door anyway. Mabel is all prettied up with her best blue dress on, which matches her eyes, and her red hair all piled up on top of her head. My heart kind of aches when I look at her.

"Well?" she says.

We're sittin' in the parlor and I figure I'll start things goin' with a gay remark, only I can't think of nothin' gay to say.

"You look like a million bucks tonight, baby," I says. She don't respond to this and we sit there some more.

"I suppose," she says, "that you are here to propose?"

"No," I says.

It's the first thing that comes into my head, because this question catches me nappin', like they say. It's the same answer I woulda give her if I had time to think it over, only I woulda handled it more diplomatic.

"Then perhaps," she says in a very dignified manner, "you would care to make room for somebody else whose intentions are more in the serious way and who is too busy with his patients to keep stalling around like some people I might mention."

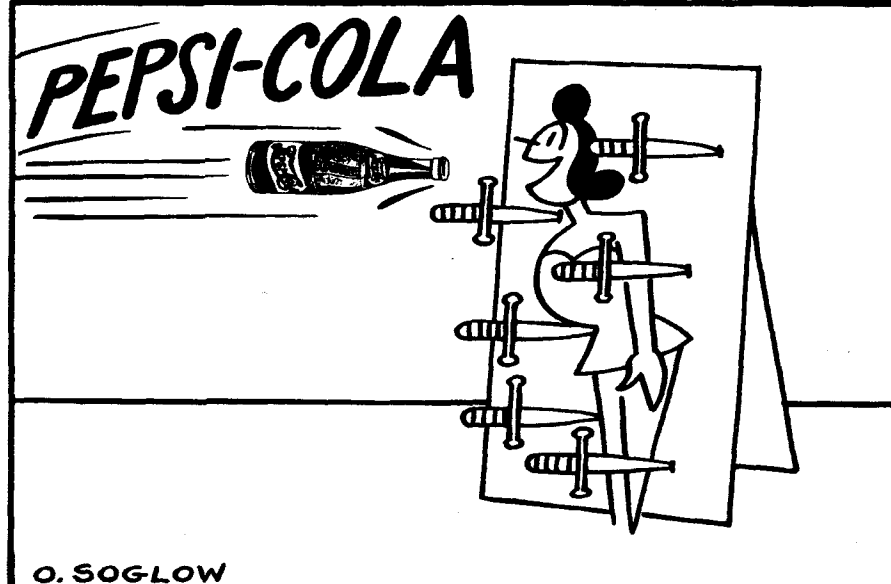
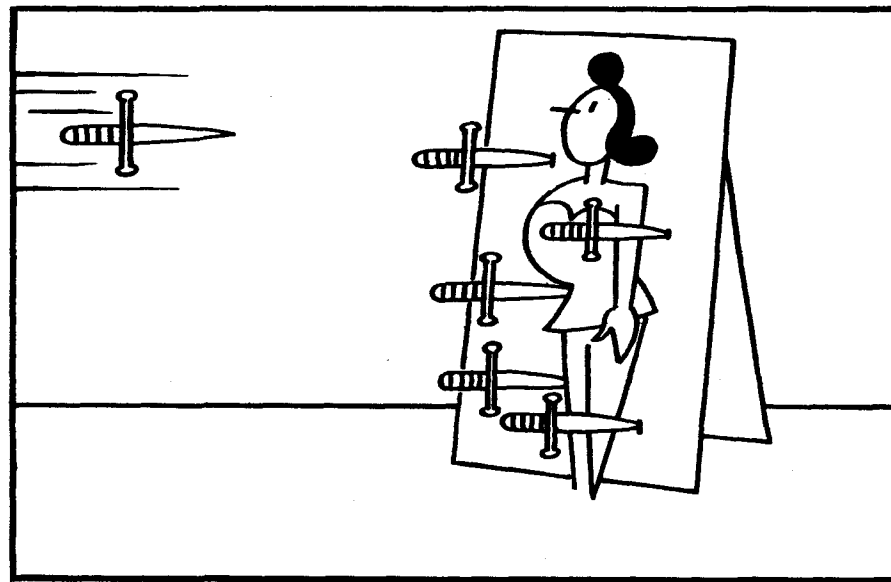
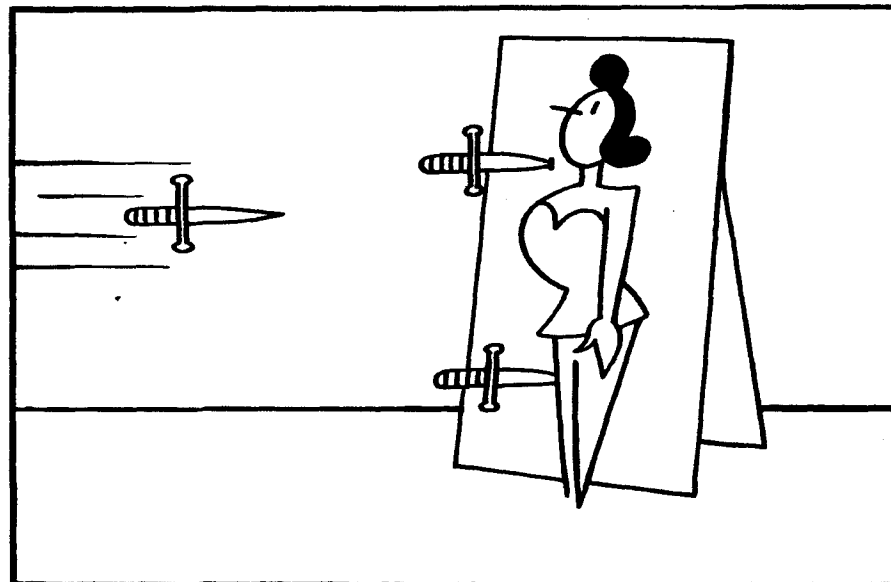
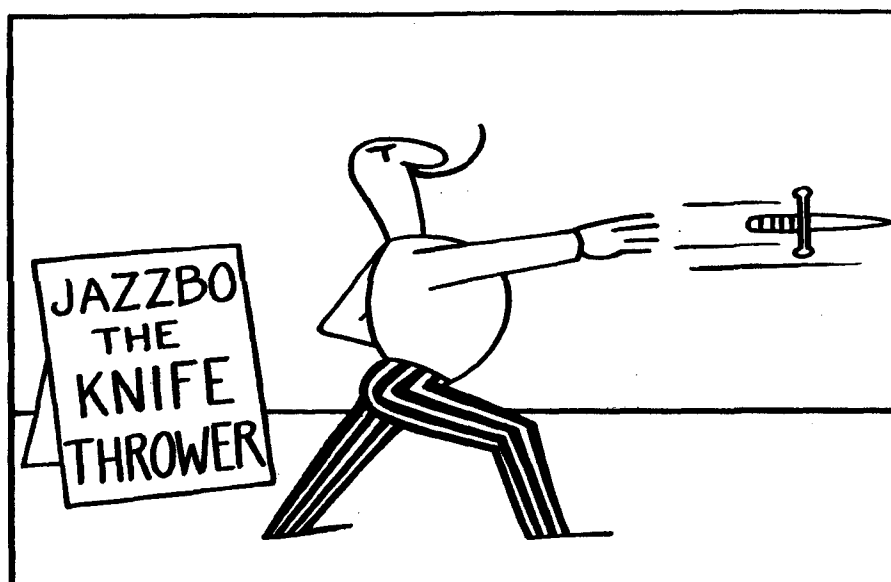
"Oh, yeah?" I says. "Who?"

"You know who," she says.

I know, all right. I says, "What makes you so sure this guy's got serious intentions?"

"A woman knows," she says.

For all I know, she knows. "Look," I



says, "I come up here to ask you if you will go out dancin' with me tonight, with all the trimmin's. How about it?"

"I'm very sorry," she says only she don't sound sorry. "I already got a date tonight."

"Oh, yeah?" I says. "With who?"

"You know who," she says.

I know, I know. I also know which way the wind is blowin' and it's a regular hurricane. I know I gotta think fast or I got no more girl friend.

I'm thinkin' fast, only the faster I think the less I can keep up with it.

In the middle of everything in walks Mrs. Stooler, which never improved no situation.

"Is that you, J. Welbourne?" she says.

"No, it's me," I says, "and I'm glad to see you are recovered from your recent cold."

"Oh, it's you," she says, like she's addressin' a long-lost spider she finds in her soup.

"Ma took some lemon and aspirin and it broke up her cold overnight," Mabel says.

"Whadid you say?" I says. "Whadid you say?"

Mrs. Stooler says the lemon and aspirin didn't have nothin' to do with it, but I'm not listenin'. I can see this Dr. Sulpha in the movies, how everybody says he oughta be a doctor and how he goes to school and invents penicillin and becomes famous. Two cures in a row ain't a coincidence. I figure I got a talent.

AND then, right outta what I'm thinkin' comes a flash like an atom bomb goin' off. It's the answer to the whole situation.

"Mabel," I says, "I hope you will be very happy with this other doctor. I only come up to say goodbye, anyways."

"Goodbye, Joey?" she says. It's a little sudden for her.

"Goodbye, Joseph," says Mrs. Stooler. It's never too quick for her.

"I'm goin' to be busy studyin' nights," I says, "and I won't be seeing you for a long time."

"Studying what?" Mabel says.

"The Racing Form," says Mrs. Stooler. "Goodbye, Joseph."

"I'll always remember you, Mrs. Stooler," I tell her, "as one of my first patients."

"What patient?" she says.

"Joey!" says Mabel. "You're gonna be a doctor!"

"Why not?" I says. I pick up my cap and start out for the door.

"Good night, Doctor Sparton," says Mrs. Stooler. She busts out laughin' so hard she has to go to the bathroom to throw cold water on her face. This leaves me alone with Mabel.

"Well gee, Joey," she says. I can see she is impressed.

"I'll always remember what good times we had together," I says.

"Gee, Joey," she says. "I'll be awful proud of you when you're a doctor."

"It takes a couple of years before you get your license," I says. "Maybe you better stick with your ready-made doctor."

"Joey," she says, and her voice is soft in a way that always gets me. "Joey, there are two answers a girl can give to a proposal. Yes and no."

"Good night, baby," I says. "I gotta get up early and go to the Veterans Administration to set things up."

"Good night, Joey," she says, and she looks kinda sad and forlorn, like a little girl, standin' in the doorway. I feel like stayin' only I know I gotta go. I go.

It's a better exit than the night before.

The next morning, bright and early, I'm up at the Veterans Administration, in the place where you put in for a college education. I wait around and finally they send me over to this desk where a little guy is sittin' with glasses on and gettin' kind of bald.

"I wanna get to be a doctor," I says,

right out. "Tell me what I gotta do."

"Well, that's a splendid idea," says this little guy and he looks at me out of his watery blue eyes. "There's quite a shortage of doctors, you know."

He gets out a lot of papers, and puts carbon papers in between them and sharpens his pencil and gets out an eraser.

"Now," he says, "how many years of college do you have?"

"None yet," I says. "That's what I'm here for."

"Oh," he says. "Which high school were you graduated from?"

"None," I says.

He puts down his pencil and looks at me. Then he looks back at his papers.

"Grammar school?" he says in a small voice.

"Oh, sure," I says. "P.S. 87, only I hadda quit in the sixth grade to go to work."

"I see," he says. He takes off his glasses and wipes them. He puts them back on and turns his watery eyes at me.

"Joe," he says in a kind of soft voice, "you know a doctor lives a hard life. He has to be ready to go anywhere at all hours in all sorts of weather."

I'm crawlin' along the sidewalk to the hack, thinkin' these things, when I happen to look up and there's Mabel.

"Hello, Joey," she says. Her eyes are shinin' and proud. "Or should I say 'Hello, Doctor?'"

"Hello," I says. "Just hello."

"I was waitin' for you to come out," she says, kinda shy. "I hope you don't think I'm too forward, like they say, only I wanted to be the first one to say congratulations and best wishes."

"Thanks," I says. "How is J. Welbourne?"

"I broke our date last night," she says, "after what you told me."

WE WALK down the street and I know I gotta tell her something. We get to the hack and I can't think of nothin' to say. "Get in, baby," I says.

She gets in and we start ridin'. I figure why should I try and tie her down with a hack driver, anyways, when she's got a chance at a real doctor, who ain't a dope.

"Mabel," I says, "sometimes the best things hafta come to a conclusion."

I stop for a red light and suddenly out of the corner of my eye I see my friend

gas pedal down on the floor. We cut a hole through traffic like Tom Harmon through the P.S. 87 football team. A bus pulls out from the curb and ducks back like somebody bit it. We're five blocks from the hospital, and we ain't killed anybody yet, when Mabel hollers, "Stop, the cab!"

"We're almost there!" I says. "Hang on!"

"Stop the cab!" Grogan yells. I pull over to the curb and stop. I turn around and even without no experience in these here things I know the time is here.

The fat lady lets out a yell. Grogan hollers at Mabel, "Lady, do something!"

"Boil some water!" Mabel says and rolls up her sleeves.

A crowd of people are collectin' around the hack and Grogan climbs out and chases them. All the time the time is gettin' closer in back of the hack. I turn around to see what's goin' on. You got no idea. I get a kind of a funny light feeling in my head.

"Joey!" Mabel yells. "Do something!"

I swallow real hard and say, "What should I do?" My voice sounds kind of hoarse and Mabel and the fat lady look a little fuzzy to me.

There's a loud poundin' noise in my ears, and the last thing I remember is startin' out of the hack to look for some sticks in Seventh Avenue so I can build a fire and boil some water. Then the sidewalk lifts up sideways and wallops me in the face and that's all.

I WAKE up hearin' bells. They're clangin' away and disappearin' in the distance. I open my eyes and look up at Mabel, in whose lap my head happens to be lying at the time. Her face is shinin' and she's got a faraway, happy look in her eyes.

"Ain't it wonderful, Joey?" she says. "It's a boy."

I sit up. We're in back of the hack and I can see the ambulance turnin' a corner down the block.

"I guess I must have passed out," I says. "I ain't been feelin' good lately."

"Like a light," she says. She looks at me kind of funny. "Joey, I hate to say this, but I think maybe you wouldn't be such a good doctor after all."

"What?" I says.

She giggles. "Can you imagine a big operation with the doctor faintin' right in the middle?"

"Whadid you say?" I says. "That I shouldn't be a doctor?"

"Sure," she says in her low, warm voice. "After all, what's wrong with bein' a cabdriver, if the guy is nice and everythin'?"

Maybe there's somethin' to this women's intuition after all, I don't know. I tell Mabel that it's a hard thing for me, but if she says so I will give up my medicine career right there on the spot. I can feel the sun shinin' in the window of the hack and it feels good and it lights up Mabel's hair real pretty.

"After all, there's nothin' so wonderful about being a doctor," she says, lookin' down at the floor and gettin' pink in the face. "Everybody knows that if a young couple wants to get married and have a baby it ain't the doctor who brings it in his little black bag."

Which is the truth, like we just seen. I take her hand and what happens after that, includin' how I kiss her, is a private matter which ain't of general interest to nobody else but her and me.

The only thing that comes out of this is this cold I got in my head, which I had for the last week already and I can't get rid of, even with lemon juice and an aspirin. I guess I musta caught it off Grogan, who got his back, or off Mrs. Stooler, who got hers back. I guess I oughta see a doctor about it, except the way I feel now I'd almost sooner cut off my left kidney.

You see what I mean?

THE END

Collier's for January 11, 1947



"Just like a hackie," I says. "I can take it."

"It's not only that," he says. "It's a long hard course of study that involves a great deal of expense."

"I'm ready for anything," I says.

"What I mean," the V.A. guy says, "is that medicine is an overcrowded field."

"Oh," I says.

"Many patients don't even pay their bills," he says. He waves his hands in a kind of helpless way. "Perhaps . . . well, there are good opportunities in the field of mechanics," he says. He looks at me in a very hopeful way.

Right then I get it, like somebody punched a hole in my head and poured in some brains.

"That's okay," I says. "I get it."

"It's just . . . well . . . perhaps you'd like something else better."

I SIT there and think it over. I start wishin' I was anyplace else but there, even Peoria, Illinois, wherever that is, only it don't do no good. I'm there, all right. The biggest jerk in the U.S.A.

"Ha, ha," I says. "I guess I fooled you. You didn't think I really wanted to be a doctor with only six years in P.S. 87, did you?" I says. "Ha, ha. It was just a gag."

"Of course," the little guy says, very quiet, and he looks like he's gonna cry.

"Ha, ha."

I go out of there on my hands and knees. When I get outside I keep on crawlin'. I figure it will be a long time before I stand up straight. I can't just go up and tell Mabel I'm too big a dope to be a doctor.

Grogan the cop on the corner and he's wavin' at me to wait.

If he ain't the last guy I wanna see right then, he's close. Only I'm stuck.

Grogan comes poundin' up on his big flat feet, and his big fat face is red and sweatin', like it's hot out. He's got a fat lady along with him. He opens the back door of the hack and pushes the fat lady in, right next to Mabel.

"Now wait a minute," I says.

"St. Vincent's Hospital and never mind the lights!" he hollers, climbin' in himself.

I look around at this fat lady again, and I see it's no fat lady. I slap the hack in gear and we take off like the hundred-yard dash.

"It come on her sudden, on my corner," Grogan says, sweatin' like a pig. "Hurry up."

I'm hurryin', which don't make the pedestrians of New York any happier. I take a corner on two wheels, and them two are on ice. An old guy in a high hat yells and starts wavin' his cane at us, but the hack digs in and we continue.

I hear a noise in the back of the hack, and Mabel says in a scared voice, "You better hurry up, Joey."

That's all I gotta hear. I go tearin' down Seventh Avenue like the Twentieth Century Limited, only unlimited. There are a couple of other cars on the tracks. I'm duckin' in and out and the cars are blowin' their horns, and I hear some fancy language floatin' in the windows from the truck drivers. I got no time to answer.

I lean down on the horn and put the



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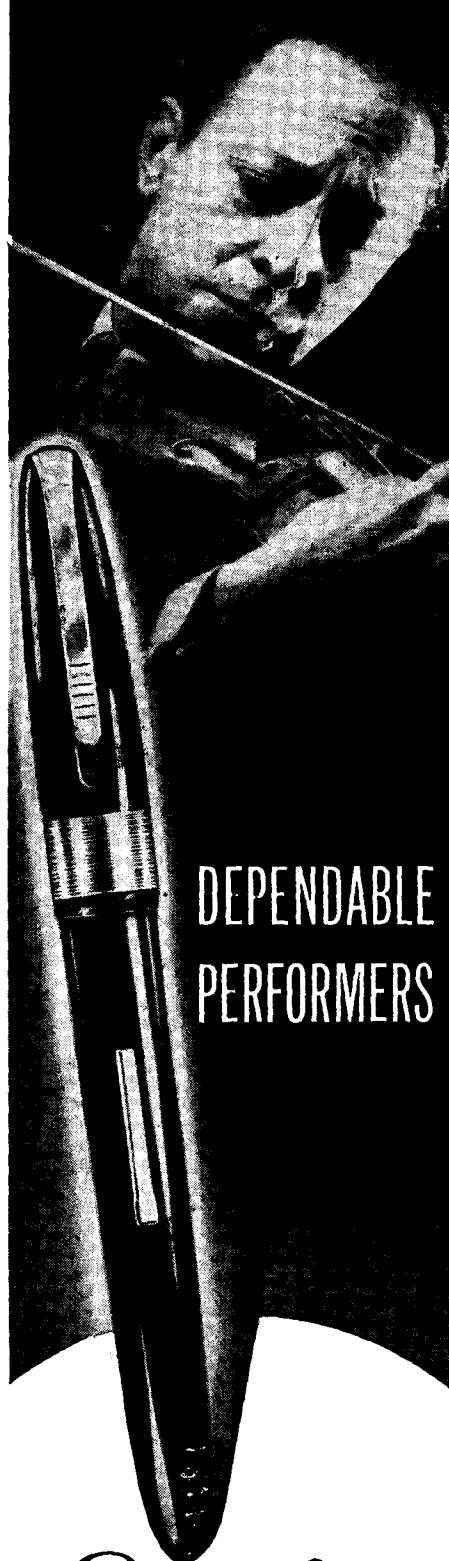
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HOUSING: NO ANSWER IN SAN FRANCISCO

Continued from page 17

could even make money out of the project.

"Hell," Stoneson argued, "the deal would pay for itself out of the shopping center we'd build and rent in the community."

But the plan found no takers. One important reason: San Francisco's big builders speculate in land as well as houses. The land some had acquired years ago had now skyrocketed. Naturally, they preferred to devote most of their energies to building on that land and taking their profit.

"Land costs too much now to put up five- and six-thousand-dollar houses on it," many builders in San Francisco told me. This is true. But it is also true that the lot which now costs say \$1,000 was bought by the builder when the price was \$200 and \$300. Not all builders are realizing windfalls on rising land, because all weren't shrewd enough to buy when land was cheap. But whether the builder bought the land cheap and now makes a handsome profit or whether he must buy at present inflated costs, rising land prices have had one important effect: They've helped postpone for some years the building of homes most middle-class incomes can afford.

A Look at San Lorenzo

Yet in the big builder, California style, lies the hope of producing the low-cost house. To understand this kind of builder, let's take a close look at Dave Bohannon, one of the biggest. A strapping, six-foot master salesman, Bohannon did with wartime housing what Henry J. Kaiser did in ships. His San Lorenzo village, twelve miles south of Oakland, has 1,500 houses built in 500 days and is described by fellow builders as the nation's best private war-housing job.

I walked through this town, which, from an airplane, looks exactly like the toy villages, imported from Germany, that little girls of a generation ago got for Christmas. Each little house is varied only by its position on the lot, the color of its paint, the pitch of its roof. The 50-foot patches of lawn and gardens are well tended, the result not only of community pride but of thoughtful schemes of Bohannon's, by which he gives cash rebates to villagers who keep up their grounds.

For their wartime \$6,000, villagers got a package of house, a shiny new and accessible shopping center, a fine restaurant, movie palace and a round of activities in a social center supplied by the builder. For a "minimum wartime house," it had some unusual luxury touches: a fireplace, tile bathroom floors, linoleum over felt in kitchen and breakfast alcove, cedar shingles. One bedroom had its own entrance to permit the homeowner to rent it to a war worker and ease the mortgage burden.

For Bohannon the package deal of house and community was more than do-goodism. The shopping center at San Lorenzo, a \$160,000 supermarket and neighboring shops, is something real-estate men dream about when they are smart enough to have such profitable dreams. Bohannon retains ownership and rents out the retail shops. The profits, according to other builders, would permit "Dave to sell his houses at cost and still make money on the community deal."

San Lorenzo was one of the first communities to be built by what has become known as the California Method. Bohannon reversed the process by which prefabricated houses are made. He moved a factory consisting of cutting-line and jig tables to the site. Bohannon's

men studied a model of their house as production men study a mock-up of an automobile and broke the manufacturing process into a series of standardized steps. They counted the number of pieces of lumber that go into a house, numbered each piece and precut it on the cutting line. The pieces were then pre-assembled into frames and wall panels on jig tables, which reduced carpentry to a matter of driving nails. In the wartime labor market, this was just as well.

"This is a hammer, and these are nails," Bohannon could say to a green recruit during the war. "You hit the nail with the hammer here (pointing to a panel on a jig table) and drive it in here. When you're finished, pick up another piece of wood and start all over again."

The preassembled panels, enough for one house, were loaded on a truck and hauled to the concrete foundation. The 350-acre site became a mammoth assembly line. Crews of specialists moved down this "line" pouring concrete foundations at the rate of twenty-five a day. Others laid the floor joists, erected the pre-assembled wall panels, put in siding and roofing.

In this sort of home building Bohannon used the precise scheduling of factory-production men. Bathtubs, shingles, doorknobs were at the appointed spot in the "line" when workers were ready for them.

The average builder, as generations of Americans have known him, carries his office in his hat, does his bookkeeping at home nights, owns no equipment, has no labor force. Bohannon, of the new breed of builders, had at the peak of his San Lorenzo operation, a pay roll of 2,500 men and owned \$250,000 worth of equipment.

Now Bohannon boasts a permanent office staff of about 100 persons. He has a planning division to make market studies of housing needs and lay out communities. He has staffs of architects, engineers, salesmen, accountants.

Getting Supplies by Swapping

An average 500 carpenters and other mechanics (exclusive of men employed by subcontractors) swell his weekly pay roll to \$40,000. He owns a lumber mill, shingle factory and stand of timber in northern California. Bohannon lost money on the lumber and shingles, but they've kept him in the building business. "I've done some fancy swapping," he said. "When nobody got nails I got a carload by swapping two-by-fours. I got bathtubs the same way when nobody could."

With this sort of overhead it takes a heap of homes to make a living. To stay in business Bohannon must now build at least 500 a year, which means a gross of about \$5,000,000 yearly.

"We have gone about as far as we can go in applying big organization mass-production methods to house building," Dave Bohannon told me. Since the end result is still an \$8,800 house, the question can be asked, "Have we?"

The big California builders have done wonders in applying industrial methods to home building, but the hard core of the system under which homes have been built for years still defies them. Chief pillars of the system are the subcontractor, the building-materials supplier and the building-trades union. No Samson has yet arisen to pull the system down, although such strong men as Thurman Arnold, ex-chief of the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice, tried it.

The automobile manufacturer can buy supplies where they're cheapest, use the

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most efficient production machinery, produce and assemble the whole car or farm out whatever parts he wishes.

Now let's take a look at what the builder must do. He can't buy bathtubs, tiles, electrical fixtures freely in the market. The plumbing, tile or electrical contractor must buy them. If the builder should make the naïve mistake of buying plumbing directly, union plumbers would refuse to install it for him. In most cases building supplies pass through the hands of four separate middlemen—each of whom takes a profit—before the builder gets them.

The builder can't hire most categories of building-trades labor directly, but must do it through a subcontractor. The plumbing contractor, for instance, makes a blanket bid, which covers labor and material costs. In a period of rising prices he loads his bid to cover contingencies.

"If I could only cut out some of the subcontractors and hire and buy directly, I could save up to \$1,000 a house," one builder told me.

What about competitive bids for the subcontracting job?

Licenses Too Hard to Obtain

Subcontractors stake out areas, and through the control of licenses, refuse to admit competitors. When a San Mateo County plumbing subcontractor sought a license in neighboring San Francisco County, he found that his license examination was administered by potential competitors—San Francisco County master plumbers. He was allowed three hours to do a ten-hour job of drawing plumbing plans for a ten-room house. Told he had flunked, he was barred from seeing his examination paper and mark. Asked why he didn't take the matter to court, the San Mateo plumbing subcontractor said to a San Francisco News reporter, "What's the use of winning in court? No San Francisco labor would work for me anyway."

Automobile manufacturers can employ labor-saving devices as they develop. Most even have suggestion boxes in which workers deposit ideas for production short cuts. Not so in home building. A back-to-back kitchen plumbing and heating unit has been developed to provide in one package a mechanical core for the small house. Union plumbers have barred it from some areas of Southern California, and its adoption elsewhere must come only after union opposition and code restrictions have been overcome.

Automobile manufacturers have their labor troubles, but the supply of workers is not one of them. A San Francisco builder trying to put the finishing touches on 500 houses could not, because only

two plasterers were available. The reason: As against 19,000 carpenters in the San Francisco area with an apprentice army of 3,000, there are 700 plasterers with a total of 19 apprentices, not even enough to replace attrition by deaths.

The pay-off is that even with this tight situation, the plasterers' union insists on stretching work with a six-hour day, charging double time for the other two hours. At \$2 an hour, this comes to a \$20, eight-hour day.

The plasterers are an extreme example and are not typical of California labor, which during the war spent thousands of dollars from union treasuries to import sorely needed workers.

This is but a glimpse of the system that makes a mockery of the economies that even the big mass-production builder can achieve. Before the \$5,000 house can come, the scattered, pork-barrel system, in which powerful groups wink at one another's waste to preserve their own, must go.

Building \$10,000 homes when a \$5,000 house or its \$50-a-month apartment equivalent is what 90 per cent of the market can afford may stifle the construction boom even before it starts.

What would this mean to San Francisco?

San Francisco, America's Paris on the Pacific, with Yankee plumbing thrown in, is going through something reminiscent of its old gold rush. The east wind blew in some 200,000 workers and their families during the war, a 33 per cent rise in San Francisco's population. Nobody leaves, and others are still piling in. Soldiers passing through San Francisco for duty in the Pacific fell in love with the town and are now flocking to it. Thirty-seven per cent of all San Francisco's vets are new to the town.

The city is choked with people. San Francisco, natives complain, has already changed more in the last few years than it did after the great fire. (To San Franciscans, it was no earthquake, it was a fire.) It will change much more. How much will depend on the houses San Franciscans build or, equally important, fail to build. For in San Francisco, no less than in Chicago, Detroit, Denver and other cities explored in these housing articles, people are beginning to recognize that a house is more than four walls and a roof. It is the key to the city's divorce rate, its crime and delinquency, racial antagonisms, health and solvency. Outwardly, jammed San Francisco has the charming, civilized mien it always had. But underneath a witch's caldron of trouble is brewing.

The housing shortage is far from your thoughts as you walk down Stockton Street in San Francisco's Chinatown. You rubberneck at the Chinese dragon

HEY-look who's here to help you!



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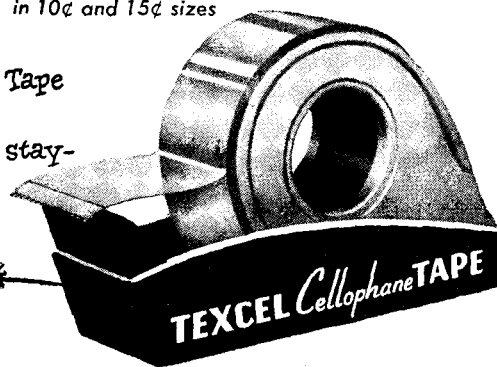
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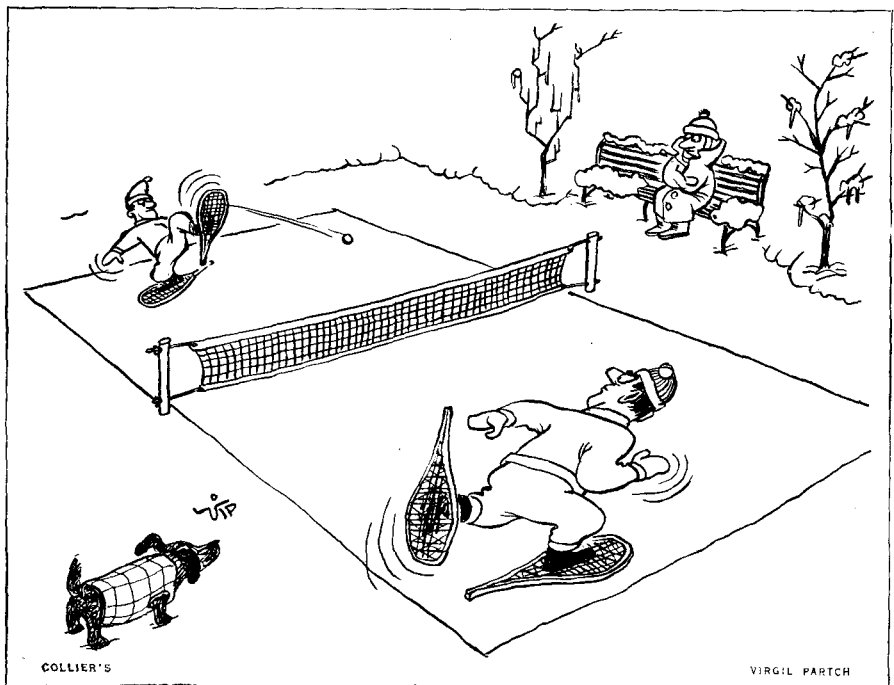


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lampposts. Well-dressed Chinese, speaking excellent English, throng the native food shops whose dried and pressed duck, desiccated fish and squid and exotic vegetables fascinate the tourist. The shops which once sold fine Chinese vases, Oriental baubles, silks and jades are now largely laden with tawdry American-made gimcracks. The section is prosperous-looking. From the outside.

Behind the façade lies the true picture of the way San Francisco's 20,000 Chinese-Americans live (40 per cent are American born). It isn't pretty.

The hot bed which never has a chance to cool, because it's occupied the clock around by rotating sleepers, achieved its greatest fame in New York's Harlem. But San Francisco's Chinatown knew it first. And in Chinatown the hot bed may not even be a bed. It can be a tier of slabs, hooked four or five to a wall, Pullman-car fashion. Chinese men, huddled in rooms off an alley, in unused stores, buy an interest in a bed or a tier.

San Francisco's Junior Chamber of Commerce, noting a survey of 153 Chinese families, reported there was one kitchen for every 19 people, one toilet to every 28. Many rooms are without windows. Of 4,000 dwelling units in the community, only 450 were described as "acceptable" by government investigators, and these were all "in a high rental bracket."

Chinatown, the biggest Chinese colony outside of Asia, was described in one report as an excellent example of a slum, "an area in which overcrowded and unhealthy conditions are standard, and owners . . . can expect a good and steady return on their investment."

One of the owners who "can expect a good and steady return" is the city of San Francisco. Its Housing Authority owns almost three acres of slum property in Chinatown.

The Authority bought the slum property to clear it for government low-cost housing, but when John W. Beard, its director, asked for construction bids last year he found that the costs were almost twice the maximum limit per apartment allowed by federal law. Besides, where would evicted families go? So the Authority continues to collect ceiling rents and, like a typical slum landlord, makes minimum repairs. So profitable has city slum operation been that the Authority has been able to pay full taxes on its property and retire part of the debt incurred in buying the land.

But this happy fiscal situation is costing San Francisco plenty.

Chinatown's tuberculosis rate is three times that of the rest of the city. Social agencies have described its jammed 20

blocks as an incubator of respiratory infection for all of San Francisco as well as the thousands of tourists who eat at its restaurants daily.

In a city inundated by 200,000 newcomers, overcrowding is not confined to one area. When 5,000 Japanese families were evacuated in 1942 from their "Japtown," a congested and already deteriorated section, city officials discussed plans to tear the whole neighborhood down. Instead, "Japtown" became even more crowded as 10,000 new Negro families, recruited for war work, overran the neighborhood, made homes in basements and attics, bedded themselves down in bathtubs and coal bins.

Futile to Condemn Buildings

A. B. Crowley, chief inspector for San Francisco's Department of Health, elbowed his way through flats and vacant stores occupied by 5 to 20 persons per room, reported one kitchen in which garbage was piled four feet high. The pneumonia rate shot up. It was miraculous that epidemics, feared since 1943, never broke out. Because landlords were niggardly with needed repairs, accidents rose. Condemning the unsafe structures didn't help. Instead of moving out, tenants brought in evicted relatives and friends, as the shortage worsened.

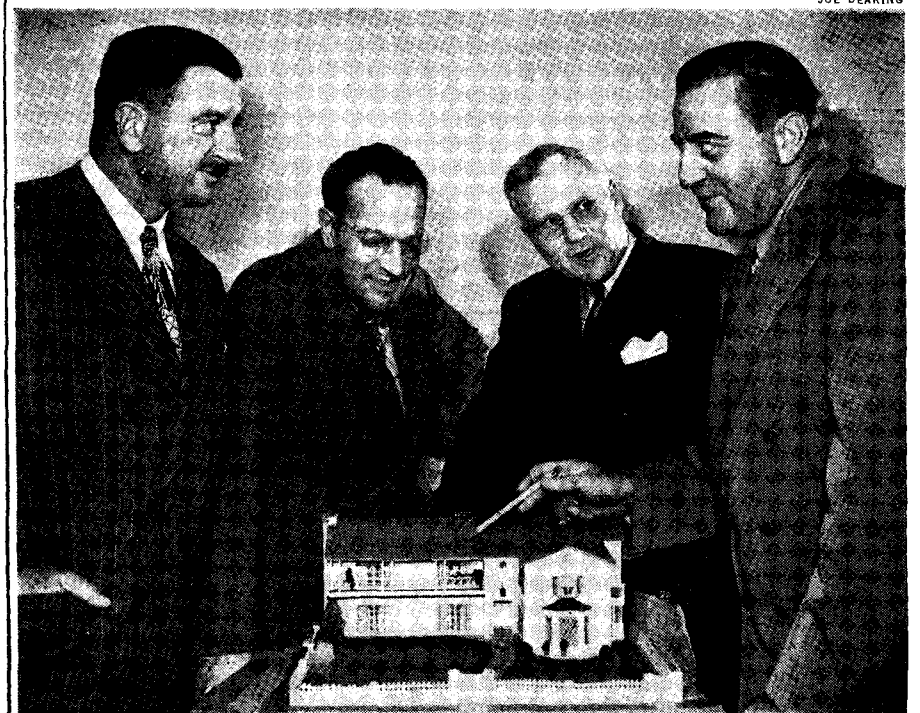
Although overcrowding, not the color of the occupant's skin, creates slums, San Francisco is beginning to talk—not of its overcrowding problem—but of the "Negro problem." In a town that has always shown a tolerant affection for its "little Italy," its Chinatown and other islands, this is a new and ugly note.

Up to now there has been room enough for the city's patch quilt of races and creeds. But with overcrowding, the cosmopolitan charm may turn to congested shabbiness, the broad tolerance may sour into bigotry or flare into fitful violence.

In a town where land is so scarce that the dead are being moved from cemeteries so that the living can have room, government and city will take care of the neediest with slum-clearance programs. The San Francisco Housing Authority has land to house 10,000 families. And as we have seen, the private builder is perfectly willing to provide apartments for \$90 and up and houses at \$10,000 and up.

But what about the man in the middle? Ignored by the government because he's too rich for slum clearance, and snubbed by the private builder because he's too poor for the luxury house—how's he going to get his \$5,000 house?

THE END



California Method-ists Bohannon, Gellert, Stoneson, Doelger talk shop

LOVELY TO LOOK AT

Continued from page 24

face and good teeth and too much lipstick. Then he thought of the old Duesenberg ads, masterpieces, really, by well-known artists, with aristocrats in quietly expensive clothes emerging from their palaces to operate an accessory as peculiar to their sphere as their annual trips abroad and their polo and their yachts. Where, he wondered, did Caruso fit, Caruso with his fugitive glance, his narrow, unfinished face, and his Kampus Kut Klothes?

"Pardon?" he said suddenly, for Caruso had spoken, and he hadn't heard a word.

"How much?" asked the boy.

"Well," said Schaeffer, relieved now that the moment had come, "she'll set you back just twelve hundred even." Then, because he was a good salesman, and because habit ruled his life, he added, "New, that baby sold for exactly sixteen thousand, four hundred and seven dollars. I happen to know because I saw the original bill of sale."

"That I can believe," said Caruso, nodding solemnly and getting back into the seat. "What's the least you'll take in cash?"

"One third is usually what we ask," Schaeffer answered.

"That's four hundred. Yeah," said Caruso, nodding again, "I can do it. Four hundred cash, and the rest I can spread over a couple of months. Eight hundred—say about eight months, huh? That all right with you?"

"Sure," said Schaeffer, taking a pad and pencil out of his pocket. "Of course, there are a few little things we'll have to get ironed out first—where you work, how much you earn, and so on."

"Yeah," said Caruso, and suddenly he looked tired. He put his hands on the wheel and stared at an enormous red truck across the street, and for a moment it was so quiet Schaeffer could hear the deliberate cadence of the old wall clock above the desk. Then Caruso turned and for the first time looked Schaeffer straight in the eyes.

"You know," he said, "I was kidding when I said just now I was a pilot. I never even got off the ground. I was an armorer. I can take a Browning apart and put it together, but that's about all. I was a T/4. In our outfit that was pretty good, because our C.O. was hell on promotions; but I never did get to be an officer. I wanted to. I guess we all wanted to. It's nice to put on all that brass, and it sure don't do you any harm when you're looking for girls." He took a deep breath. "I don't know why I'm telling you all this," he said, "except you'd probably find out anyway."

SCHAEFFER said, "Forget it," and surprised himself by patting the boy on the arm. "I sort of figured you were a little young for a pilot, but if a man says he's the King of Siam, that's all right with me. Let's see, now—you got a job somewhere?"

"Yeah," said Caruso, and tried to smile. "In the Rainbow Lunch."

"On Sutter Street?"

"That's right. I suppose I could tell you I own the joint, but I'm just a T/4 there, too. Bus boy. Forty-two-fifty a week, and no tips. What else would you like to know?"

"Where do you live?" asked Schaeffer, making notes on the pad.

"481 Harding."

"Harding. That's near the Cathedral, isn't it?"

"Two blocks."

"Phone?"

"We don't have one."

Schaeffer made a few more notes. He was trying to visualize the sort of place where Caruso lived. He knew the

neighborhood from the rare excursions he and his wife made when they felt like a good spaghetti dinner. It was known, inevitably, as Little Italy. The buildings were mostly run-down duplexes, and there were always too many children in the narrow streets. Old men played bocce ball in vacant lots, or dozed on the front steps, and large, soft women leaned out of windows. The girls wore black, and their skirts were too short. They strutted in pairs, batting their enameled eyelashes at each other and ignoring the litter and the catcalls of the boys.

THE curbs were lined with old and rusty cars, cars used for anything from transporting paint buckets and ladders to delivering homemade bread, and the street was their garage.

Schaeffer saw Caruso swing the Duesenberg around the corner and stop halfway down the block, between a scissor-grinder's wagon, perhaps, and a hot

a square deal, you being a veteran and all that." He passed a hand over his forehead and plunged on as though reciting from memory. "This thing's a piece of junk. No—wait a minute, I mean that literally. It's a wreck. You probably were overseas when it happened, so you didn't hear about it, but Halliday's chauffeur got oiled up one night and drove it right off the cliff at San Pedro. If it'd been an ordinary crate it would have folded like an accordion, but being a Duesenberg, it just got twisted up a little.

"Well, naturally there was a lot of body work, the hood, for instance, came from a sedan over in Oakland, but the motor and the chassis really got the business. I mean it's easy enough to hammer out a fender, but what do you do about a busted crankshaft? How do you fix a twisted frame when the damn thing's built like the Bay Bridge? As for the motor, well, your guess is as good as mine. It might last another ten years or

captains and lieutenants move in a different world from corporals. They eat and sleep apart, and when you march they're up at the head of the column, or flanking it, and nothing your mother or the girls can say about your being every bit as handsome as an officer can gloss over that fact.

He didn't remember when he'd picked up the limp, but it must have been before the excitement had died down, when they were going to parties every night, and officers wore their uniforms for the girls to admire. No one, he discovered, grew delirious over corporals, and since he had nothing else to set him off, no medals, no scars, he had begun to limp.

It was true, there had once been a piece of shrapnel in his thigh, but the wound had healed without complications. Actually there was no more need for the limp than there was for a patch over his eye, but the stratagem had been an almost overwhelming success. Girls grew tender when they saw him drag himself across the floor; they wanted to help him up and downstairs, and when the music played they were always willing to sit it out in some dark corner.

AFTER a while he began to concentrate on the prettiest of the bunch, Cornelia Bauer, who had once seemed as inaccessible as a movie queen. Yet, when he asked her to marry him, a couple of months later, she said yes almost before he had a chance to finish. Later, when the necessity had gone, he found the limp had become a habit, and since habit was as ingrained as the color of his skin, he simply kept it up. It was easier that way, and see what it had got him—twenty-six wonderful years with the best little wife in the world. Only occasionally did he pause to regret he had snared her with a trick.

Schaeffer sighed. "You still want it?" he asked, knowing what the answer would be.

"Yeah," said Caruso, smiling apologetically, "I guess I do. Thanks anyway. I mean for giving it to me straight. Don't think I don't appreciate it—it's about the first time I've had a square deal since I got back. It's just that, well, I know this sounds screwy, but I probably won't be driving much anyway, considering the gas and oil she'll use. Mostly she'll just be parked in front of the house. I figure that's as good a place as any to sit and look over the local crop. Particularly one that's a little too snooty for her own good.

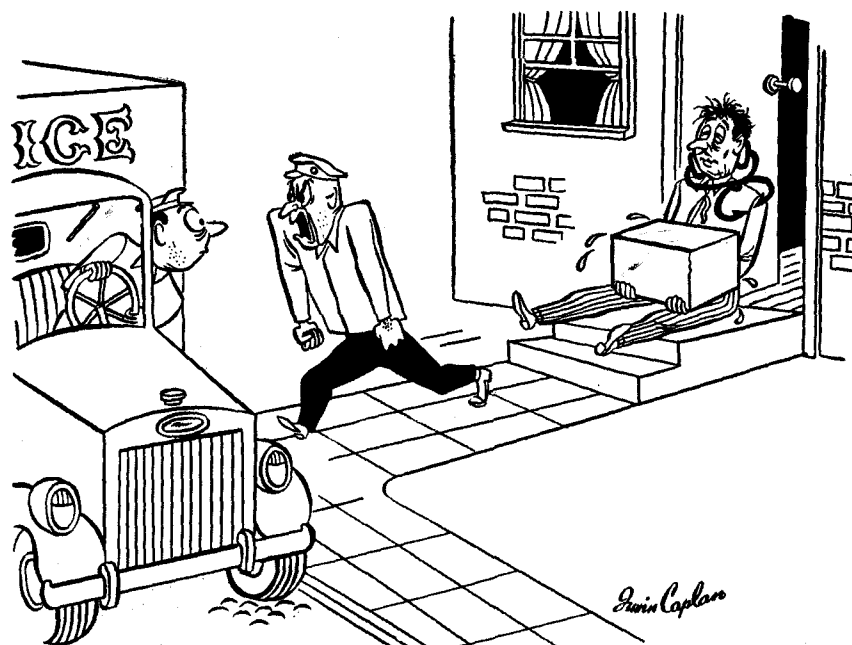
"You know," he went on, the words crowding each other as he finally got it out, "girls sure are funny. They cry themselves sick when you go away, and then when you come back, all in one piece, but only a T/4 instead of a major general or something, they give you the business. What really gets you is when they fall for some kid down the block that was still in knee pants when you were a big shot in high school—just because he comes back a captain."

He ran his fingers through his hair and added, "I figure with a wagon like this, not another one like it, probably, in the whole United States, maybe she'll change her mind. Maybe when she sees the competition—" He broke off, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "You know what I mean?" he asked, staring anxiously at the salesman.

"Yes," said Schaeffer gently, "I know exactly what you mean," and saw the boy relax. For a long moment they looked at each other, and it was Schaeffer who finally turned aside.

"I'll have them put a battery in," he said, and limped away.

THE END



"That's the fifteenth jerk today to say, 'Well, well, the iceman cometh'"

COLLIER'S

IRWIN CAPLAN

rod cut down from a '29 Ford. There would be a splendid pause before the neighbors recognized him, and then windows would open and excited comments in two languages would be hurled back and forth across the street. The girls would slow down and give him the eye, and the kids would forget their games and swarm around, like their relatives in the old country. He saw Caruso in his moment of triumph leaning back against the red-leather upholstery, saw the look on Caruso's narrow face as he debated which of the local houris it was going to be.

A sudden, inexplicable sadness came over Schaeffer, and he said, "You sure you want a car as big as this? How about one of these other jobs, for instance? The Buick, now—"

"No," said Caruso softly, "this is for me, I guess," and he took hold of the death's-head knob of the gearshift lever and moved from low to second and back to low again.

"It's practically impossible to get parts," said Schaeffer, speaking with a sort of desperation, and wondering what was making him act like this.

"Well, I'll worry about that when the time comes."

There was a pause. "Look," said Schaeffer finally, putting a foot on the running board, "I've got to tell you something. After all, you've been honest with me, so it's only right I give you

it might go tomorrow. What it'll probably do is throw a rod out the side. At fifty or sixty that's as good a way as I can think of to end it all."

Suddenly he stopped. He pushed his hat back another inch and stared at Caruso like a man coming out of a dream. "What the heck am I saying?" he demanded. "Here I'm supposed to be selling something and it looks like I'm doing my best to queer the deal. I don't know," he muttered, shaking his head, "I guess I must be getting old."

BUT he knew it wasn't that, because what had happened to Caruso had happened to him. Though it had been twenty-seven years ago, back in '19, when it was finally over and they were marching up Market Street—all except Marty Sorenson, who had got it in the Argonne, and little Buck Dodds, who had come back in a basket—it suddenly seemed like yesterday. The rest were there, grinning at the girls as they tried to keep step to four bands and a steam calliope. Steve Collins, who had been promoted on the field from sergeant to second lieutenant, and Captain Arch Schofield, and First Lieutenant Will Carmody, and Major Paul Stein—all the boys he had gone to school with, swum in the Bay with, crashed sorority dances with. Together again, the papers said. But they weren't really together. They were leagues apart. Majors and

SLEEPING BEAUTY

BY FAITH BALDWIN

The Story:

When DR. RICHARD KENT returns from Army service, he is determined to ask CARLA FENTON, a beautiful nurse, to marry him. Instead she marries one of her former patients, wealthy HARRY TRASK. Their marriage is a blow to Kent and also to MAGGIE EDWARDS, Harry's former fiancée. When Carla realizes she is unable to make Harry happy, she leaves him to return to nursing at Lister, the hospital in which Kent practices, and goes to live with MILLIE DAVIDSON, a nurse whose fiancé has been killed in service. Harry leaves for Reno. The next day Carla discovers she has a new patient, Harry's former mistress to whom he had returned when his marriage failed, divorcée LUCILLE STANLEY. Carla manages to nurse Lucille until she leaves on a convalescence trip, taking Millie Davidson along as special nurse. Millie reports that Harry joined Lucille immediately after the divorce and is drinking heavily. Harry soon tires of Lucille and asks Carla to come back to him. Carla leaves the hospital to become a private nurse and moves from the apartment in order to avoid Harry. He soon locates her and continues to annoy her. As Millie grows more despondent over the death of her fiancé, Carla regrets moving. Regret changes to a feeling of guilt when she discovers Millie near death after attempting suicide. Carla's first thought is to call Kent, the one man she can turn to, the only man who has ever been able to understand her.

Conclusion

THE ambulance came and took Millie to Lister. Carla went with her, and Alice followed. Rich met them at the hospital, and Millie was put in a quiet room, off the women's medical ward.

He said, "Everything will be done. There's no vacant private room and no specials, but the girls on the floor will work their heads off."

"I'm staying," Carla said, "and Alice will help."

"Good," he said. Her look of shock alarmed him. He thought: It's better for her to work.

The resident and interns came, and Carla got into uniform. The business of rescue was ugly and exacting, and left no time for anything but work. It was a nightmare. Outside the sunlight poured down, caressing and beneficent but indifferent to human misery and struggle. And in a little room Carla was constantly aware of the nearness of death waiting with dark, enormous patience for mortal knowledge to fail or vigilance falter.

She was also aware of Rich, the composure and competence with which he accepted the challenge. Without him, she could not have endured this day. It was not the first time that she had worked to save a self-relinquished life, but on such occasions, she had experienced astonishment as well as pity, being herself so strongly alive, thinking, in her youth and vigor, how wasteful these pitiable efforts. Surely no problem was so difficult that it admitted of no solution, no grief so heavy that time would not lighten it, no wound so deep that healing was impossible? For Millie she felt a desperate pity, a pity tinged with a feeling of guilt for not realizing before how defeated Millie had become.

There would be no charges of attempted suicide. Rich was Millie's doctor, Lister her hospital, and the report would read, veraciously, an overdose of sleeping medicine—"by accident." The last two words would not be disputed.

"Harry might make it uncomfortable for you," said Lucille. "Possibly," said Carla, "but I'm not alarmed"

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

Toward evening Alice relieved her and Carla went to Miss Reynolds' office instead of to supper. She could stomach neither food nor questions and curiosity. Leatha talked with her and of her own deep distress and concern.

"I had no idea she was so unhappy," she said. "I believed she was adjusting herself."

"I wish I hadn't left her, Miss Reynolds."

"Surely you aren't blaming yourself?" Leatha asked sharply.

"Not really," Carla said. "We were friends but not intimate. She didn't mind my living there with her; she's quite fond of me, I think, and even confided in me, to some extent. But she kept her real self to herself. I had no idea how truly desperate she was and I do blame myself for not recognizing that."

Leatha said, "Most of us fall short of recognition, all our lives, no matter how hard we try or how well we know people. Doctor Kent has assured me Miss Davidson will recover, and I am certain that something can be worked out for her. We'll all help and she will listen to him and to you. Perhaps, a change of scene?" She halted, recalling how often she had advised a change of scene, reflecting that wherever you went, you carried your own scene with you; and the change must come from within. She sighed, and asked, "Have you had supper?"

"I couldn't eat."

"I understand. Well, rest a little," Leatha suggested, "and then try to eat something simple. Barring anything unforeseen, the worst is over, and everything will come out right. You'll see."

When Carla returned to Millie's room, Alice whispered, "She's exhausted, Carla, but all right. Rich just left."

"Go on home," said Carla, "you have to work tomorrow. I'll stay."

"All right, but call me if you need me."

Carla sat beside the bed. Everything possible had been done. She watched Millie's still, secret face, trying to put herself in her place, trying to imagine the urgency which must have steadied Millie's small hand, picking up the bottle, shaking out the tablets. She recalled Millie's remark that, having lived so long with desperation, she recognized it when she saw it in another person. She remembered her saying that Harry was

"lost." Evidently lost people knew one another at once.

Carla shivered. Millie had looked for escape, had swung the door open; but now the door had been shut against her. Harry's escape was of another kind, slow, ignominious, but, in the long run, it could be as destructive.

Before midnight, Rich who had been almost constantly in the room, lifted his shoulders in the manner of one relieved of a heavy load. "She won't need us now," he said. "The girls will look after her and I'll see her again tonight before I turn in. I'll take you home, Carla."

HE LEFT his orders, the floor nurses took over, and Rich and Carla left the hospital. She was so emotionally tired that she could scarcely stand, and when they reached the street and the night closed, cool and sweet, about them, she lifted her eyes with an effort and saw, with dim astonishment, that the stars were shining.

Rich settled back in the corner of a cab and asked, "Carla, are you blaming yourself?"

"No. Miss Reynolds asked me that, too. I believe I did for a moment, when we went in and found her. I thought it might not have happened if I had stayed with her. That was pure ego. Still, when I was with her, Rich, and she had someone around to talk to, she seemed better."

"Better is never enough."

"Millie's so young," Carla said. "I can't believe even now that she tried to kill herself. What must it have been like to have loved someone so much that when he was lost to her, everything else went—youth, capacity for enjoyment, desire to live?"

"Take it easy," he advised, and put his hand over hers. "I expect no one knows what it's like, Carla, except those who have experienced it."

"There seemed no escape for her," said Carla gravely, "this side of obliteration. You knew she saw Harry at Hot Springs. But I didn't tell you what she said about him. I thought it would make you angry. Because what she said was, briefly, that she was sorry for him, that he was drinking himself to death."

Apprehension fled through his mind. He asked shortly, "What has that to do with you? Trask was rotten-spoiled be-



"If I don't crash the movies by next summer I'm going to retire from the screen"

COLLIER'S

MICHAEL BERRY

Collier's for January 11, 1947

Pillsbury's Cranberry-Raisin Dessert



GRIDDLE GLAMOR

Ruby-red cranberries—full-flavored raisins—golden-brown pancakes, light as a breeze. There, says Ann Pillsbury, is a dessert that will be the talk of the table. Whip up the pancakes quick as a wink. Easy, thrifty—so good!

Ann Pillsbury's CRANBERRY-RAISIN DESSERT

Serves 8

Blend together... 2 cups
PILLSBURY
PANCAKE MIX
1 1/4 cups milk
1 egg
2 tablespoons
melted
shortening
Bake..... on hot, lightly
greased griddle;
turn once.

Add..... topping. Cut in
half for individ-
ual servings.

CRANBERRY-RAISIN SAUCE

Blend together... 1 tablespoon
flour
1 cup sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup water

Heat..... to boiling.
Add... 1 1/2 cups cranberries
1/2 cup raisins
1 teaspoon grated
lemon rind
Cook..... until cranberries
start to pop,
about 15 minutes.
Add..... 1 tablespoon
butter.
Serve..... on hot pancakes.

Pillsbury Pancake Mix

Ready-prepared... plain or with buckwheat

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fore you married him. He had everything he wanted, including you. I dare say, when you pulled out, it was the first time he'd been crossed. If he drinks, it isn't your lookout nor responsibility. Perhaps he uses you as an alibi, 'My wife left me so I hit the bottle.' It's as good an excuse as any, and one that gets sympathy. If you'd stayed with him and he'd started drinking, would you have blamed yourself? He might have, you know. Drinking, other women, or both. It's been done by the husbands of the most devoted and beautiful wives... Don't let what Millie said trouble you, her case isn't the same as Harry's. There was an inherent weakness in Harry from the first."

"I tried not to feel responsible," she said.

"You're overtired," he told her, "you're not thinking straight."

"I can't seem to think at all."

"All right, so you're mixed up, and no wonder. You have to get hold of yourself. This isn't like you. Millie's crack-up and Trask's are two different things and you're not accountable for either."

"Don't be cross, Rich," she said. "I don't want to argue; I'd probably burst into tears."

"All right," he said gently, and patted her shoulder. Not too much sympathy, he warned himself or she'll go to pieces and that won't do, because if she does, you'll lose your head and then where are you? He reflected that, in an oblique way, Carla had always made it a fraction easier for him to maintain his control. She did not go to pieces, she was excellently self-disciplined.

He said, "You'll feel better after something to eat and a night's sleep."

"If I felt like laughing, I would," she told him. "The professional attitude—Rich, you have a good bedside manner, very like your father's, brisk, tolerant, but standing for no nonsense."

"Well, thanks. Will you sleep, by the way? If you think not, I'll give you something."

"No sleeping pills," she said, and shuddered, "I never want to see one, much less take one."

"All right, but no arguments, you do have to eat." Silencing her with a gesture, he gave the driver directions.

IN THE restaurant, she viewed her food with no enjoyment and asked, "What will Millie do, now? Will they let her go on working? Miss Reynolds suggested that she should go away for a time."

"I've been thinking along the same lines," he said. "Do you suppose she'd go up and stay with Mother and Pop? She could help in the office and, later, go out on cases."

Carla's face regained something of its animation. "That's a wonderful idea!"

"If you think so, I'll talk to her when the time comes. I like that kid. I could mow her down," he said angrily. "I detest any form of waste, but I'm convinced that she can be, if not happy, at least reasonably content. Maybe I mean resigned, if anyone ever is. Mother could do wonders with her; Pop's a tonic, a little bitter at times but damned good for you; and she'd have the summer away from all her associations. After that, it's up to her."

Carla said, "It's made to order, if only she'll see it." Her glass seemed very heavy in her hand. She put it down and said, exasperated, "It's stupid to be so tired."

When they left, Rich took her back to the apartment. In the stately lobby, he commented briefly on marble halls and kissed Carla's cheek, under the mildly interested eyes of the elevator man.

"Get some sleep," he said. "I'll call you tomorrow."

"Sure you won't need me?"

When had he not needed her? He said, "Millie will have this licked tomor-

row. She'll be dopey, feeling like hell and gone after all we did to her. You know this as well as I. But she won't need a special."

"May I see her?"

"Yes. Maybe she'll want to talk. If she does, let her but don't urge or tire her. 'By.' He touched her shoulder and smiled.

Carla went up to find Mrs. Graves entertaining friends. She had to pass the living room and Mrs. Graves called, "Won't you come in and have a drink with us, Miss Fenton?"

Carla said from the doorway, "Thanks, but another time perhaps. It's late and I'm practically dead on my feet. Good night, Mrs. Graves."

One of the men stared after her and demanded, "If she looks like that dead, what does she look like alive?"

THE next morning, Miss Vail commented, with her usual candor, "You look wretched, Miss Fenton. Are you ill?"

"No, I didn't have much sleep last night," Carla said.

his sole concern. Or was it, she wondered, that she sensed his awareness and intimate understanding of women old and young, sound or ill, and had responded? She thought: But I didn't dream of falling on Rich's neck and I've known him forever!

Still, there had been a moment when she wanted to, last night.

After a light dinner that night Carla bought flowers and a bright little vase and went to see Millie. The ward was busy, day nurses going off duty, night nurses coming on. Carla stopped to speak to the charge nurse and then went into the room where Millie lay, listless. She looked drained and beaten but she turned her head and tried to smile.

"Hi," said Carla. "Mind if I do over the flowers? They look terrible."

She made a business of the rearrangement to give Millie a little time. When she had set the vase on the dresser Millie said, "They're sweet." But her eyes were unseeing. She turned them to Carla, "Sit down beside me. Carla, it was a rotten thing to do to you. I thought

ing back, like being wrenched from something easy and comfortable, like a good dream."

Her voice trailed off and Carla said, "Suppose you rest now."

"Not yet. I want to tell you that everything's changed now. You see, I planned this long ago, trying to find the courage or to reach the exact end of endurance. Well, it's over. It's not that I grieve less, Carla, just differently. And I'm so ashamed. I thought this morning that Roger would have despised me. He never took the easy way out of anything. It's as if I'd been born again, though I don't know what for nor why, yet."

She was drowsy, her voice faltered, her eyelids fell, her fingers relaxed. Carla lifted the small hand and put it on the bed and felt the pulse, of good quality now. She saw, as Millie slept naturally, the faint color return to the pale mouth and pinched face. After a while, Carla rose and went quietly to speak to the charge nurse and down the ward and corridors to the elevators.

When she reached the apartment, Mrs. Graves was out and the servants had gone. She had just taken off her thin dress and put on a robe when the doorbell rang. She opened the door to find Maggie standing there, cool in a dark sheer frock, her bright hair hooped with a circlet of flowers.

"I wouldn't let them announce me downstairs," Maggie said. She seemed very nervous. "I thought you might not see me."

Carla said, "Come in. We'll have to talk in my room. I've never felt free to invade the living room when Mrs. Graves is out, although she's told me to."

"I came earlier but you weren't in. So I came back, hoping—"

Carla said, "I was at the hospital." She took Maggie into her room, and indicated a big chair. "Did Harry tell you I was living here?" she asked.

"Yes. But I already knew. Mother knows Mrs. Graves and sees her occasionally. I didn't tell Harry, Carla, I swear it."

"Apparently everyone knows Mrs. Graves," said Carla. "Ash tray at your elbow, Maggie. What are you doing in town? I thought you commuted after winter was over."

"I do, but not always. Carla, you know why I've come?" She opened a thin gold cigarette case and offered one to Carla, who shook her head and watched the match flare, unsteadily, in Maggie's hand. "It's about Harry," Maggie said, "please listen, Carla."

"I'm listening."

"He's—cracked up. He's in a sanitarium near home. He went there shortly after he saw you—it was one of those acute things. They got him through it and his father is trying to persuade him to stay on and be cured, permanently. But he can't be, unless he wants to be, and has some incentive. I went to see him, Carla. He looked—awful. He said that he was leaving, that he'd go off with his father somewhere, fishing. And after that—"

SHE stubbed out the cigarette, and put her hands over her face.

"After that, what?" asked Carla.

Maggie dropped her hands. The tears were thick on her lashes. She looked like an angry, helpless child. She said, "He wants me to marry him in the autumn. I haven't told my family but they know. I suppose he said something to his mother. They're wild, Carla, they're fed up with him and the way I've behaved about him for years."

Carla drew a deep breath. She felt light and free; she felt as if she could go down on her knees in gratitude.

She said, "If you marry him, Maggie, he will be safe."

"Will he?" asked Maggie. "Would I? He was in love with me once, as much as he could be with anyone, at that time."



"Give him a clamshell full of powdered regit. That's tiger spelled backwards"

COLLIER'S

CHARLES PEARSON

"Well," said Miss Vail, "for a Monday the office is light but the prevocation rush will soon begin."

When Redding came in from making a round at Lister's he kept his first office appointment waiting and sent for Carla. He knew about Millie.

"I hear you had a bad time yesterday," he said. "I'm very sorry. Why don't you take the day off?"

To her horror, Carla's eyes filled. She said, unsteadily, "Thank you, Doctor Redding, but I'd rather work."

He said kindly, "Anything of this nature is always a shock. I know Miss Davidson; she's a nice little girl." He rose and went to the door with Carla and she experienced an insane impulse to put her head on his shoulder, and cry all over his expensive suit and hand-painted tie.

Going about her work, she recalled this reaction with embarrassment and amazement. She must have felt, suddenly, like a patient, each of Redding's patients who believed that he or she was

—if I did think—that you'd understand. But you couldn't. No one could, except another dope like me."

She closed the thin fingers of her hand about Carla's. "I wish I could make you see," she said. "I kept on going, and brooding, and being sorry for myself. It was damned selfish. Always me, never Roger, never stopping to think what he'd lost, life and work, his home, and children. I just kept telling myself how lonely I was, how much I missed him, how much I wanted all we'd had. So nothing helped. I wouldn't let it. Everyone tried and I resented that. I even resented Hank because he fell in love with me. So, when I couldn't take it any more, I wanted out."

"My hand shook," she went on. "I spilled some, but I thought I took enough." She moved her head, and held Carla's hand, hard. "Now it's almost as if I'd really died, so I needn't again, until the right time comes. I'd wanted to die for so long and when I did I got it out of my system. It was dreadful, com-

He's fond of me now and a little dependent. But I said no."

Carla leaned forward, "You refused? But why?" The sense of freedom left her, she felt uncertain and afraid.

"It wouldn't work. I used to believe I'd take him on any terms, at any cost. But I can't. It's not good enough. I couldn't take living in your shadow, seeing you in his eyes every time he looked at me, having you in my house each hour of the day, sitting at my table, sleeping in my bed."

"That won't be true!"

"What makes you think so? He hasn't changed. I once thought that if you remarried, it would cure him. Now, I think he'd be worse. It didn't cure me when he married you," she said. "I'm not staying here, Carla, I'm going to try to get a relief job in Europe. There must be an organization that would take me, after training. I can type; I speak several languages."

Carla said, "I can't believe that you won't marry him, Maggie."

"He didn't believe it, either. It would have been funny, if it hadn't been dreadful. He looked at me as if he'd never seen me before. But I can't marry him, Carla, he's still married to you."

She rose and said, "If you'd change, but you won't, not ever. I thought you ought to know about him. I don't blame you for not going back to him even if you could save him. He's worth saving, I think, but you don't."

"That's unfair," said Carla, white.

"I wouldn't know. I just know I've had my chance and don't dare take it. Maybe I'm growing up. Whatever it is, it hasn't been fun. No, don't bother coming to the door with me, I can find my way out."

BEFORE Millie left Lister, Rich talked with her about spending the summer in Maplehill and with Carla's persuasion, she agreed. The night before Rich and Millie left for Maplehill he took Carla to dinner. He said, lifting his glass, "Cheers and wish me luck. About Millie, I think it's the right thing for her and I'm as relieved as you are, but I wish you were coming, too. Can't you?"

"I haven't worked long enough to ask for a vacation, but perhaps in the autumn, before the rush begins again, I might."

"Have you heard from Trask?" he asked.

• "No. He's in a sanitarium, Rich, or was. Maggie came to see me, and told me about it."

"Maggie? I suppose she wanted you to rush off and rescue him. There's something faintly the martyr about that girl."

"She didn't ask me to," said Carla, evasively.

Rich shoved his plate aside. "For God's sake, Carla, you aren't thinking of it, are you? Look at me. You must be out of your mind if you believe for a moment—Carla, are you still in love with him?"

"No. I thought I was, for a while. I don't know when I stopped thinking it."

"Then, forget him," he said strongly "and Maggie, and the whole damned kit and boodle. If you did contemplate such an immolation—what good would it do? He'd know it was a sacrifice and start drinking again, after a while. No man can take that, you know."

She said, "Don't get so violent about it. I give you my word I haven't considered it. The closest I have come is wondering whether I should."

"I'd rather see you dead," he began, and then broke off. "No, of course I wouldn't. And I'm sorry to be violent, but when I see you start behaving like Maggie or an Early Christian, I could tear up the arena and strangle a couple of lions singlehanded, and you, too, for that matter."

She said, "Rich, people are looking at

you and our waiter probably thinks you're going to commit murder."

"When I think about Trask—and you. I could."

"Don't think about us," she said. "And I'm really quite sensible. Perhaps Millie's illness upset me more than I realized. I'll miss her, Rich, and I always miss you."

"That's good," he said quietly, "make it a habit. Miss me so much that—"

"That what?"

"That you'll come back home," he said. He could not say, that you will come back to me. In her interpretation of the phrase she had never left him. That it was not his interpretation was no fault of hers.

Millie wrote often. The Kents were wonderful to her, she said, she liked the town, the countryside was lovely. "It's stupid but, I suppose, natural, that the people here think I'm Rich's girl. The Kents treat me like one of the family. I dry dishes, and help in the house, go on picnics, and even to church. Last Sunday, when we got back Hank Eagen was there, he drove down from Vermont, and

for Millie was genuine, and Rich was her best friend.

He wrote, too, and reported, "It's all right up here. The patients think of me as Doctor Joe's little boy and tell me I don't know a damned thing but I'll persuade 'em, in time. Anyway, I'm saving Pop unnecessary steps and taking night calls, and sometimes Millie goes along for the ride. She's brown and rosy and Mom's put some weight on her bird bones. Now and then one of our returned veterans sees her on the street and makes with the wolf cry. I think she likes it. But how are you? Are you taking care of yourself? Come on up we have work for another good nurse; you're wasted in Redding's office."

CARLA went to see Alice and they talked about the weather and Maplehill. Carla gave her Rich's letter to read and Alice sighed, "Portrait of the Vanishing American. He's too handsome and capable to be up there. I know small-town doctors. They die early of coronaries, and in debt. Look at the books, the patients who paid off in vegetables

BUTCH

by LARRY REYNOLDS



stayed to dinner. He looks fine; says the practice flourishes."

Carla turned over the page, hunting for further mention of Hank. But there was none. She thought: She's too indifferent to say more, I suppose—poor Hank.

MAPLEHILL people had always speculated about Rich's girls, including herself, Carla reflected. For the first time she wondered why she and Rich hadn't fallen in love. The old saying—you couldn't see the trees for the forest, or was it the other way round? That was it, perhaps. They had always been too close. But Millie, healed of her hurt, would again be susceptible to love and it would be a natural transference. Millie had always liked Rich, he had seen her through this bad time and provided a solution to the immediate problem of her future. And Rich? thought Carla.

Millie was pretty and appealing. Rich's sympathies were easily aroused: he was a champion of the hurt and the unhappy. Now, seeing her every day it would be very easy to love her. . . .

The picture wouldn't come clear but it disturbed her. Why? Her affection

and eggs, but the undertaker prefers cash. I know. My father was a village doctor. He loved it and it killed him."

Carla felt a deep, hard shock, as if she had been struck. She said quickly, "Rich won't die young." She thought: He won't die at all, not ever—and went on, "He's too sensible to kill himself. He'll be important, as his father is. A doctor is a very big man in a small town, people look to him for leadership as well as medicine and surgery. Rich is cut from his father's cloth and there's none better."

"Hank Eagen was down the other day," said Alice; "he brought a patient for brain surgery. Gaston said he was going to call you."

"He didn't. I wish he had."

"Too busy, maybe. He was here only a couple of days. He told Gaston he'd seen Millie and she looked marvelous and so happy."

A day or so after Carla saw Alice, Miss Tennyson called her to the phone and said blandly, "A personal call, Miss Fenton. It's Mrs. Stanley."

Carla took the call in her office and Lucille asked, "Carla?"

"Yes."

"I'm in town," said Lucille, "leaving for Canada tonight. Can you have lunch with me?"

"I'm afraid not—"

"A drink then, after the office closes? It's important, I think, or are you afraid of me?"

"All right," Carla said, "I'm through at five. Where shall I meet you?"

Why should she be afraid of Lucille, she thought exasperatedly, or of anything she had to say?

They met at the St. Regis, Lucille elegant and frosted in a lime-green linen suit. She ordered planter's punches, her instructions to the waiter amounting to a recipe. Then, she said, "I've heard about Millie, Carla."

"What?" asked Carla, warily. "And how?"

"You know what. As for how, I've been at Bar Harbor. My hostess' mother is in a wheel chair and who should be pushing it, still sniffing, but my old pal, Miss Wright. She was very distant, at first; she hadn't forgiven me for firing her. But I happened to have some extra nylons and a bottle of perfume called Midnight Madness"—Lucille chuckled—"so, after a while, she told me."

"I'm sorry she did," Carla said evenly, "as it's all past now. Millie's working in my home town. She's fine and very happy."

"Oh, I heard about that, too. She went up there with Doctor Kent. Miss Wright is quite enthusiastic about him. She remarked that something might come of it. A very ambiguous statement. I remember Kent," said Lucille, looking wistful, "at your fatal New Year's party. I also remember the things Harry said about him." She waited, but Carla said nothing.

"So you won't talk?" asked Lucille. "Well, skip Doctor Kent. But Millie's a damned little fool. She never came to see me, after Hot Springs, though I'd asked her to. I wish she had, I might have talked some common sense into her."

"Her friends tried," Carla said with some emphasis.

"But I could have warned her. I tried that trick myself once."

"You?" said Carla, startled.

"How much do you know about me?" asked Lucille. "Only what the Trasks do, of course, which isn't much. Just that I was married to Kim Stanley, divorced him and took a load of beautiful alimony. They don't know I was married before. I was a skinny, stage-struck brat from South Dakota and went to Chicago to work as a typist until I got a chance on the stage, in the line, of course. I was eighteen and I married the juvenile lead. He was the best-looking man I had ever seen. It was roses, moonlight, Martinis and grease paint. After a while, he left me for a pretty girl with money, and I woke up in a city hospital. I'd gotten some sleeping medicine and it seemed like a good way out. The doctors saved me, but not the baby I was going to have. I could have told Millie that no man, dead or alive, is worth it."

CARLA said, "She wouldn't have listened, Mrs. Stanley." She regarded Lucille, trying to see her as she once had been, frightened and grieving.

"You look sorry for me," said Lucille. "Don't be. I would have loathed my errant Romeo in another year or so and what would I have done with a baby? But I could have told Millie something about loving, too, mainly how lucky she was. For she had what she wanted, and lost it the clean way. I should have recognized her symptoms when she was with me but I was too preoccupied." She wrinkled her nose at a mint sprig. "You aren't drinking, Carla."

"I never do much."

"Harry," said Lucille, "does. His



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mother blames you. Maggie, too. His father is a realist. If anyone is to blame maybe it's me. I assure you that after he left Reno he was pleasanter drunk than sober. But he didn't stay that way. Eventually it took six drinks to put him in an amiable frame of mind, where before it had taken three. And my pride began to suffer. You didn't want him; why should I?"

Carla said, "I thought that we had said all there was to say about Harry."

"Not quite. Did you know his father finally took him to a sanitarium?"

"Yes."

"He may turn up on your doorstep," said Lucille.

"I'm sure he won't."

"I don't know why I bother," Lucille said, annoyed. "Maybe I have more conscience than I suspect. I don't say you're to blame for Harry's situation. Other men have survived their wives leaving them. I don't say I'm to blame for anything that happened after. But this is the situation. All this stuff about Harry's leaving the sanitarium in his right and sober mind is the bunk. I saw him myself last night. He was alone in a bar on Madison Avenue called the Goldfish Bowl. That road leads back to the sanitarium or worse. He's not the type that can take anything or leave it alone."

Carla said, "You're a very astounding woman, Mrs. Stanley."

"Just practical. He won't dare turn to Maggie and I'm no longer available," said Lucille frankly. "Also, I have no doubt that he's persuaded that if it weren't for you he'd be an upright citizen, not that it would need his mother's assurance to bring him to that conviction. So, he might make it uncomfortable for you."

Carla said, "Possibly you mean to be kind. But believe me, I am not alarmed."

"Then you're not so bright as I think. Well, I've done my duty, although God knows why!" She beckoned the waiter. "I'm going to Ottawa," she added, "and then to the Laurentians. See you in the fall."

"Why?"

Lucille laughed. "I could have liked you," she told Carla. "No reason unless you are still at John Redding's. I have to drop in there now and then to be sure that my blood pressure is all it should be. I take better care of myself than you think, and in most ways I'm a temperate woman. If you write Millie, give her my love."

Carla was aware that the meeting with Lucille disturbed her. She thought about it a good deal, and when the office bell

chimed, she mentally jumped; when she went back to the Graves' apartment she was apprehensive. Once or twice she thought she saw Harry on the street but was not sure. She argued with herself that she was jittery, that he was away with his father by now, and that on his return Maggie would reconsider her decision.

Carla's father wrote, "When are you coming home? Your friend Miss Davidson has been to the house several times. She seems like a fine girl. She asked us to call her Millie. I don't know when your mother has taken such a fancy to anyone. But then everyone likes Millie, she works hard and fits right in, and people are wondering if Rich is hooked at last. He's doing a fine job, he'll be like his father yet."

"Carla, I wish you'd come home. Your mother won't ask you to, you know how stubborn she is, but I am sure she wants you and that she's gotten over her crazy notions. Millie told her about Harry's drinking and you know how your mother feels about liquor. I expect that turned her, because she told me that no amount of money could make up for feeling ashamed of your folks. That was her way of saying she was wrong."

CARLA thought: And she's no longer afraid that I'll fall in love with Rich or he with me, now that Millie's in the picture. Well, if I can be spared maybe I will go up for a few days.

She was nostalgic for home; the slow, hot summer, the drifting shapes of clouds, the smell of dust and grass, the heaped abundance of field and garden, the clarity of the air, the sheltering sky. All these would be there, as she had always known them, but she felt that however familiar, there would be a difference.

The town wouldn't have changed, nor the countryside, but she had changed. Everyone changes, everything. Millie was becoming another person from the girl Carla had known. For, while you lived, you changed, sometimes suddenly, more often imperceptibly. Rich was changing, too.

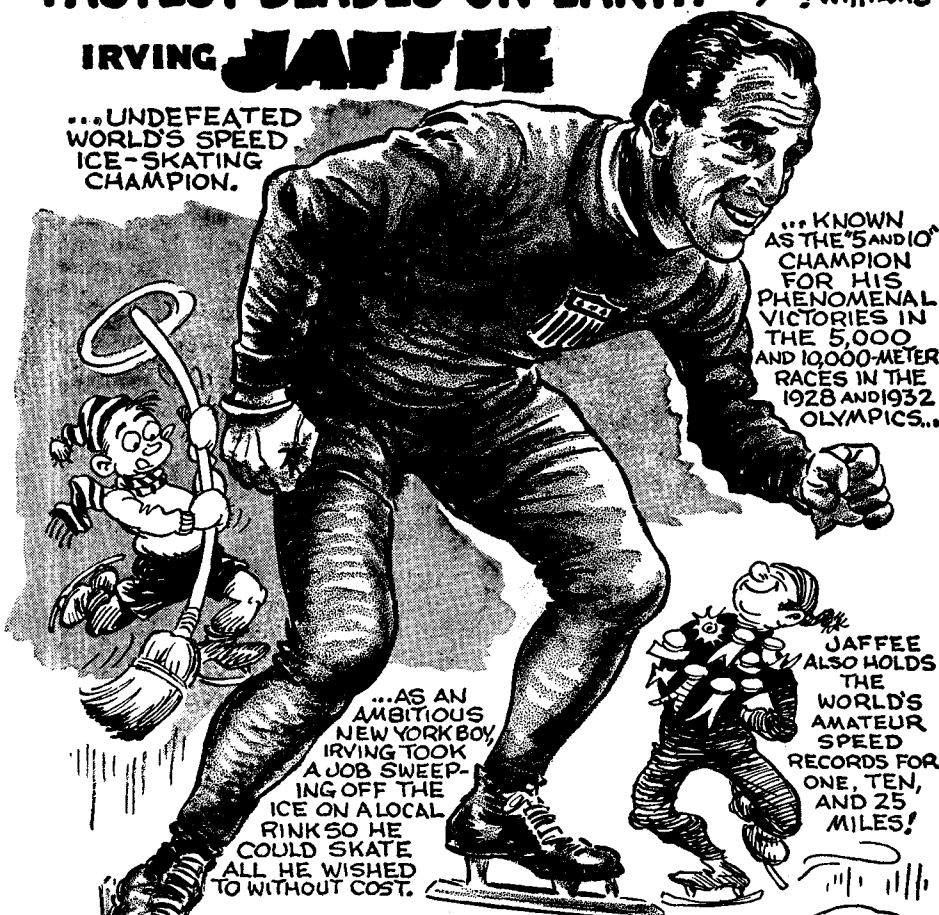
She could not quite believe that. It seemed to her that he could not alter any more than the basic contours of the hills they had always known. The hills seemed to change with sunlight and shadow, with darkness and the dawn, but beneath the shifting color, the turning from season to season, they were the same, reassuring, immensely consoling.

For the first time she thought: If Rich had loved me? No, that was not what

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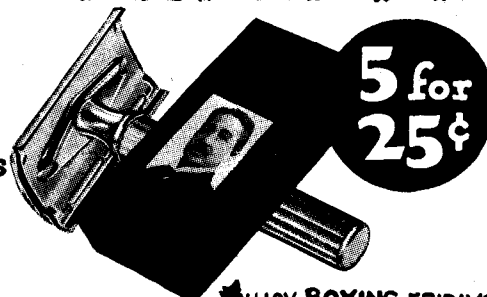


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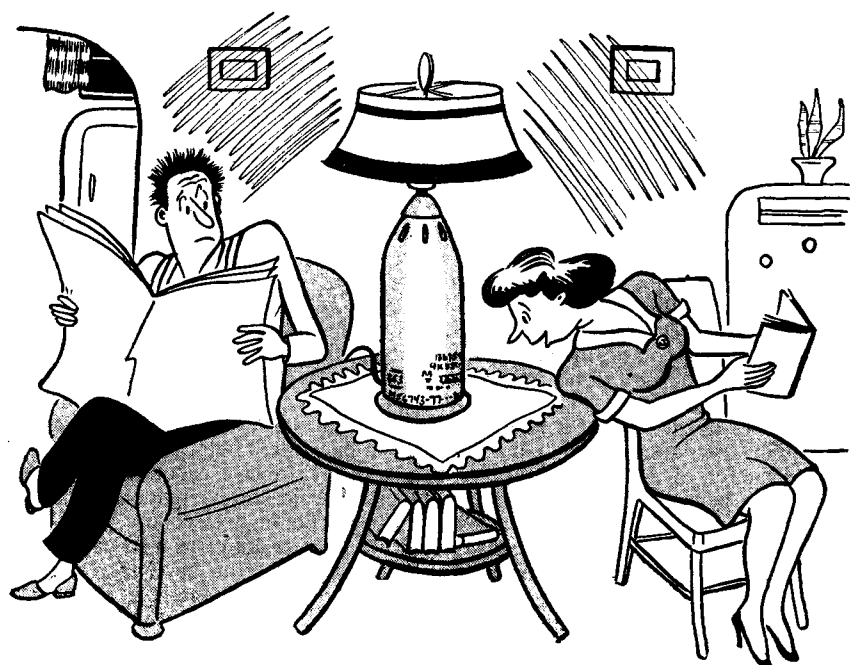
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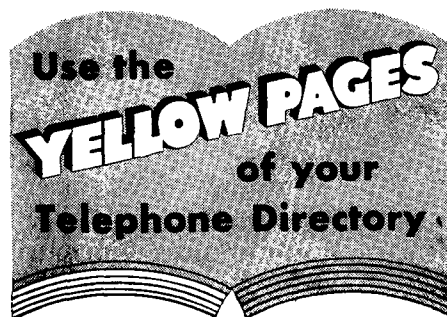
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she meant, for he had always loved her. She meant: *If Rich had desired me?*

If so, her entire conception of him would have been different. Would she have been different, her feeling for him other than it was? She did not know, she could not imagine it. Their relationship was predicated upon affection without desire, love without passion. Rich, loving her, was a man she knew; Rich, desiring her, a stranger.

During her marriage, he had been her friend, unchanged. Would he still be, married to Millie? Carla had often talked to him about marrying, but it was always in the future. Next year, the year after, and the woman in the future was obscure, featureless. But Millie's face was as familiar to her as her own. She had seen Millie grieve for another man, and she thought now, with a strong impatience and repudiation: I can't help it, even if Rich is right for her, she can't be for him, because he deserves the whole heart.

CARLA'S days at the office were long because the work was light during the hot summer months. Miss Tennyson went for vacation and Miss Vail and Carla shared her work. One day in the middle of the week, while Carla was typing letters, Miss Vail looked in at the door.

She said, "Doctor Redding won't be back; the last appointment was canceled and he's gone home. I've a dental appointment, at four. How about you?"

"Almost finished," Carla said. "I type slowly; I've almost forgotten how."

"Well, cheer up," Miss Vail said. "Tennyson will be back next week. Don't forget to lock up, will you?"

"I won't," Carla said.

She worked alone, until she had finished. The office bell chimed as she slammed a cabinet drawer shut and she went to answer it. She would make short work of whoever it was and go on home.

She opened the door and Harry said, "Hello, Carla."

He was thinner than she had ever seen him and she noticed that when he raised his hand to forestall her protest the hand shook.

"I waited till Hatchet Face left," he explained, "and I knew you were alone."

"How did you know?" she asked mechanically, thinking: What am I to do?

"I greased a palm. Redding's not here, the assistant and secretary are on vacation. May I come in?"

Better than that to have him follow her back to the apartment, she thought. She stood aside and he came into the reception room. "Very lush," he commented. "Reminds me of the sanitarium. Subdued, restful. My car's outside, Carla. Let's drive out into the country and dine."

"I'd rather not," she said.

"Naturally. Then I'll consult you, here. You can send me a bill."

He had not been drinking, she thought and wondered: Is this the right time, can I help him? "Sit down, Harry," she said gently.

"I recognize the tone. You used to employ it, a thousand years ago, when I tried to pick a fight or something." She watched him sit down on a big couch and sag against it as if very tired. "Maggie told me she'd seen you; that kid can't keep anything to herself. Well, it was on the cards that she'd turn me down, I suppose."

Carla said, "I'm sorry about that. But I don't think it's final." She spoke hopefully, watching him. "It shouldn't be. You could have such a good life together. And you did love her, Harry," she said.

"Was that love?" he asked. "Well, maybe it seemed so, once. Maggie's smart to run away; maybe she'll meet someone else."

"She needs you," Carla said, "and you need her."

"Not Maggie," he denied, "except when I'm down, except when I'm beaten. But you, Carla, all the time."

"That's over. Let it go, Harry. You can, you know."

"How?" he asked. "While you live, while you are as you are now, as I remember you. That Shakespearean tag every schoolboy knows, 'Age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety.'"

He added, "I'll be going away presently. When I get back maybe Maggie will listen to me. Tell me something. You've always been too truthful for my good. Do you believe I should marry Maggie, if she'll have me? Look at it dispassionately."

She said, "She loves you, very much, she can give you all I could not."

"You haven't answered me. And you aren't reasoning. Who but yourself could give me all I want? But you can't, can you? Tell me, *should I marry her?*"

It was bitterly unjust. And after a while she said, wearily, "No."

"That's one time when you'd have sold

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your soul to lie, when it half killed you to be honest."

"Maggie is too good to be hurt further," Carla said. She thought of Millie and Rich. "She has given you her whole heart. Maybe at one time she would have been content with less in return but not, I think, now."

"Funny, that makes me think of what's-her-name, Millie. I asked her, once, what happens when you reach the end of the rope and she said, 'I suppose you hang. There's always enough for a noose.' What became of her, by the way?"

"She's been ill, and when she was well she went to Maplehill to work for Rich Kent and his father."

"I don't think I've ever feared a man so much as I feared Kent," he said. "I still do. Maplehill's a nice town, pity I saw so little of it. When you took me there I couldn't get over it, how a place like that had produced you or, more specifically, your parents. You don't mind my saying that now?"

Carla shook her head. She sat erect by an effort of will; the palms of her hands were wet and she felt ill. In the luminous pallor of her face her eyes were startling.

"Good people, too," he admitted. "Your old man couldn't see me for dust, even gold dust. And I don't think your mother really liked me, though she went to a lot of trouble telling me not to give up, telling me, if I persisted you would see your duty. Hell, I didn't want your duty. No, she didn't like me, just what went with me, as most women do, except

you and Maggie and, in her way, Lucille."

He rose. "Well, that's all. Sorry if I bothered you. I'm not sorry, really, I'm just being polite. Okay, so there's no chance. I thought if I could hear it just once when we weren't quarreling, maybe it would seem final. Funny, it doesn't, even now."

He came close and she did not move. She thought: *If he touches me.* But he did not. He went out, and the door closed.

Carla sat still. She thought: He's very ill. Sober, almost reasonable, but very ill.

After a while she went home, ate and went to bed early. About one o'clock the telephone rang and she awakened instantly, trained to the sudden summons.

"This Mrs. Trask?" a man's voice asked.

She opened her mouth to say no. She asked, instead, "Who is this?"

"Lady," he said querulously, "I'm the bartender at the Goldfish Bowl. We're supposed to close soon and there's a drunk here, says he's your husband. He told me to call you. He said, 'Call Mrs. Donald Graves and ask for Mrs. Trask.' So I looked up the number."

"What's happened?" she asked quickly, "is he ill?"

"He's in bad shape," said the bartender. "He ain't passed out yet but he's got the shakes. When he isn't crying, he's laughing. Lady, I want you should take him home. I can't. I got to lock up and go clear to Brooklyn. His car's outside, and if he drives it, it will be murder. He keeps saying you'll come get him. If you don't, I'll have to call a cop."

"I'll be there as soon as possible. What's the address?" she asked.

SHE hung up and went back to dress. She thought: But where can I take him? It's impossible to bring him back here, and I can't drive him to Greenwich and deposit him on the Trask doorstep. Carla shook her head. She thought angrily: He hasn't any right.

She dialed Redding's home number and after a moment his voice answered.

She said, "I'm sorry, Doctor Redding, but I don't know whom else to call." She added, "This is Carla Fenton."

"I recognized your voice. Are you ill?"

"No." She explained briefly and Redding listened without comment. She said, "I can't take him back to his home, or have anyone else do so. His mother mustn't see him like this. I didn't want to call the Trasks' physician—that would only—"

He said, "Yes, I know. What did you say the name of this place was? I'll meet you there."

Carla went out and got a taxi. She would reach there before Redding. She thought: What will I say, or do?

The little place was empty except for the bartender, who looked up when she came in and said, "Well, thanks be to—" and broke off with, "holy jumping catfish!"

"Where is he?"

The bartender jerked a thumb. He said, "I spoke too soon. After I talked to you, he passed out cold."

Harry was sprawled at a table in the corner of the room. Carla touched his shoulder and spoke to him. He did not move.

"If you can drive," said the bartender, "I'll lug him out to the car for you. Louie's in back, he'll help."

She said, "His doctor is coming."

"Doctor?" said the bartender. "Well, sure, it looks better dressed up."

Waiting for Redding was a strange experience. She gave the bartender some money and he said, "Gee, that's okay, lady, anything for a pal. Not that he was a pal. He used to be a regular, ever since we opened up this spring. Then he took a powder. But lately he's coming back again. What in hell ails these guys?" he

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- 697 4,000 Words Often Mispronounced
- 703 Physiology Self Taught
- 708 Romance of Words (Philology)
- 710 Botany for Beginners
- 725 Zoology Self Taught
- 734 Useful Phrases
- 748 Plane Geometry Self Taught
- 751 How to Merchandise
- 759 How to Conquer Stupidity
- 764 Hints on Writing Book Reviews
- 801 A Rapid Calculator
- 815 Famous Quotations
- 816 Popular Shakespearean Quotations
- 821 How to Improve Your Vocabulary
- 822 Rhetoric Self Taught
- 823 English Composition Self Taught
- 835 Useful Tables
- 847 Card Games
- 855 How to Write Letters
- 856 Arithmetic Self Taught, Part I
- 857 Arithmetic Self Taught, Part II
- 860 German Self Taught
- 868 Hints on Self-Improvement
- 872 Manual of Parliamentary Law
- 891 Your Talent and How to Develop It
- 894 How to Advertise
- 895 Astronomy for Beginners
- 902 Dictionary of French Words
- 904 Harmony Self Taught
- 994 Physics Self Taught
- 1004 How to Save Money
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- 1031 How to Own Your Own Home
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- 1105 Spanish-English Dictionary
- 1108 Elements of Woodworking
- 1131 Writing for the Market
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- 1174 How to Write Business Letters
- 1204 Dictionary of Musical Terms
- 1206 How to Swim
- 1240 Short Story Writing for Beginners
- 1257 How to Become a U. S. Citizen
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- 1318 How to Study
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- 1357 What You Should Know About Law
- 1364 How to Use the Dictionary
- 1365 Lessons in Vocabulary Building
- 1367 How to Use Prepositions
- 1415 How U. S. Government Works
- 1416 How to Form Corporations
- 1422 How Businessmen Avoid Litigation
- 1427 Law for Workingmen
- 1433 Fascinating Pastimes With Words
- 1439 How to Test Your Intelligence
- 1444 Making Words Work For You
- 1460 Book of American Statistics
- 1465 Book of European Statistics
- 1470 How to Become a Radio Artist
- 1471 How to Become Mentally Superior
- 1503 Effective English in Speech and Writing
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- 1513 Statistics: How to Use and Interpret Them
- 1528 Getting Into Print: A Practical Guide
- 1555 Rules for Success in Business
- 1614 How to Improve Yourself Intellectually
- 1726 How to Think Creatively
- 1750 Curiosities of Language
- 1752 How to Become a Detective

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- 5 Life of Samuel Johnson
- 10 Shelley: Idealistic Dreamer
- 22 Tolstoy: Russian Novelist
- 33 Brann: Smasher of Shams
- 69 Mary, Queen of Scots
- 123 Life of Madame du Barry
- 141 Life of Napoleon
- 142 Life of Bismarck
- 183 Life of Jack London
- 253 Heart Affairs of Henry VIII
- 323 Life of Joan of Arc
- 324 Life of Lincoln
- 343 Diary of Columbus in 1492
- 393 Life of Frederick the Great
- 395 Autobiography of Cellini
- 412 Life of Mahomet
- 490 Life of Michelangelo
- 506 Life of Voltaire
- 515 Life of Louis XVI
- 522 Life of Thomas Paine
- 523 Life of Franklin
- 525 Life of Goethe

- 526 Life of Caesar
- 528 Life of Shakespeare
- 537 Life of Barnum
- 565 Magellan and the Pacific
- 598 Haeckel: Philosopher-Naturalist
- 604 Life of Roosevelt
- 612 Life of Disraeli
- 718 Great Women of Antiquity
- 769 Life of Thomas Jefferson
- 1266 Great Fighters for Freedom
- 1368 Isaac Newton: Superman of Science
- 1411 Real Thos. A. Edison
- 1482 Career of Gen. U. S. Grant
- 1723 Career of Al Capone
- 1846 Belle Starr: The Bandit Queen

Entertainment

- 346 Old English Songs
- 411 Facts About Phenology
- 501 How to Tie All Kinds of Knots
- 606 How to Play Chess
- 626 Old Favorite Negro Songs
- 658 Toasts for All Occasions
- 704 Facts to Know About Palmistry
- 750 Helpful Hints for Hikers
- 767 Facts to Know About Astrology
- 830 Cross Word Puzzle Book
- 845 Facts to Know About Fortune-Telling
- 853 How to Know the Song Birds
- 893 Five Hundred Riddles
- 995 How to Play the Piano
- 1006 Children's Games
- 1010 Book of Amateur Magic Tricks
- 1040 How to Teach Yourself to Sing
- 1103 Book of Puzzles and Brain-teasers
- 1139 Photography Self Taught
- 1175 Amusing Riddles
- 1183 How to Play Checkers
- 1186 Golf Rules
- 1210 Mathematical Oddities
- 1239 Party Games for Grown Ups
- 1251 What Do You Know? (Questions)
- 1253 Information Quizzes
- 1254 Contract Bridge Made Easy
- 1274 Hindu Magic Self Taught
- 1276 Ventriloquism Self Taught
- 1285 Gamblers' Crooked Tricks Exposed
- 1338 Oil Painting for Beginners
- 1535 How to Throw a Party
- 1630 How to Play Stud Poker
- 1688 100 Cocktails
- 1747 Games of Solitaire
- 1749 How to Play Backgammon

Famous Books

- 1 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam
- 8 Lady Windermere's Fan
- 9 Great English Poems
- 18 Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow
- 38 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
- 65 Golden Sayings of Marcus Aurelius
- 72 Color of Life and Love
- 108 Fall of the House of Usher
- 138 Studies in Pessimism
- 162 Murders in the Rue Morgue
- 173 Vision of Sir Launfal
- 220 Vest's Tribute to a Dog
- 237 Best Prose Ever Written
- 256 Venus and Adonis
- 294 Love Sonnets, Browning
- 307 Tillys Scandal
- 313 Decay of Lying, Oscar Wilde
- 320 Prince's Bloody Plot
- 337 Hippa Passes, Robert Browning
- 349 Apology for Idlers
- 357 City of Dreadful Nights
- 371 Contempt for Death
- 394 Boswell's Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson
- 406 Essay on Man, Alexander Pope
- 631 The Naturewoman
- 638 Crime of Poverty
- 741 Poems of Whittier
- 763 Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy
- 765 Ballads of Sir Walter Scott
- 933 Skeleton in the Closet
- 948 Russian Short Stories
- 1196 Girl With Three Husbands
- 1532 Don Quixote, Cervantes

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- 12 Mystery Tales, Poe
- 21 Carmen
- 23 Great Sea Stories
- 40 House and Brain
- 58 Tales from Decameron, Boccaccio
- 102 Sherlock Holmes Tales
- 107 The Dream Woman
- 145 Great Ghost Stories
- 151 Man Who Would Be King
- 161 Country of the Blind
- 215 Miraculous Revenge, Bernard Shaw
- 223 Wanton Wife of a King, Jack London
- 232 The Three Strangers
- 277 Man Without a Country
- 282 Ancient Mariner
- 288 Tales of the Frozen North
- 290 The Gold Bug
- 311 Lodging for the Night
- 332 The Man Who Was
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- 352 Short Stories, William Morris
- 363 Miggles: Girl in the Night
- 375 Love Story of an Old Maid
- 396 When the Sheriff Met the Convict
- 482 Five Weeks in a Lost Balloon
- 485 Voyage to the Moon
- 538 Robin Hood
- 561 African Jungle Tales
- 630 Second-Story Man, Upton Sinclair
- 672 illicit Love, Boccaccio
- 673 Tales of Love and Life, Boccaccio
- 698 Tales of Chicago, Ben Hecht
- 699 Broken Necks, Ben Hecht
- 739 Tales of Terror and Wonder
- 746 A Daughter of Eve
- 824 Main Street Tales
- 866 Untold Lie, etc.
- 896 Wages of Sin
- 900 Arabian Marriage
- 906 Devil of a Fellow
- 913 Black Jack, etc.
- 914 On the City Wall
- 924 Magic Glasses
- 924 Miracle of the Stigmata
- 944 Masterpieces of Adventure Stories
- 946 Tales of Desert Places
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- 1017 Without Benefit of Clergy
- 1024 Tales of the Big Snows
- 1026 Sherlock Holmes Detective Stories

- 1037 Get Ready the Wreaths
- 1080 Tales of Haunted Houses
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- 1152 Vagabonds
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- 1163 Policewoman's Daughter
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- 1169 Tales of Ships and Seas
- 1201 Desert Island Adventures
- 1263 Serpent's Tooth
- 1412 Stories of Tramp Life
- 1457 Sketches of Naughty Ladies, Goethe
- 1458 The Princess and the Tiger, Goethe
- 1494 Stormy Hearts
- 1520 For Love of Zaska
- 1605 The Girl in the Snappy Roadster
- 1608 How Goose Vendor Was Paid
- 1610 One Lover Among Many
- 1624 The Whirlwind Who Inspired Fatal Passion, Anatole France
- 1627 A Piece of the Princess
- 1642 Maidens and Women
- 1643 Under the Hill
- 1660 A Woman's Heart
- 1661 Man Who Did Work Miracles
- 1662 Valley of Spiders
- 1663 Treasure in the Forest
- 1684 Slip Under the Microscope
- 1689 The Jolly Beggars, Robt. Burns
- 1690 Death's Old Comedy
- 1672 Sweetheart of M. Briseux
- 1675 The Mad Lovers and the Emperor's Topaz
- 1684 To Please His Wife

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- 387 History of Painting
- 403 History of Music
- 466 History of Sculpture
- 468 History of Architecture

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- 3 Fourteen Little Essays, Voltaire
- 6 Love, Maupassant
- 27 Last Days of Condemned Man, Hugo
- 28 Toleration, Voltaire
- 52 Oration on Voltaire, Hugo
- 66 Crimes of Borgia, Dumas
- 85 Attack on the Mill, Zola
- 87 Love: An Essay, Montaigne
- 103 Pocket Theology, Voltaire
- 104 Battle of Waterloo, Hugo
- 143 Time of the Terror
- 178 One of Cleopatra's Nights
- 198 Majesty of Justice, France
- 199 The Tallow Ball, Maupassant
- 200 Ignorant Philosopher, Voltaire
- 221 On Women, Mactertlinck
- 292 Mademoiselle Fifi, Maupassant
- 314 Short Stories, Daudet
- 319 Infamous Intrigue
- 344 Don Juan, Balzac
- 367 The Falcon, etc., Boccaccio
- 886 The Piece of String, Maupassant
- 887 The Necklace, De Maupassant
- 888 Memoirs of Madame de Stael
- 892 Follies of Lovers
- 1042 Crime at Red Inn
- 1044 Another Study of Woman
- 1045 Story of a Mad Sweetheart
- 1626 When Youth Burns
- 1634 Dance of Death
- 1654 The Record of Felice's Life
- 1655 The Accursed Woman

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- 81 Care of the Baby
- 137 Home Nursing: First Aid
- 167 Everyday Rules of Health
- 680 Pasteur: Chemist of Human Ills
- 688 Teeth and Mouth Hygiene
- 875 Diabetes: Cause and Treatment, Dr. Wilder
- 1091 Facts About Cancer
- 1094 Insanity and Other Mental Disorders
- 1242 Care of Skin and Hair
- 1245 Getting Most Out of Recreation
- 1298 How to Select Your Doctor
- 1321 Fasting For Health
- 1350 Facts About Digestion
- 1389 Facts About Tobacco Habit
- 1426 Foot Troubles Corrected
- 1435 Constipation: Its Correction
- 1443 Daily Exercises for Busy People
- 1478 Poor Posture Corrected by Exercise
- 1479 Correction of Underweight and Overweight
- 1534 How to Test Urine at Home
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- 1554 Beneficial Heart Exercises
- 1556 How Sun Rays Give Health and Beauty
- 1563 Marvels of Sunlight
- 1616 How to Improve Yourself Physically
- 1728 Care of Teeth

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- 42 Origin of the Human Race
- 50 Paine's Common Sense
- 83 Marriage: Its Past, Present and Future, Annie Besant
- 125 Speeches of Woodrow Wilson
- 126 History of Rome
- 149 Historic Crimes and Criminals
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- 356 Charge of Light Brigade
- 481 Stone Age in Man's History
- 503 History of the Civil War
- 558 Great Pirates, C. J. Finger
- 596 A History of Modern Mexico
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- 602 Great Pyramids of Egypt
- 627 History of the Jews
- 687 U. S. Constitution, Monroe Doctrine
- 756 Story of Sioux Indians
- 797 Years Among African Negroes
- 878 How Napoleon Became Emperor
- 899 Life in Decadent Rome

- 1065 Lives of U. S. Presidents
- 1087 Facts About Fascism
- 1235 Life in Soviet Russia
- 1241 Outline of U. S. History
- 1469 American Industrial History
- 1526 Peace Plans from Kant to Kellogg
- 1550 How People Lived in Middle Ages
- 1552 Africa's Place in Modern History
- 1578 Was President Harding Murdered?
- 1687 History and Principles of Banking
- 1725 Story of Tammany Hall
- 1757 Facts About Alaska

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- 20 Let's Laugh, Nasby
- 26 On Going to Church, Bernard Shaw
- 59 Epigrams of Wit and Wickedness
- 70 Origin of Roast Pig
- 168 Witty Epigrams, Oscar Wilde
- 180 Wordly Epigrams of Bernard Shaw
- 187 Whistler's Famous Humor
- 241 Humorous Sketches
- 235 Five Essays, Chesterton
- 291 The Jumping Frog, Twain
- 347 Riddle Rimes
- 348 Best Wit of the Scotch
- 382 Humor of Lincoln
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- 670 Josh Billings' Comical Lexicon
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- 932 Curious Experience
- 960 Masterpieces of American Wit
- 971 Humorous Anecdotes
- 991 Humorous Notes for My Biographer
- 1082 Book of Best Jewish Jokes
- 1115 Ridiculous Stories
- 1117 Human Animal's Folly
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- 1191 Funny Facts About Stageland
- 1191 Broadway Wiseracks
- 1199 Laughable Lyrics
- 1200 Nonsense Stories
- 1261 Prize Winning Tongue Twister
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- 1657 Gentle Art of Making Enemies
- 1735 Worldly Wisdom

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- 287 Best Jokes About Doctors
- 422 Best Yankee Jokes
- 768 Best Jokes About Lawyers
- 972 Popular Joke Book
- 1012 Best Negro Jokes
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- 1014 Best American Jokes
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- 57 Rip Van Winkle
- 156 Andersen's Fairy Tales
- 167 Alice in Wonderland
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- 397 Irish Fairy Tales
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- 400 Aladdin: 40 Thieves
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- 554 Child's Garden of Verse
- 559 Robinson Crusoe
- 714 Mother Goose
- 819 Strange Murders
- 836 Bluebeard, Cinderella
- 844 Voyage to Lilliput
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- 1628 Merry Tales of Childhood

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- 2 Ballad of Reading Jail
- 32 The Raven, The Bells, etc.
- 41 Christmas Carol, Dickens
- 68 Shakespeare's Sonnets
- 73 Poems of Walt Whitman
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- 95 Confessions of an Opium Eater
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- 152 Son of the Wolf, Jack London
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- 177 Subjection of Women
- 222 The Vampire
- 229 Ridiculous Women, Mollere
- 241 Poems of Robert Burns
- 285 Unconventional Amour
- 289 Peppy's Diary
- 296 Lyric Love, Browning
- 306 Hanging of Shropshire Lad
- 308 She Stoops to Conquer
- 335 Land of Heart's Desire
- 513 Travels of Marco Polo
- 616 Lady of the Lake
- 643 Truths About Life's Riddle
- 661 Neurotic America and the Sex Impulse
- 737 Thoughts on Meaning of Life
- 744 Poems of Shelley
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- 783 Mandalay and Other Poems
- 791 Poems and Ballads
- 799 Deserted Village, Oliver Goldsmith
- 829 Voltaire, Clarence Darrow
- 1062 Humorous
- 1114 Thrilling Moments from Victor Hugo

- 1151 Selected Stories, Hawthorne
- 1569 Boccaccio—Lover and Chronicler of Love
- 1673 Runaway Wife

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- 196 The Marquise's Secret Passion
- 283 Courtship of Miles Standish
- 404 Romances of Paris
- 434 Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton
- 644 Woman Who Lived for Love
- 712 Shelley and the Women He Loved
- 713 Byron and the Women He Loved
- 733 Brazilian Love Stories
- 745 Montes: Matador and Lover
- 786 Catherine the Great and Her Lovers
- 817 Her Burning Secret
- 915 Mad, Wild Other Stories
- 916 Night in Whitechapel
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- 924 Mosaic of Spades
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- 1047 Mysterious Exiles
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- 1085 Love-Life of George Sand
- 1113 Love from Many Angles
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- 1195 First Love, and Other Tales
- 1213 Romance That Balzac Lived
- 1244 How to Write Love Letters
- 1270 Among the Mormons
- 1449 Love Affairs of John Wesley
- 1587 Amazing Loves of King Carol of Rumania
- 1620 Merry Tales, France
- 1648 The Love of Life

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- 11 A Guide to Nietzsche
- 19 Nietzsche: Who He Was
- 35 Facing Plain Facts of Life
- 48 Truth and Other Essays
- 96 Dialogues of Plato
- 101 Thoughts on Man, Pascal
- 153 Chinese Philosophy of Life
- 159 Guide to Plato
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- 202 Survival of the Fittest
- 338 Story of Emerson's Philosophy
- 414 Art of Happiness, Poyas
- 421 Yoga Philosophy Explained
- 520 A Guide to Spinoza, Durant
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- 184 Primitive Beliefs
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- 207 Olympian Pagan Gods
- 211 Idea of God in Nature
- 325 Essence of Buddhism
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- 600 The Essence of the Bible
- 636 Greatest Thing in the World
- 677 What Can a Free Man Worship?
- 684 Essence of Judaism
- 1485 Religion of a Free Man

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- 45 Tolstoy's Short Stories
- 100 Red Laugh, Andreiev
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- 317 Night Prolation, Chekhov
- 386 Creatures That Once Were Men
- 389 My Fellow-Traveler's Wench, Gorky
- 1033 Masterpieces of Russian Humor
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- 1190 What Price Love? Chekhov

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- 93 Insects and Men: Instinct and Reason
- 92 Hypnotism Made Plain
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- 190 Psycho-Analysis: The Key to Human Behavior
- 217 The Puzzle of Personality
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- 510 Electric Energy: What It Does
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- 804 Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams
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- 1391 Magic in Ultra Violet Rays
- 1421 Airplanes: How to Fly Them
- 1442 Facts About Graphology
- 1448 Character Reading From Faces
- 1455 End of the World
- 1456 Dictionary of Social Sciences
- 1514 Inventions of Edison
- 1581 Environment vs. Heredity
- 1595 Facts About Calendar
- 1607 Einstein's Space-Substance Theory
- 1621 How Man Will Live in the Future
- 1722 Fortune Telling from Dreams
- 1743 Facts About Spades
- 1748 Scientific Crime Detection
- 1754 How to Read Finger Prints

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- 374 Psychology of Suicide
- 376 Woman of No Importance
- 518 How to Make All Kinds of Candy
- 693 Experiments in Animal Psychology
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- 1053 Guide to New York's Strange Sections
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- 1170 Funny Ghost Stories
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- 1207 French Self Taught
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- 1209 Charming Hostess (Entertainment Guide)
- 1221 Facts About Will Power
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- 1325 Americans 1,000,000 Years Ago
- 1333 Commonsense of Health
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- 1340 How to Get a Job
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- 1354 Book of Striking Similes
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- 1418 Broadway Gangsters and Their Rackets
- 1419 Curious Deaths
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- 1436 Strange Marriage Customs
- 1437 Curiosities of the Law
- 1438 How to be a Modern Mother
- 1454 Dictionary of Contemporary Authors
- 1459 Psychology of the Criminal
- 1461 Reno Lawyer on Marriage and Divorce
- 1468 How to Deal With Crime
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- 1480 Causes of the World War
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- 1525 Menace of the Modern Prison
- 1533 Famous Infant Prodigies
- 1543 Is War Inevitable?
- 1547 Can We Wipe Out Crime or War?
- 1548 Chinese Cook Book
- 1557 What Is a Liberal?
- 1562 How to Live Long
- 1567 Making Men Happy with Jams and Jellies
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- 1677 How Army and Navy Fight
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- The G. I. Bill of Rights

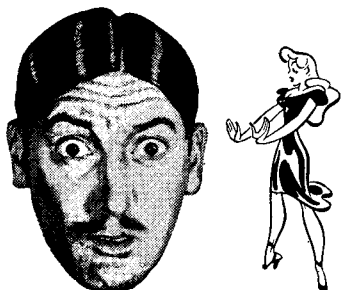
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demanded. "They've got the world with a fence around it!"

She went back and sat by the table, ringed with wet glass marks. It seemed, in retrospect, that every step had led inevitably to this dim place, this hot, unhappy night. "But what could I have done?" she asked herself miserably.

Redding came in, imperturbable. When he said, "All right, Miss Fenton," the bartender dropped a glass and gaped. "I've made the arrangements. I brought Harrison with me; we'll put the patient in my car and take him to River Hospital. I've called them. I thought Lister wasn't indicated. Harrison can take the other car. Do you know where it's usually garaged?"

"No, I'm sorry, Doctor Redding."

"Then I'll have Harrison take it to the garage I use. Wait here until we get things in order."

The bartender helped, Louie appeared from the back room, and Harrison, Redding's manservant, came in. They carried Harry to the street and put him in Redding's car. Carla followed. Redding tipped the bartender and Louie. He said, "If you'll sit with him in the back seat, Miss Fenton."

THEY drove far uptown to the River Hospital, a small, expensive private institution in which there were no wards, and no training school. Many of the rooms were *en suite*. There was one vacant, which Redding had engaged.

"Acute gastritis," he said, "the easy diagnosis. I have managed a very discreet nurse; she will meet us there. Another will come on tomorrow. It might be better if you didn't go in, Miss Fenton," he said. "When we reach the hospital, you take a taxi home. Should I get in touch with Mitchell Trask?"

"I don't know, Doctor Redding. I don't know Harry's habits—I mean, whether it would worry his family if he didn't come home for a few days. I think it might. He's been in a sanitarium."

"I see. Well, we'll let it ride a day or so. He may wish to notify them himself."

She said, "Will you tell me when it's all right for me to see him?"

"Do you want to?"

"I'm afraid I must."

Two days later, she talked to Harry in the hospital. He was sitting up in the sun. Without any preliminaries, he said, "I'm sorry to have let you in for this. I wouldn't had I been in my right mind, but after I left you—"

"That's all right, Harry."

"Thanks for calling Redding. If you had called old Le Grand there would have been hell to pay. He put me in the san, you know, against Mother's wishes."

She said, "Won't your parents be worried?"

"I called my father as soon as I could. I said I was fine and so I was. Sober as a judge, shaky as a throne. I told him I was staying in town a couple of days, and that I'd be out soon. I don't think he caught on."

"What about the fishing trip?"

"He can't get away; something's come up. He wants me to go alone. Maybe I will."

She said, her regard unswerving, "Would you, Harry? And get hold of yourself—because, if you would—"

"Carla—Carla?"

She said steadily, "If you would, if you came back, yourself—if you went on being yourself—"

He asked, "Why? Are you sorry for me; is it a rescue mission? Would you come back to me to make me feel, for the rest of our lives, that you'd sacrificed yourself?"

She said, "I don't feel sorry for you, just for us. And if I feel responsible, what difference does that make? I suppose I am responsible."

"You don't owe me a thing," he said. Yet his face was eager, the lines less noticeable. "But if you could love me again? You did once, I know it!"

"I did," she said, and added slowly, "in my way."

He said, "If I am patient, if I try to understand? I swear I will, Carla. Maybe it will come all right."

She smiled at him without effort. "We can work it out somehow."

"I'll call my father," he began, but she shook her head.

"Not yet. Afterward, when you come back, when we're certain. Just now I'd rather no one knew, neither your people nor mine. Nor Maggie," she added and thought: Poor Maggie. "Just us. I can't go through the discussions. You know how your mother will feel. When it's certain, we'll be remarried quietly, and tell them then."

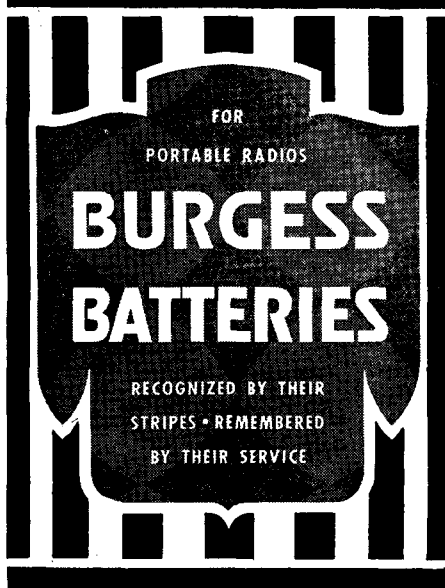
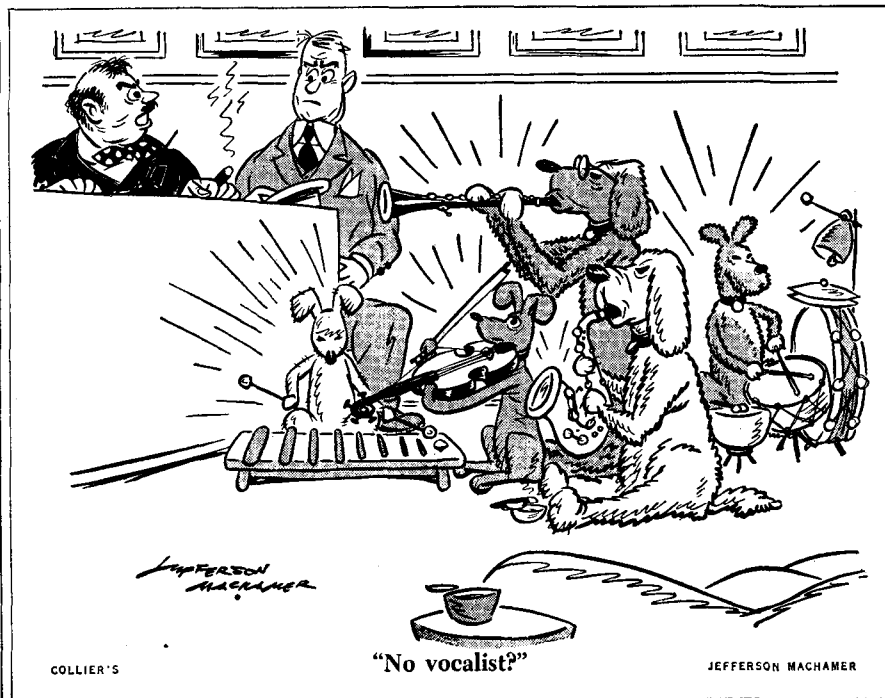
He said, "You've given me back myself, Carla."

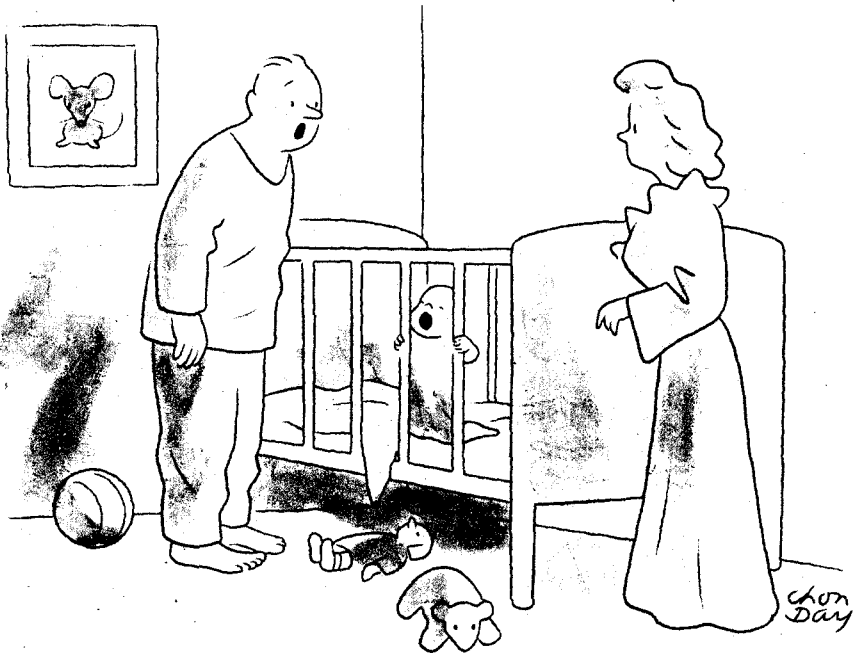
"I hope so." She rose, and bent down and kissed him. She felt nothing, except hope. But he caught her hand and held it, painfully.

He said, "I'll make it up to you. I promise."

"I'll see you when you come back, Harry. This time I won't be rushed. You have something to prove, I think. Not only to me but to yourself."

His letters, written from the fishing camp, were gay and tender, grave and loving. "I can lick the world now. I have an unopened bottle on my dresser. I look at it, morning and night. It doesn't mean a damned thing. Maybe it did at first, when I was tired and lonely, when





"Isn't it about time he started showing a little more reserve?"

COLLIER'S

CHON DAY

I got scared, telling myself you don't care for me, you're doing this only because I've hounded you into it, because you're convinced it's your duty. Duty is such a tight, hard little word, very dreary. And then I remember that we were happy once, and that you loved me and I tell myself you will again, you must. I promise, Carla, I'll be content with the half loaf."

He was gone a little less than three weeks and came back brown and rested. Redding's office was in full swing again and Carla was busy. She saw Harry frequently, but the situation was difficult. She could not see him at home or in the places frequented by people they knew. She hated the hole-in-corner atmosphere but it entertained him. He said, "It makes it so illegal."

He did not urge her, but she knew that he was impatient, and sure of himself. He did not drink at all. It was better that way, he said. He still got a little yen, now and then. Later, he wouldn't, he assured her quickly.

She wrote to Rich and told him. She said, "I've told no one but you, so please don't say anything, not to your people or mine, or Millie. He isn't drinking. Rich. He's back working, and working hard. I've thought and thought about it. I know how you feel but believe me, it is the only thing I can do. I've made such a failure of everything. Maybe this is my chance as well as Harry's."

RICH came to New York on the first train which left Maplehill after her letter reached him. He talked a tired hotel clerk into giving him a room and went to the apartment. Carla was at supper when he knocked. Harry had gone to Greenwich. She had told him, "You can't spend all your evenings with me, you must go home occasionally," and when he had said ruefully, "But I do—to sleep," she had retorted, "It isn't fair to your people, Harry. They must be so happy about you now and so relieved."

When she opened the door and Rich came in she could hardly believe her eyes. "Rich! Has anything happened?"

"No, but it damned well will." He took her by the shoulders and shook her. "Have you lost your mind?" he demanded.

"No."

"I've been afraid of this; I've seen it coming. It's no good, Carla. You can't go back to him."

She said steadily, "I'm going back and nothing you can say can alter that."

"It will be for nothing," he told her. He was beside himself with despair.

"You're throwing yourself away—again."

She said, "Don't think I haven't fought it, Rich. I didn't come to an easy decision. But he needs me. It's as simple as that. I thought if he married Maggie I would be free. Now, I don't believe I would have been. Two lives wasted, his and Maggie's. I can't be free," she said wretchedly, "while he loves me, and feels I am necessary to him."

"He loved you when you left him!"

She said, "I left him because I thought he would be happier. Maybe it's better to be unhappy with someone than without them. Better for him, anyway."

"And there's nothing I can do about it." He turned and went to the window. "And I've loved you all my life."

Carla took hold of the back of a chair. She said, "You—Rich?"

"Of course. I thought that you weren't for me. I thought that if I asked you to marry me, you might because you were fond of me, used to me. I knew you deserved better than that. But when I came back from the service I came thinking: She doesn't love anyone else, maybe I'm a fool not to risk losing what I've had all these years. But it was too late, you were in love with Trask. After you left him, I waited, afraid to gamble. Damn it, you kept turning to me as if I were my father. Well, I'm not my father!"

She was crying, her hands over her face, and he said, "Carla."

"Please go, Rich," she said, "please."

"Does it make a difference?" he asked. "None."

"I thought so. Don't cry, don't be sorry for me. It's too late to be sorry."

"I thought that Millie—"

"Millie is going to fall in love with Hank one of these days, I hope. It's always been you, Carla, ever since I can remember. A kid in black pigtailed running through a field. A kid in the cupola room saying, 'Let's pretend it's a ship.' Always you—but you didn't want it that way."

Rich walked across the room, pulled her from her chair and kissed her. All his despair, all his loss and torment went into his kiss. Carla thought: But this is Rich. And because it was, she was not frightened, only more desolate than she had ever been.

He released her suddenly. "Well, that's that. Goodbye, Carla."

She heard the door close and his step in the hall and on the stairs. She did not call him back. She hardly knew what she felt. If this had happened a year ago, two years, a lifetime? But it had not, nor had she dreamed of it. If she had,

she would have thought: I don't want it that way.

She thought now: So I've had everything I wanted, all along. If it had been Rich from the first I believe I could have given myself with the whole heart.

Less than a week later, she was working late at the office when Miss Tennyson came to the little laboratory to call her. "Long distance for you, Miss Fenton."

Carla put down the slide, went into her office and picked up the telephone, and Doctor Joe spoke to her. "Carla?"

"Yes. What's happened? Is it Rich?"

"No, your mother," he said. "She had an accident last night. Hold your hat; it isn't too serious. She went to the top floor, had an attack and tried to get downstairs. She fell. She's bruised and her wrist is fractured, but there's no danger now. Rich has been out in the country on a delivery since yesterday afternoon, and I went over."

"Is she in the hospital?"

"Wouldn't go. I have Millie with her."

Carla asked, "Have you a timetable?"

He read the train times to her and she looked at the clock. Miss Vail stood in the doorway, listening. And Carla said, "I'll get there as fast as I can."

She hung up and Miss Vail asked, "Bad news?"

"My mother," Carla explained and said, "I can't get a train till tonight, I've missed the afternoon one: It's nearly five. But I might be able to get a car."

SHE dialed Harry's office number. His office said he was at the club.

She called him there and waited. Then, "Harry? I've just heard from home. Mother's had an accident. Would you drive me up? Yes. I'll meet you at the apartment?"

If Miss Vail were curious her face showed nothing but concern. And Carla said, "I'm sorry, Miss Vail."

"I'll tell Doctor Redding," said Miss Vail briskly. "Try not to worry too much. We'll manage without you, for as long as you feel you must stay."

By the time she had reached the apartment and packed a bag, Harry was ringing her bell. She went out and got in the car. She said, "I wouldn't have done this, Harry, but there's no train."

He said, "I'll get you there, darling. How bad is it?"

She told him and as they drove up the

West Side, he said, "It isn't far, and we can do fifty on the Parkway now."

She said, "You can telephone home when we get there. Everyone will know, they'll have to. I hadn't planned it this way."

"The sooner the better, for me. Carla, after your mother is better suppose we get married in Maplehill, at your church? Would you like that? Did you ever know that your father insisted upon paying for our first wedding?"

She said, startled, "No!"

"He talked to my father, when he and your mother came down. He said he understood the circumstances but it was his place to give you your wedding. We could make the arrangements, lend the house and servants, but he made Father give him an accounting. He said that maybe your mother was willing to be under the obligation, but he wasn't."

"Why wasn't I told?"

"He wouldn't," said Harry, "and Mother was too damned mad. Father thought it might upset you and that he could persuade Mr. Fenton to let it drop. I didn't tell you; I wanted you to think that even your wedding came from me."

She said, "I wish I'd known. Before I left for Lister last winter Mother told me that the store wasn't doing well so Father had put a small mortgage on the house. She didn't know that it was because of the wedding."

"The old son of a gun," said Harry, "but we'll make it up to him, Carla, you and I."

She said, not listening, "I told Rich—'Kent?' He looked at her, straining to see her clearly in the dusk. "Why?"

"I've always told him everything, or almost."

"But not your people, and you wouldn't let me." He laughed shortly.

"What did he say?"

"He didn't like it."

"He wouldn't. I suppose he tried to talk you out of it?"

"Yes. And my father will, I think. And maybe, even my mother, now that she knows about the drinking."

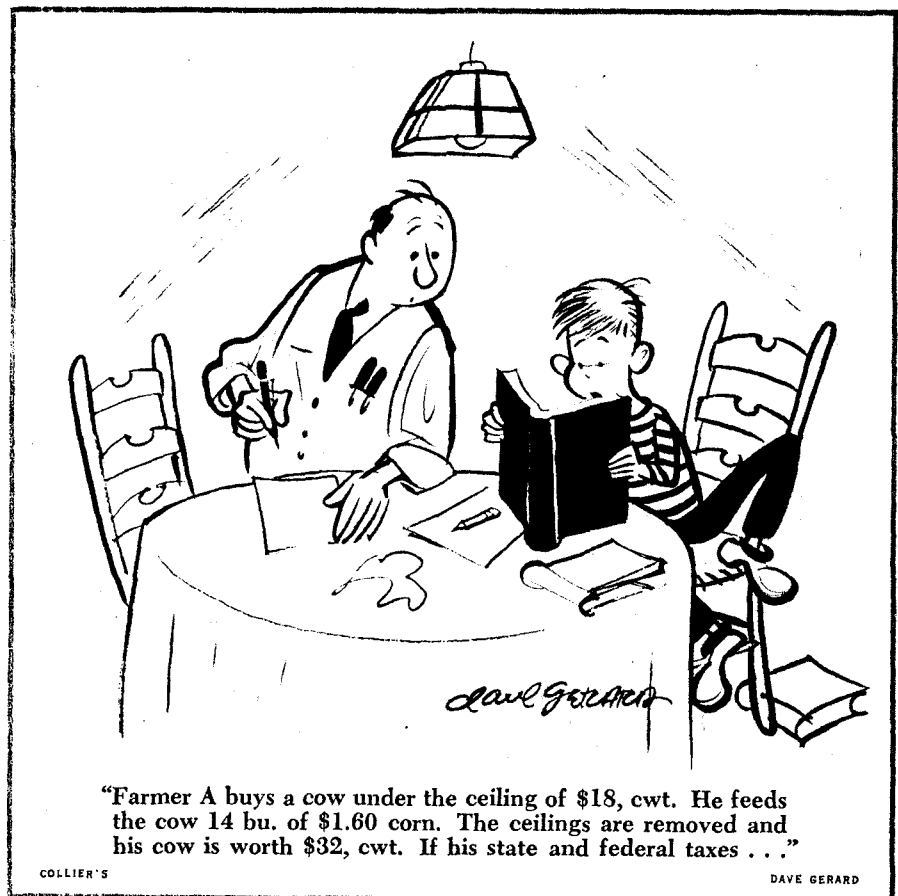
"Who told her?"

"That doesn't matter. It wasn't I, or Rich."

"Always Rich." He was silent a moment and then he said, "Well, he doesn't matter now. Carla, let's stop and eat."

"Are you hungry?"

"No, but we'll make better time if we



"Farmer A buys a cow under the ceiling of \$18, cwt. He feeds the cow 14 bu. of \$1.60 corn. The ceilings are removed and his cow is worth \$32, cwt. If his state and federal taxes . . ."

COLLIER'S

DAVE GERARD

rest and have some coffee or something."
"I'm sorry. I didn't think of you. Of course, we'll stop at the next place and I'll phone Doctor Joe."

They pulled up before a restaurant in a small busy town. There were booths, a counter and a bar. Carla went into the powder room and made her call before she rejoined Harry. Doctor Joe was at home, and said everything was all right. "Where are you, Carla?"

"I'm driving up," she said. "I'll be there before the train could get in."

"Good. Take it easy, will you?"

WHEN she went back the coffee and sandwiches had arrived, and Harry was waiting. "You're quite pretty with your nose powdered," he said, "and the coffee's not too bad."

Something about his voice—his eyes. Carla said, troubled, "You've had a drink."

"Of course not." He looked away from her and added irritably, "Well then, yes. A quick one. Just one, I swear it." But there had been time for two, plenty of time for two—or more. He added, "I don't know why, Carla. I—I just felt insecure again, I suppose. As if it were too good to be true. Symptomatic drinking it's called at the sanitarium. The social drinker, just over the border line."

She said, "I know about that, Harry. I spent three months of my training in a mental institution learning, among other things, about people who drink."

"I was excited, I guess, or something," he said.

When they left, she asked, "Shall I drive for a while?"

"Certainly not. You think I'm drunk. Well, I'm not. It's the first I've had since that time."

But he was frightened. "I told Rich," she had said. "I tell him everything."

Restlessness grew in him as the car ran smoothly through the night, and he thought: If I could get a drink. They had turned off the Parkway toward Maplehill, and were on the narrow, winding roads.

She said, "We're almost there. We needn't hurry. You can't speed on these roads, and it's dark now."

"I'm not speeding."

"Where the road forks ahead, and you go to the left, there's the big tree in the center. Do slow up, Harry, it isn't far."

"Suppose you let me do the driving," he suggested, "or don't you trust me?" He did not slow up, and ran head on into the enormous maple.

Harry extricated himself painfully from behind the wheel and crawled out. He felt battered, half stunned. The car had swayed, shuddered and righted itself. It was very dark, the headlights were gone.

He cried, "Carla! Are you all right, Carla?"

She did not answer, and he found himself whimpering aloud as he groped his way to where she was lying, crumpled, in the car. He put out his hands and felt her body; he felt her blood, warm on his hands.

He heard a car coming and ran out in the road, calling, waving his arms. The car stopped and a man got out. In the glare from his lights, they lifted Carla and put her in the car. The man said, "What cut her? The mirror, or the windshield?"

They could not see her face for the blur of blood.

They were not far from Freeville and the hospital. Harry sat with Carla in his arms. When the man had asked, "You hurt, too, mister?" he had said, "I don't think so." The wheel had saved him.

At the hospital, routine closed around him, reassuring as a steady hand. Doctor Joseph Kent and Horace Fenton were called and Doctor Rust, the resident physician, had known Carla for many years.

An intern looked after Harry, bruises, a wrenched side.

"How is she?"

"She'll be okay," said the intern, who didn't know.

"Her face—it's her face, I tell you. Will she be disfigured?"

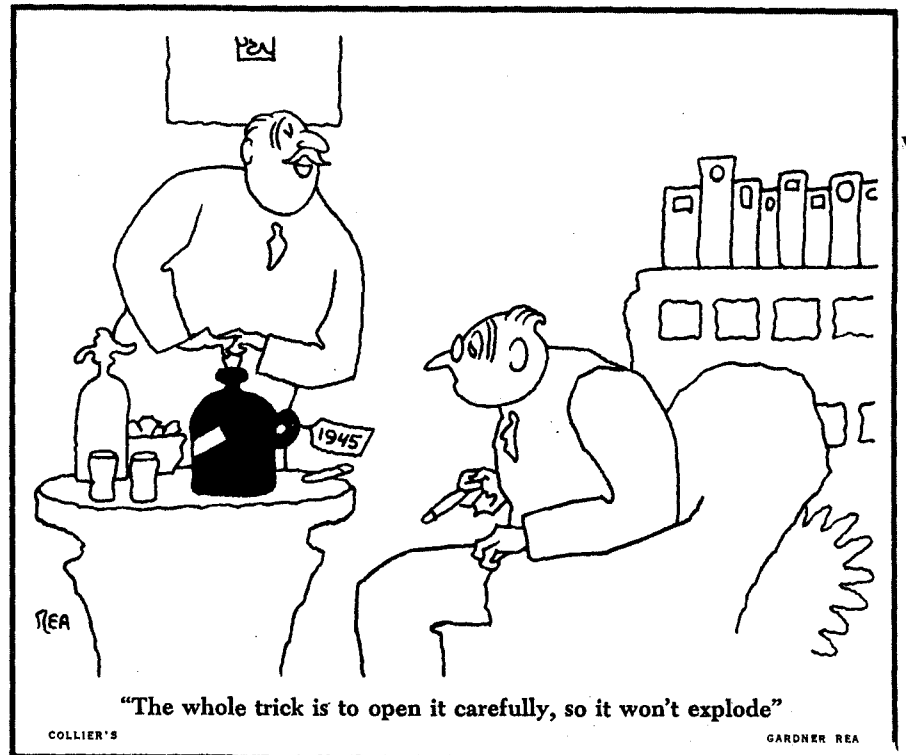
"It hasn't done her any good," said the intern, young and protectively callous.

"Call New York," said Harry. "Get a plastic surgeon, the best. It doesn't matter what it costs."

"A plastic man," said the intern, "can't do a damned thing, if it cost ten thousand bucks, till the edema subsides."

He suggested that Harry lie down in a vacant room. He gave him a sedative. Harry said, stubbornly, "I'll wait here till I see someone who knows."

It seemed a thousand years before Joe Kent came with Carla's father. Harry



jumped up, "How is she? Have you seen her?"

"Yes," said Kent, "and she'll do." And Horace, very gray, asked, "How did this happen and why was she with you?"

Harry said, "We were going to be remarried soon. She called me when she heard about her mother and I drove her up—that damned tree!"

Joe Kent's tired face was inscrutable. He put a hand on Horace's arm and said, "Take it easy." He turned to Harry. "I understand you're not hurt. Wouldn't it be a good idea if you went to the hotel?"

"I'll stay here."

"Very well."

Horace said, "Her mother doesn't know. She's asleep and Millie's with her. When will Rich get here, Joe?"

"Soon as he can."

Harry cried, "How in hell can you stand there talking. Why don't you do something?"

"Everything's being done," said Kent. "They're giving her a transfusion. She's in no danger of dying, Mr. Trask. Naturally, she's had a bad shock and has lost a great deal of blood."

"Her face—how bad will it be?"

HORACE made a sound in his throat and turned away. Doctor Kent said, "We won't know for a time. Why don't you go to the hotel? I'll give you something so you'll sleep. You can see Carla tomorrow."

Harry put his hands over his eyes. He heard himself say, dully, "I don't want to see her."

After that he was alone, and must have dozed in his chair. When he woke Rich was there, saying evenly, "I'll take you to the hotel, Trask."

"All right," said Harry. It didn't matter, he thought, where he went.

On the way he said, "I'll never forgive myself. Kent, she must have the best surgeon, the very best."

"She will."

Harry said, "No one will tell me how much of a disfigurement."

"No one knows. Only the necessary suturing has been done. Her face is very swollen. There's nothing further, for a while."

Harry said, "She was going to come back to me, you know."

Rich was still. He slowed the car and said, "I'll take you in. You must get some sleep."

Carla opened her eyes. She hurt terribly. But she could see and the sunlight pressed against the drawn shades. She touched the bandages and said, "My face?"

Rich, by the bed, nodded at a little nurse, who slipped away. He put his hand over Carla's. "You'll be all right, darling."

She remembered, painfully. "Harry?" "He wasn't hurt. You ran into the old tree at the Forks, remember?"

"Yes. And Mother?"

"Fine. Millie's there; everything's all right."

"You're here," she said drowsily.

When she woke again it was evening and Doctor Joe came in with her father and the nurse made her drink something from a tube and Carla asked, "What must I look like?"

"A mummy," said Doctor Joe. He asked, "Carla, are you up to seeing Trask? You needn't, you know."

"I'll see him, Doctor Joe."

Harry came in and they left him with her. Carla turned her head and looked at him. All he could see was her eyes and her uninjured mouth.

He said, "I'm shot, Carla, and I don't even want a drink. Carla—my God, Carla, can you ever forgive me?"

"I'm all right."

"Sure, you're alive, but—your face—" He covered his eyes with his hands. Carla could say nothing and dispassionately watched him as if she were seeing a stranger. She thought: He doesn't care any more what I think about him, he doesn't even wonder if I love him. He's only worried about my face.

The silence lasted a long time and the bandages on Carla's head seemed to be pulling tighter and tighter. She kept hoping: If only the nurse would come back.

Then Harry looked up and said, "Please forgive me, Carla. When you can take it you'll have the best plastic surgeon money can buy." He spoke very carefully, "When you're better or well again, we'll be married and I'll take you away somewhere, a long trip—"

She thought: Away where no one will have to see me? Are you that afraid, Harry? She interrupted, very quietly, "I'm not going to marry you, Harry."

"Carla, you promised—you must—I, Carla—"

She thought: How relieved he is; how free. She felt a somber tenderness for him as he struggled for the right words. He would go through with it if she let him. Once a Trask, always a Trask; drunk or sober, always a gentleman.

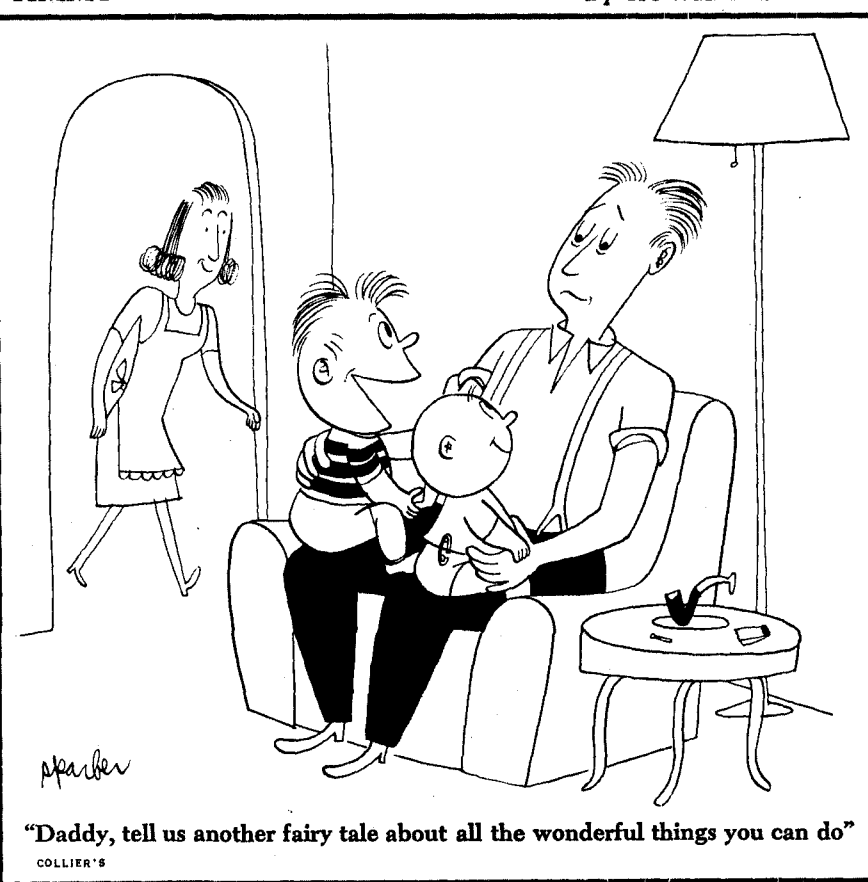
She said gently, "No, dear."

"But why, Carla, why? I'll spend the rest of my life making you happy. I swear it!"

How often she had heard him say, "I swear it." She thought: All that made

TIMMY

by HOWARD SPARBER



COLLIER'S

me valuable to him is gone. How valuable was it to me? It will be strange looking into a mirror and seeing another face.

She said, "Harry, after I promised to marry you, I realized I was in love with someone else. Now, will you let me go?"

She had shown him the easy way, the door which opened for him without disgust or humiliation. He said, slowly, willing to believe what he had always suspected and willing to grasp this opening. "If you feel that way—" He would not ask who. He knew.

"I do," she answered.

He bent and touched the bandages with his lips. She knew what that cost him, and she whispered with more regard than ever before, "Goodby."

HARRY left quickly without turning around. He saw a telephone booth and thought: I'll have to call home, this will be in the papers. But not right away. The explanation could wait. He thought of last night, sitting, drained, in the bleak room, knowing he could call down and they would send up whatever he asked. But he hadn't called down. He had felt only a need for sleep, a desire to turn blindly to the wall, away from the blood which he had washed from his hands but which was still there, and on his clothes.

He dropped a coin in the slot and spoke to the operator. "A person-to-person call. Miss Margaret Edwards in Greenwich, Connecticut. If she's not there find out where she is and call her. Ring me back."

Waiting, he thought: Don't fail me, Maggie. I really need you, now.

Rich came into Carla's room after a while. He asked, sitting down, "How's it coming?"

"I feel awful," she said wanly, "but I'll live."

He said, "Trask is gone, Carla. He left the car, what there is of it, and took the train. He talked to his father, I believe."

"He's gone for good, Rich," she said. He didn't answer and she said, "I told him that I knew—now—I loved someone else."

"Me? Or was that—an excuse—to let him off?"

She said, "Wait a minute. Am I going to be badly scarred?"

"There's a deep slash on your forehead, and down one cheek. There'll be a plastic job later, when you can take it. Somehow, I don't think it will be too bad."

"Harry thought it would be."

"Do you care what he thought? You've never cared what you looked like, nor I. That's not true, exactly. I cared because

it was you—it will *still* be you." He put his head down and she said, in wonder, "Rich, you're crying."

"If you had died, what would have become of me? You're all my life. That's what I told Millie today, and she said she knew. She'll come in to see you later. She sends her love."

"I want yours," Carla said, "even now."

"Even now," he asked, "even?"

"I may be—ugly."

"You, with all you are, and all you have to give a man you love?"

She said, "If I thought you—valued the way I looked, I could die now, because I didn't know sooner that I love you."

He kissed her. It was not satisfactory as kisses go, but it was the right one.

She said, "It was vanity after all. My silly face. I believed it meant nothing to me but it must have or I wouldn't have hidden behind it and been so afraid that no one would ever find me. But you found me, Rich, a long time ago."

"Darling Carla. My dearest dear."

Doctor Joe came in and looked from one to the other. He said, "You crazy kids. Well, it's about time." He slammed his son on the shoulder and asked, "Can you tear yourself away? You've got a call."

Rich said, "One fine doctor coming up!" He grinned at Carla and touched her hand. He walked out, feeling a mile high.

"Doctor Joe?"

"Yes, dear?"

"He isn't just sorry for me?"

"Nope. But he's been damned sorry for himself for a long time and with reason."

Carla said, "He doesn't care what I'm going to look like."

"Why should he? You're his love. Rust and I have come to an agreement. Mind you, we may not be a hundred per cent right, but as soon as it's feasible, Daniels will come up from New York and take a look. Rust and I don't think it will be much of a job. Oh, there will be scars, but he's clever and after a while, I think, just a funny little mark or two, or an extra dimple."

She said, "It's all right. I'd like to look as much like myself as possible, because Rich is used to me that way. But it really doesn't matter, otherwise."

Nothing mattered now. Nothing but the freedom to love and be loved. Nothing could ever seriously concern her but the life she and Rich would build together, the whole heart, the body delivered from bondage, the loyal and loving spirit

THE END



"I don't mind his cracking-the-whip, but why must he always be end man?"

COLLIER'S

GEORGE PRICE



SOUND SLEEP FOR THOUSANDS

A cup of warm Ovaltine at bedtime induces sleep without drugs in these safe, natural ways. It has the power to relieve "nervous tension"—also to prevent types of unrest that cause night-time tossing. Supplies food elements known to be necessary for sound, restful sleep.



REBUILDS VITALITY WHILE YOU SLEEP

You get the good from Ovaltine while you are sleeping—to rebuild worn-out muscle, nerve and body cells—restore vitality to meet the day. It is specially processed for easy digestion—even during sleep.

Just try this at bedtime tonight!

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OVALTINE

PLAIN AND CHOCOLATE FLAVORED

BELIEVING that 1947 will go down in aviation history as the year in which the first notable advance was made toward the conquest of Supersonic Flight—man-carrying aircraft flying faster than sound (761 miles an hour)—Collier's presents herewith a graphic and illuminating chart, prepared by the Douglas Aircraft Company's El Segundo (California) Engineering Division under the direction of its very capable chief engineer, E. H. Heinemann.

It will help explain many developments, now secret but due to be revealed during the year; to clarify gross misunderstandings that have been allowed to develop about our future technical progress in the air, defensively and commercially.

In the twelve months that lie ahead, more progress will be made in attempts to reach 800 or 1,000 or even 1,500 miles an hour for man-carrying aircraft than in any previous year in aviation's history. Too, more disappointments will be experienced; more theories will be exploded; and more basic knowledge will be gained.

Ominous-looking and secretly built aircraft will be shot through the air by blasts of flame and heat from jet-propulsion engines and rocket motors. The first objective of these aircraft will be to penetrate an invisible wall in the sky (that red column down the center of the chart) that is believed to exist in the speed range of 600 to 900 miles an hour. This zone is called the transsonic region and it is so named because it is the corridor through which a plane travels from subsonic flight (0 to 600 miles an hour) before it can enter that great unknown world of supposedly smooth and limitless flight beginning at 900 miles an hour.

In making this transition, the conventional plane designed for subsonic flying will encounter great resistance to forward speed, will be beaten and battered and threatened with destruction. But not until the first airman returns alive from an exploration of the transsonic or even supersonic realms, will we know from his reaction and the readings of his recording instruments, just how the supersonic plane should be designed and built.

Chief Engineer Ed Heinemann and his Douglas El Segundo Engineering Division now are engaged in a high-speed airplane research program for the Navy and the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. They are confronted with the need for radically new wing and tail designs, bold and unprecedented methods of construction, experimentation with strange metals and materials and protective measures for the transsonic and supersonic pilots to insure survival under extreme speeds at extreme heights.

THE current story will unfold easily if you'll start at the top and grasp the significance of the blue curve marked "Propeller Efficiency at 40,000 feet." That line shows instantly that the usefulness of the propeller will reach its zenith on aircraft flying between 300 and 400 miles an hour and thereafter drop in efficiency. On an airplane flying around 500 miles an hour the propeller-tip speed is traveling at about the speed of sound and it is first to encounter that resistance to greater speed that lies in the transsonic range. However, the propeller people are hoping to delay this efficiency drop with radically designed blades now undergoing tests.

Next to consider in preparing for supersonic flight is the story told by the red curve labeled "Temperature Rise (Fahrenheit degrees) with Increase in Velocity." This upsweeping red line shows that any plane flying at increasing speeds for long periods will run a temperature, due to friction, from a mere 7.2 degrees at 200 miles an hour to 200 degrees at 1,000 miles an hour. Beyond 200 degrees and 1,000 miles an hour serious reductions in the strength of aircraft materials now used would result.

The solid green curve gets into horsepower figures that sound fantastic. Mr. Heinemann shows the present power requirement for a 20,000-pound, hypothetical, conventional airplane flying at 40,000 feet to be 11,000 thrust horsepower to attain a speed of 600 miles an hour. Ed Heinemann can't or won't say just what shape and form the planes will take though he gives you an idea in the terrifying-looking craft pictured fourth from the top on the chart and in the wing shapes at the bottom of the chart.

Look up now to the horizontal scale marked "Mach Number (at sea level)." The word is pro-

nounced "Mock" and it stems from a German ballistics expert, Ernst Mach, who, while working on the speed of bullets 72 years ago, devised the Mach Number to designate speeds relative to the speed of sound.

Thus, Mach Number 1 means that the speed of sound at sea level, and in a temperature of 59 degrees, is 761 miles per hour. (Temperature is important because sound travels faster through hot air than cold.) Here is the thrilling part of the Heinemann story. Begin at the lower left-hand corner and work up the steps of the chart to the upper right-hand corner. The balloon was the first vehicle to enable a human to fly through the air. This was in 1783, in France, and its method of propulsion was the wind, when it blew. As for speed, it pretty definitely remains in the bracket below 100 miles an hour (Mach Number .13).

Then several balloons were encased in a cigar-shaped envelope, and piston engines, turning propellers, were added to give us an airship. It's also in the 100-mile-an-hour bracket. Vertical flight, first toyed with by Leonardo da Vinci in 1500, and now making an orderly development as the helicopter, is up to level speeds of around 100 miles an hour with promise of higher to come.

THE modern airliner now comes into the picture, with its piston engines turning propellers—just like the Wrights' Kitty Hawk airplane—and it is spotted today at the 300-mile-an-hour mark.

"The Wright Brothers flew 28 miles an hour in 1903," Heinemann says. "The British jet fighter flew an official speed of 616 miles an hour in September of last year. That's the fastest straight and level flight up to now. Figuring the annual increase in speed over this time span gives us a gain of only 14 miles faster every year. And this applies only to speed-record flights. In scheduled airline cruising speeds, we find we have gained an average of only about 7 miles a year since 1903.

"In 1947 our airliners will cruise between 300 and 400 miles an hour. Right now it would be possible to build an airliner to go 500 or even 600 hundred miles an hour, and in a few years, with accumulated knowledge, we could probably reach the speed of sound with one. But you would pay so much for it that you couldn't compete with the other aircraft following an orderly trend of development. You can no longer tinker around your back yard and come up with a 100-mile-an-hour increase in speed. It's too complicated today."

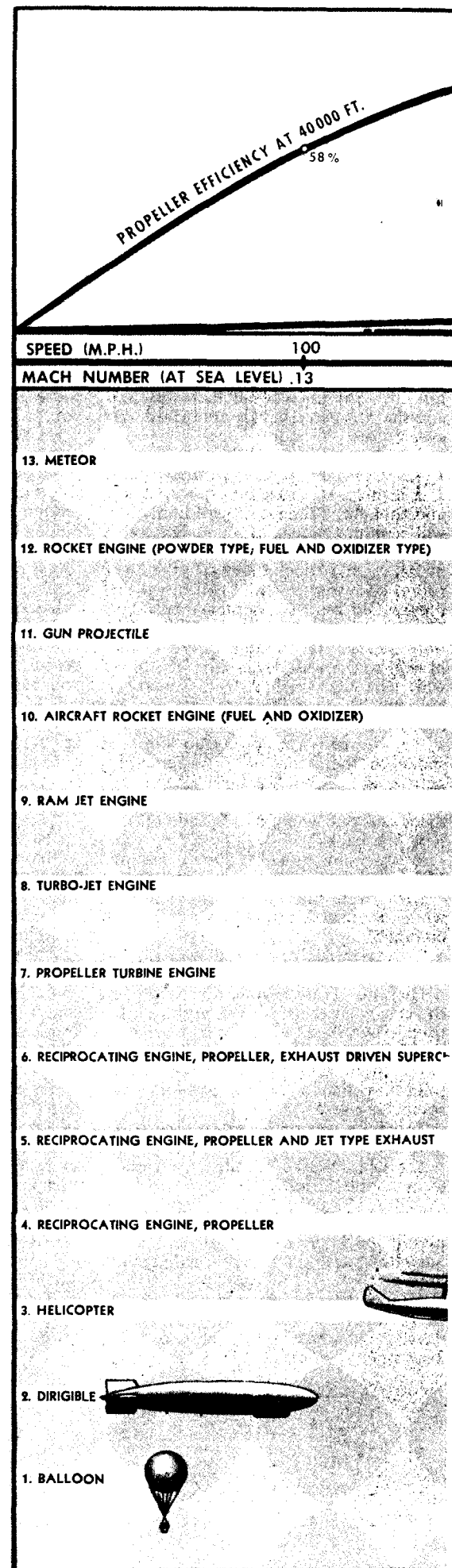
Mr. Heinemann points to the next step in this "orderly trend of development." It is line number five on the chart, a conventional-looking airliner with standard piston engines and propellers; but the engine exhaust, heretofore dissipated in any fashion convenient to the engineer, is now harnessed and trained out the rear like the exhaust in a jet engine. This provides an added push practically for free, and it is being incorporated in the new airliners to fly this year.

Then follows an airliner with the conventional piston engine and propeller but to which has been added an exhaust-driven supercharger in the rear to blow out the exhaust with an even greater thrust. This is a feature in the new 400-mile-an-hour Republic Rainbow airliner now building.

Following this up the steps is an airplane with a propeller turbine engine, a General Electric development and first flown last January. It is a jet engine whose exhaust, instead of going out the tail to thrust the plane through the air, spins a turbine to which is attached a shaft and propeller. So the propeller is back in the picture again and welcomed by many because in this installation it speeds up the take-off over the longer run required by a pure jet engine and it permits low-speed operation, whereas the straight jet does best at high speed. This prop-jet engine is in the Convair XP-81 Army fighter now undergoing tests.

Next is the straight turbojet engine, credited to British engineer Frank Whittle, and first flown in May, 1941, in England, where the air is taken in at the front of the engine, compressed, mixed with fuel, ignited and blasted out the rear by a turbine, as in the P-80 Shooting Star. Since this brings the airplane up to around 600 miles an hour, you'll notice the design begins to take on a little different shape.

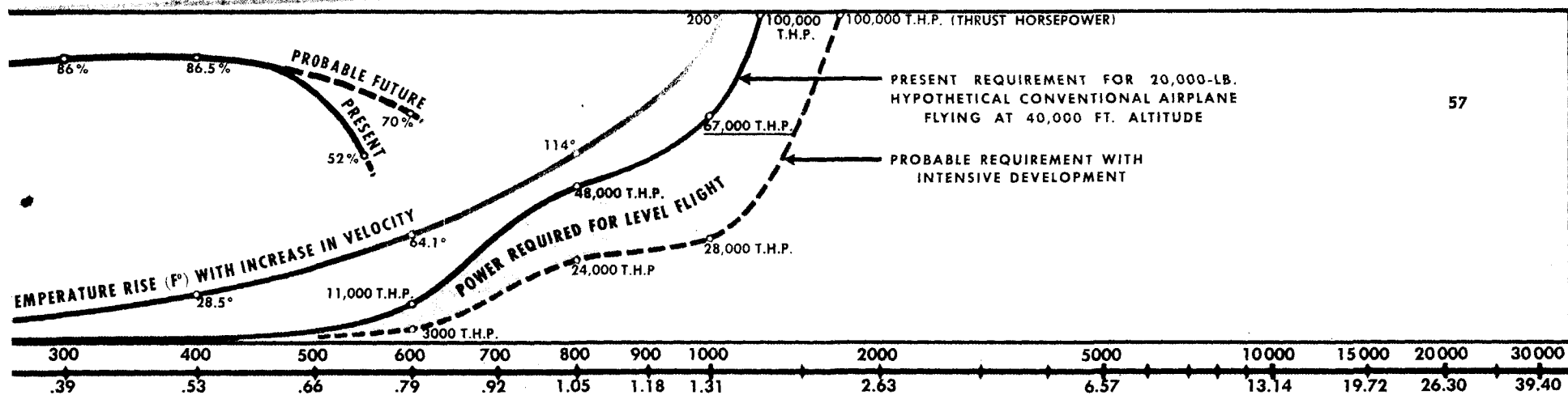
It becomes vastly different in the next model on the staircase scale—a design powered by the ram-jet engine, which is nothing but a stovepipe with fuel jets and a combustion chamber; no moving parts. It is light in weight, easy to build and potentially



wonderful. Its current disadvantage is that it must be brought up to a high speed by some auxiliary means such as catapulting or rockets so the air can be rammed in at a high velocity.

An airplane with a ram-jet engine is now visualized in the transsonic barrier at the speed of sound. However, no full-scale airplane of any type has yet been built with the ram jet as its principal engine. The ram-jet idea is associated with the French engineer René Leduc, who sponsored it more than a decade ago.

Up to now all the power plants have depended on outside air being taken into the engine, mixed with fuel and ignited either to drive pistons or produce exhaust thrust. As planes of this type go



AIR SPEED - TODAY AND TOMORROW

How fast we'll fly in the future and by what means we'll outrace the speed of sound are here shown in a graphic key to the conquest of flight

ATIONAL WING DESIGN
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higher and higher the air becomes thinner and more difficult to utilize. But the rocket engine does not depend on the outside air. It carries its fuel—liquid oxygen and alcohol—in a package and it can fly beyond the earth's atmosphere, where the jet engines cannot.

And so the rocket-powered aircraft is visualized by Ed Heinemann as the type that will penetrate the transsonic barrier and be on its way into the deep blue of the chart now occupied only by the projectile, the V-2 type rocket and the meteor.

Before this we were to have had flight-test results on America's first all-rocket-propelled airplane, the Bell XS-1, Army designation for Experimental Supersonic and the first in what doubtless will be a big

family of XS aircraft. We reported on this in Collier's for August 17th and 24th, 1946, and told of the preparations, plans and hopes of the man chosen to attempt to break the seal on the secrets of supersonic flight.

He was Chief Test Pilot Jack Woolams, of Bell Aircraft. On the evening of August 30, 1946, he was killed in the crash of a racing plane he was preparing for the Thompson Trophy Race at Cleveland on Labor Day.

The death of Jack Woolams slowed down plans for getting the XS-1 into the air, because a new pilot had to be selected and trained for the unprecedented test flights.

Other delays, including weather, pushed back

the first powered flight until a short time ago when it was scheduled to fly at Muroc Dry Lake in command of Chalmers (Slick) Goodlin, twenty-three-year-old Bell Aircraft test pilot, of Greensburg, Pennsylvania.

Jack Woolams, though not required to, had definite plans to try to ram the XS-1 through the transsonic barrier and shoot for an altitude of 80,000 feet and a speed of 1,000 miles an hour or more, but young Goodlin will follow the slower and more methodical test program and work up to the transsonic barrier gradually and without the necessity of meeting any deadline dates. His first flight under this program was made on December 9, 1946. ★★★

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A member of the Army Air Forces All-Weather Flying Crews photographs cloud formations while flying through the center of a thunder storm.

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MONSTERS IN MINIATURE

Continued from page 28

turning their enormous ears about as a rabbit would, to pick up the noise we made. As we came closer, several ran to the edge of the ledges and sprang into the air. Others stood their ground, baring their sharp teeth and chattering fiercely. I grabbed one old warrior whose fur was a deep reddish-brown and as soft as moleskin. He fought savagely in my gloved hand, screaming with rage.

As we put him into the collecting box, he spit out two slivers of a brown substance we could not identify. Later we found he had sliced out two small pieces of my heavy leather glove. They were not bitten out. They were slashed out with his two long canine teeth. A razor could not have dug out those gouges in my glove as neatly.

An Exhibition of Agility

Charlie tried to catch some of the bats in his collecting net. The vampires seemed to understand perfectly what he was doing. Several of them leaped straight up in the air to avoid his clumsy movements. Others bounced along the ledges like rubber balls and vanished into

How many generations were required for these little creatures to lose all vestige of their sight is not known.

When we returned to the village, the natives gathered around to inspect our bats and ask why we wanted them. Charlie explained that, although the amount of blood the bats take is not serious, they may carry yellow fever and Chagas' disease, much as mosquitoes spread malaria. The Indians nodded. Some of them had heard of the terrible outbreak of rabies that killed off 90 per cent of the cattle in some districts of southern Mexico. The disease was spread by rabid vampires. The bats behaved exactly like mad dogs, biting everything they saw. Fortunately, no humans were attacked, but in Trinidad and Panama several deaths from the bite of rabid vampires have been reported.

The Indians had just butchered a pig, and we got a supply of fresh blood to feed our captives. Back in the hotel that evening, we tried to make them eat. Jule fed them from an eye dropper, but instead of taking the tip of the dropper in their mouths, they stuck out their pink, club-shaped tongues and licked off each

on the bed covers. The vampire sits there, listening to his quarry's breathing to make sure he is asleep. Then the bat gently rears upon the tips of his wings and crawls up the covers toward the sleeper's face. Every motion is elaborately cautious.

At last he reaches the sleeper's face. He moves back and forth around the pillow, selecting the best spot for his attack. He wants a place with few nerves and lots of blood. He seldom chooses the throat. He will more likely take the lobe of the ear or the tip of the nose. Not as spectacular as the jugular vein, but far more practical. When he has decided on his spot, he approaches cautiously and nips the flesh gently. If the victim tosses, the vampire leaps back and waits patiently until his quarry has gone back to sleep. Then he tries another spot.

He may have to try several places before he finds one where the sleeper cannot feel his sharp teeth. But once he has located such a spot, whenever he bites a person in the future he will always try for exactly that same place. The bats learn quickly from experience.

When the vampire realizes that he has found a comparatively insensible spot, he gently presses the flesh a few times with his teeth until the sleeper becomes used to the soft pressure. Then the bat steadies himself like a surgeon preparing to make an incision with a scalpel. Stretching his mouth open to the fullest extent, he makes a single quick slash with his two canine teeth. He does not stab. He slashes sideways, as if he were using a knife. Instantly he jumps back, watching the sleeper. If his quarry has not awakened, he hurries in and begins to lap up the flowing blood. He drinks until his stomach is extended like a bag and he has trouble flying away.

Special Technique of Feeding

The action of his tongue helps to keep the wound open, but the bats seem to know enough to slash open a vein or artery. The action of the victim's heart keeps pumping the blood out, and this is why the wound continues to bleed even after the bat is gorged and has flown away. Young vampires have none of this technique. They will make an incision anywhere, and if the blood does not flow they will try again and again. But once they learn where the veins and arteries are, they never forget it. They will also fall heavily on an animal's back and be thrown off when the quarry begins to buck.

After a few failures, they learn how animals react and plan their attacks accordingly. Vampires live for at least five years and probably feed every night. As a result, they develop an amazingly skillful technique. Old vampires feeding on small animals actually seemed to be controlling the victim's struggles as expertly as a rider controls a restless horse.

Before leaving Mexico, we talked to Dr. Alfredo Tellez Giron, chief of the Animal Pathology Laboratory in Mexico City and probably the leading Mexican authority on bats. "We know that under certain circumstances the vampires can be a real menace," the doctor told us. "But trying to exterminate them would be a tremendous undertaking and not worth the trouble. Malaria mosquitoes still are much more of a danger, although we are gradually bringing them under control as you have done in the States. However, when I read in the papers about bacterial warfare, rockets and atomic bombs, I am not very much worried about vampires. Compared to human beings, they are practically beneficial."

THE END



"Compliments from the gentleman at the other end of the bar and would you buy him a drink?"

COLLIER'S

HERB WILLIAMS

holes. Some vampires ran up the walls, hooking themselves up with two long fingers growing out of the elbows of their wings. These fingers are amazing instruments. Each one ends in a curved nail, like a squirrel's. Turning up our lights, we could see dozens of vampires hanging head down on the walls above us. They looked like miniature bearskin rugs, hung upside down on the wall, with the open mouths and grinning teeth pointing downwards.

We found three young vampires in a pocket in the rock. They were all huddled together and their weird little bulldog faces peered out at us anxiously. Every time they saw the long bellows of the camera coming toward them, two of the little devils would grab the third and shove him forward while they hid behind him. The victim would stare into the gleaming lens for a moment and then live under his friends, shoving them back over his shoulder. Jule pulled them apart and lined all three up on a stalagmite, but before I could press the flash-gun one of them had kicked another and the fight started all over again.

On the way back, Charlie caught some blind fish. These curious little creatures are about three inches long, a beautiful silver-gold color, and completely blind. They do not even have the remnants of eye sockets. In pools near the mouths of several near-by caves, this same fish is found with perfectly developed eyes.

Collier's for January 11, 1947

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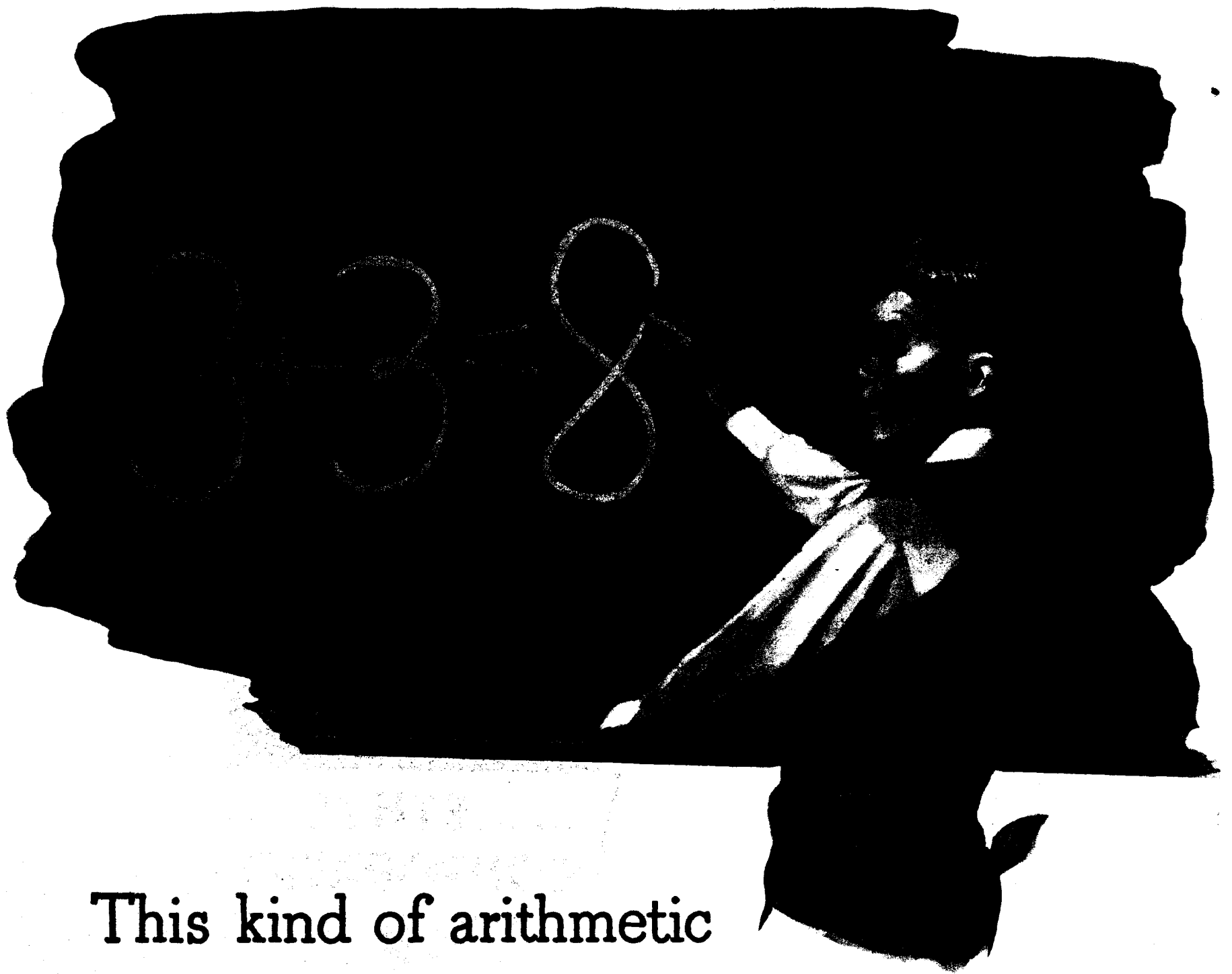
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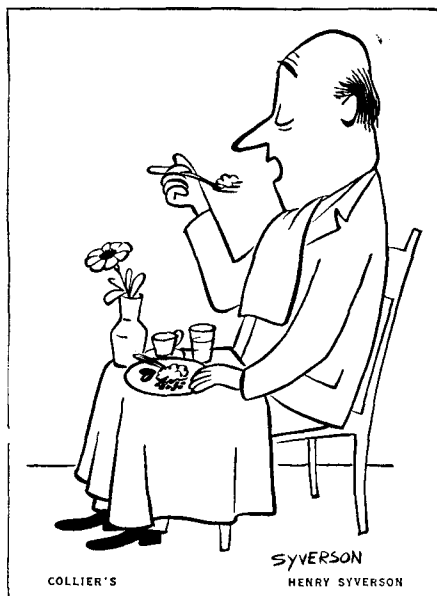
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streets of the city. The waiting room was hung with pictures of gentlemen before and after they had passed through Signor Tromboni's hands, the first of each pair of photographs showing skulls of horrible nudity or at best with a few unhealthy bunches of thatch, while the second showed the same gentlemen with an incredibly luxurious growth. John Marcus walked around the room studying with considerable satisfaction these evidences of Signor Tromboni's ability, and he was particularly impressed by a large framed certificate from a London College of Trichologists which announced that Signor Giuseppe Tromboni had graduated with First Class Honors.

THE door of the inner sanctum was flung open, and the Master Trichologist himself stood in the doorway smiling affably at John Marcus. He was a big, impressive man, and by way of compensation for his own lack of hair he wore a heavy black mustache. He courteously invited John Marcus to enter and waved him into a barber's chair in front of a basin and mirror. Then he brought a powerful lamp into position over John Marcus' head, and picking up an enormous magnifying glass, began his examination. John



Marcus was distressed to hear him groaning aloud once or twice. Finally he put his lamp and magnifying glass aside and, gripping John Marcus firmly by the base of the skull, pulled out a small handful of hair, which he stowed away carefully in an envelope.

"We must send it to London for analysis," he explained gravely, "so that we may learn the extent to which it is diseased. Come back to me in a week. That'll be a guinea."

John Marcus paid up, shook hands and found himself in the street, marveling at the foreign gentleman's command of English and the speed with which he had acquired a Dublin accent.

On the occasion of John Marcus' next visit, Signor Tromboni congratulated him and told him the report from London had been promising, but that the course of treatment would be long and expensive. When John Marcus replied that he didn't mind the expense, the Master Trichologist rubbed his hands with satisfaction and indicated his readiness to commence Course No. 1 forthwith.

Course No. 1 was electrical treatment. John Marcus was clamped in a chair and electrical charges were passed through his skull so as to stimulate the roots of his hair. But the patient's reflexes got out of control, and Signor Tromboni abandoned the treatment with regret after receiving two kicks in the stomach. When the electricity was switched off, John Marcus was found to be in a semi-paralyzed condition, and assistance had

to be summoned to get him out of the chair, into his overcoat, and through the doorway on to the street.

John Marcus was then subjected to Course No. 2 three days a week for a month. Signor Tromboni began by plunging the patient's head into a basin of boiling water so as to open the pores. When the pores were thoroughly opened, he dragged John Marcus back into the chair and rubbed powerful ointments into his scalp. Then before John Marcus could recover his breath, his head was seized and plunged into freezing water so as to close the pores before the ointments could get out. As a side line the trichologist sold John Marcus various wire brushes and combs, and half a dozen bottles of hair stimulant. When this had gone on for four weeks, John Marcus protested that he thought the violence of the treatment was injuring his heart. Signor Tromboni, after a prolonged scrutiny with the magnifying glass, ruefully admitted that he couldn't see any fresh hair coming up. He consented to put John Marcus through Course No. 3.

What the unfortunate man endured passes all belief. Expenses were mounting, and John Marcus was beginning to think he'd have to take out a mortgage on the business. A course of ultraviolet-ray treatment was unproductive of result. The Master Trichologist became more and more exasperated at the failure of fresh hair to sprout. He seemed to think that his professional honor was at stake, and his handling of John Marcus' head became extremely rough. At last one day his exasperation overcame him. He flung his magnifying glass into a corner of the room and fixed John Marcus with a piercing eye.

"Do you really want your hair to grow?" he asked.

"Yes," faltered John Marcus.

Signor Tromboni turned sharply and going to a press in the corner, unlocked it with a long, shining key. He came back with a bottle in his hand.

"This will either kill or cure," he said.

John Marcus hesitated. He didn't like the glint in the Master Trichologist's eye, but he thought of Miss Bailey, and he put out his hand for the bottle.

"Apply tonight before retiring," said Signor Tromboni, "and rub well in."

He saw John Marcus to the door and shook him by the hand.

John Marcus did as he was bid. The mixture smelt of gunpowder, but he rubbed it in doggedly. He was conscious of a burning sensation, and when he went to bed, he slumbered fitfully. In the morning he ran his comb through his hair in front of the glass. All the hair he had came off on the comb.

I've always said it's terrible when love comes to a man in middle age. John Marcus never went to the Bailey household again. In fact, he didn't go out of doors at all for two years. He has grown fat and puffy, and his head is as bald as an egg. He has applied himself assiduously to his business. He bought two other public houses and extended the Select Bar around the corner. He opened a grocery and evicted a family of orphans so as to make room for his new Ice Cream Emporium. He never serves in the Select Bar himself now; instead there are two whipper-snappers in white coats anticipating your slightest wish, and moving around noiselessly against a background of chromium and red leather seats.

John Marcus is Chairman of the Town Commissioners and a director of the new factory.

I saw Miss Bailey the other day as she was coming out of the greengrocer's with a bundle of rhubarb under her arm. She was lightly swinging a shopping basket, and she passed me with that same slight smile upon her face.

THE END

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REVENGE

Continued from page 14

seemed as though she saw that man, that menacing figure, in the hopeless distance. I never thought once of the police. Only one impulse was in me, a dreadful agonizing craving for revenge. "I'll find him!" I swore. "I'll kill him . . ."

Her hand clutched mine as if to restrain me, but when she felt the anger in my grip her mood abruptly changed and she said quietly, "Yes . . . yes." And when I hesitantly asked whether she would come with me, help me find him, she nodded, almost eagerly I thought.

We drove to the outskirts of the town, where she listened carefully to my instructions, nodding with a sort of unearthly calm.

"We'll drive slowly," I told her. And this we did for perhaps a half hour, examining every passer-by as we moved back and forth through the unhurried streets. The sun still hung heavy above us as we turned a third time down the town's main artery.

In the wide street were a few parked cars, and a thin afternoon crowd was lazily inspecting the shop windows. A man lounging near the hotel disinterestedly picked his teeth. It seemed to me he observed our slow progress curiously. I directed my wife's attention to him but she gravely shook her head. Then suddenly she gripped my arm. Her lips fell open and her face paled. She pointed at a shabby car parked near the hotel. A man was locking the car door.

"That's him!" she whispered.

My blood quickened.

"Are you sure?" I asked finally. Her eyes followed him as he put the keys in his pocket and turned toward the hotel.

"That's him," she insisted, "that's him . . ."

I PULLED to the curb in front of his car and stepped out quickly. "Wait here," I said. "Don't move—" I looked about me with assumed carelessness. The lounge, I saw, was facing the other way. No one else seemed to notice me. I sauntered into the lobby, a few steps behind my man. I decided to wait for him near the elevator, and sure enough he was soon standing beside me absently fingering his room key.

Luck was with me, for as the car went up I glimpsed his room number on the key in his hand. I had planned to get out with him and openly follow him to his room. Instead I rode to the floor above his, made my way to the stairway, down one level, through the hallways to his room and knocked softly, an unexpected and unknown visitor.

I was calm then as he answered my knock. I spoke to him through the door and represented myself as the buyer for a local store. He opened the door wide.

"Why, come in," he said; he wore a welcoming grin that infuriated me.

I went in; took the hammer from the waistband of my trousers and, as he turned to walk ahead of me, I smashed him mightily on the back of his head.

A great cry escaped him; then a dismal sigh that collapsed with him to the floor. He lay still.

I stared at the crumpled figure and my fury subsided, spent by that single avenging blow. A clock ticked into my consciousness. My eyes wandered absently to the simple dresser, the bed, the silent telephone. In my hand the hammer was edged with blood. I tucked it back in my trousers and dropped the skirt of my coat over it. With my handkerchief I turned the knob of the door. Curiosity prompted me to glance again at the still figure on the floor, but I no longer cared. It might be hours before anything happened. I might be suspected or I might not. None of these conjectures bothered me. I was reasonably

safe from suspicion; that I knew; except perhaps from this—this ordinary individual. I turned and went out quickly, closing the door behind me. And with that closed door behind me, in that quiet carpeted hallway, I at last felt clean, free of obsessing shame.

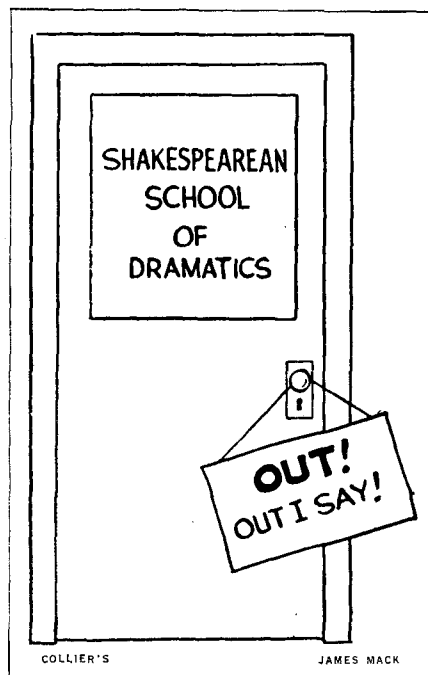
I went back upstairs, rang for the elevator and rode down quietly. The very sleepiness of this town made my ambling exit from the hotel unnoticeable.

Elsa was still in the car, patient, gazing straight ahead, just as I had left her.

"It's done," I said.

Her head barely turned in my direction and she nodded slowly. She said one word: "Good."

Poor Elsa. So altered with shame and shock that she had grown a shell which I could not pierce. She sat silently in the car while, back at our camp, I hooked up the trailer and made ready for a



journey. Even the lunch I fixed for her she barely touched, nibbling once or twice, then staring into space. Perhaps when we were away from this terrible place . . .

It was evening when we stopped again. I drove furiously past a dozen small villages, hurrying toward the city that lies, now, below and behind us at the foot of the mountain. I hoped to find in its busy streets some distraction from our lonely secret, to lose some of this horror there, perhaps in some lively bar or in a theater; perhaps in a good night's rest. Then the strain of the dreadful day took charge. A good night's sleep was all I craved. But not in the trailer; not yet.

Elsa agreed indifferently. We rolled ahead and merged with the traffic in the city. We would park the trailer and stop at the best hotel. We would have a hot bath, then dinner in our room and perhaps a bottle of wine. And a good sleep, a good sleep . . . "Would you like that?" I asked her.

I thought her expression softened; certainly a tear glistened in her eye. I wanted right then to hold her in my arms, to caress her and comfort her. I pointed to a hotel we were approaching.

"Would you like that one?" I asked.

Her glance followed my pointing finger. She paled. She gripped my arm tightly and her lips parted. She stared straight ahead. Oh, God! She stared straight ahead and pointed at a man in the street—

"That's him," she whispered. "That's him . . ."

THE END

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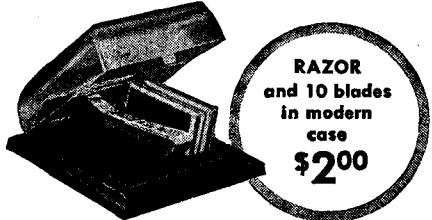
Independent Agency Division, Desk C-7
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Collier's for January 11, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

... What does Dr. Banay look like and why would he have had such trouble with women?
GEORGIA GREENSTRAFF,
Brooklyn, N. Y.



This, ladies, is the culprit.

... Urgently request Collier's secure competent psychiatric therapy for Ralph S. Banay, M.D. MARIE LAYMEN AVAIRY, Bronxville, N. Y.

... There should be more Ralph S. Banays in this world and infinitely more such distaff debunking. It was a superbly accurate, though somewhat conservative, estimate. Undoubtedly, there will be a maelstrom of female poison in Mr. Banay's mail basket, but these screaming titans will be precisely the ones he was writing about. What killed me was that such a thing slipped through the despotic guard of women to be published. Why, it's enough to make Mr. Milquetoast think that he has a spine after all. PHILLIP DELEA, New York, N. Y.

... What's the matter, Doctor, did some nasty old woman beat you to the seat on the bus? RUTH MORLEY, Toronto, Canada

... I wonder what woman caused The Trouble With Ralph S. Banay? Was he (s)mothered as a preadolescent child or is he st(w)ified now? Indignantly,
ANNE M. STOMMEL, White Plains, N. Y.

DEAR DR. BANAY: The women of this country suggest you go to hell on a white horse.
JAN WALLER, Ex-Spar, Bell, Cal.

PISCATORIAL PINCERS

DEAR SIR: In He Likes Fish (Nov. 30th) Mr. Barcella states that pickerel have no teeth. He don't know his pickerel. I have some with teeth that would ruin his Sunday pants.
CHARLIE MCCARTY, New Bedford, Mass

These were old pickerel—their teeth had fallen out.

W.C.T.U.

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: The editorial Expert Testimony (Nov. 16th), quoting me as saying, "We have tried prohibition and it is not the answer for the W.C.T.U." has been called to my attention.

I made no such statement to the United Press (which you quote as authority) nor to anyone else. I stand for prohibition without reservation. So does the National W.C.T.U. of which I am vice-president and the Ohio W.C.T.U. of which I am president.

MARY B. ERVIN,
President, Ohio W.C.T.U.
Vice-President, National W.C.T.U.

BURKE'S SNEERAGE

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: After reading your article Social Register Blues by Mona Gardner (Dec. 14th), I can only say that I have always felt that pedigrees of people as listed in the Social Register are like pedigrees of dogs—only I like dogs better. The missing names from Burke's Peerage or the Almanach de Gotha today should prove my point.

Anything so ephemeral as a family tree to hang on to in these perilous times should make the Tree of Brooklyn the sturdiest oak that ever grew.

Poor Mrs. Astorbilt is standing alone in the dim dusk of a dying era on the last safety zone in the middle of the street obeying traffic laws that have been obsolete for years, only she doesn't know it.

Sincerely yours,
ELSA MAXWELL, New York, N. Y.

SOCIAL HYGIENE

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: This Association was much interested in the article, V.D. For Sale (Nov. 23d). While our own findings regarding conditions do not coincide in every particular with those of the authors, we believe they and you have performed a real public service. We understand that at least one of the cities described in this article has closed its red-light district as a result.

Even though prostitution cannot be completely eliminated, its volume and its menace to public health and welfare can be greatly reduced by the application of a combination of educational, repressive and public-health measures.

BASCOM JOHNSON,
American Social Hygiene Association,
New York, N. Y.

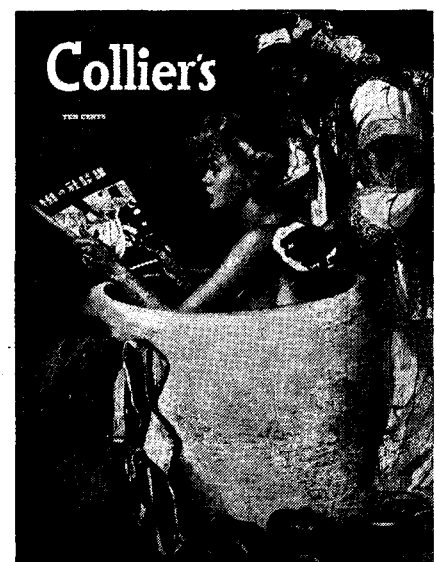
... I am a member of a teen-age group and I represent them, I know. In connection with your article, V.D. For Sale, to think things like this actually exist in the United States of America!

Honestly, I don't know, and won't even take a guess at what our generation is coming to unless someone takes a desperate step to stop all this!! C. B., Clinton, N. Y.

WACKY NURSE

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Give us credit where credit is due. Ted Shane, The Week's Work, says that Martha Sawyers' cover (Dec. 7th) is a Jap bathing a Wac. The insignia on her jacket belongs to the Army nurse. Who is to blame, Miss Sawyers, or Mr. Shane?

DOROTHY NIXON, Ex-Wac, Cpl.,
Cantril, Iowa



Darned if an Army nurse who is being scrubbed, off scene but in the immediate vicinity, didn't go and park her uniform right in front of our Wac.

FALCONRY, INC.

DEAR EDITOR: The Falconry article (Nov. 30th) has prompted many inquiries about the falconry business, or where to buy falcons. It would be well if readers would realize that falcons are among the most prized of American wildlife and fortunately the laws protecting them are rigorously enforced in most states. It is, I know, not Collier's intention to encourage the robbing of protected falcon eyries or nesting places but rather to promote an interest in the conservation of this noble bird. Falcons cannot be purchased anywhere, they do not breed in captivity and less than a dozen potential falconers in this country have mastered the art and actually killed game with a falcon.

GEORGE G. GOODWIN,
Am. Museum of Natural History,
New York, N. Y.

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WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
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SPEAKING OF TAX

THE Republicans had hardly finished licking their chops over their 1946 Congressional election landslide when their leaders began to talk tax reduction. A 20 per cent personal income tax cut across the board was among the more delightful of the subjects brought up for discussion. We're as human as anybody else when it comes to paying taxes, so we naturally take to this talk like a cat to a crock of cream.

It is encouraging, too, to hear Messrs. Knutson, Taft, Taber, Bridges & Co. assure us that big economies can be effected by bouncing hordes of government pay-rollers, cutting out unnecessary government agencies and services, and so on.

We hope it works out that way. We're worried about only one thing; and that is the fact that in many an economy drive in times past the Army, the Navy and the Air Forces have been the first victims of the economizers.

There have been times when it wasn't especially dangerous to trim defense appropriations. But this is not one of those times.

A great deal of righteous talk about general disarmament is being heard, especially from the Russian government; but no concrete moves toward general disarmament are being either made or promised at this writing.

Russia has anywhere from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 men under arms. The current Russian budget allotment for military purposes amounts to about \$16,000,000,000 in U.S. money. Great Britain has some 2,000,000 men in its armed forces. Far from reducing its military potential, Britain is keeping on with conscription in peacetime.

Certainly we could disarm, as we did after World War I. In those naïve times, we kidded ourselves that we were setting the rest of the world a noble example. What we were actually doing was extending to the rest of the world a handsomely engraved invitation to come and take us after a while if it could.

Japan and Germany tried to accept that invitation, and it was only by dint of a colossal war that we kept them from doing so.

When and if we're assured that other nations will disarm in step with us, we can safely discharge some more soldiers, lay up some more battleships, and scrap some more warplanes.

Until then, let us make the armed forces not our first economy target, but our last. If this works out to prevent any drastic tax reductions for quite a while to come, okay. It is some 9,999 per cent better to pay high taxes than to pay tribute to a conqueror.

GIVE THE AIRLINES A BREAK

IT HAS become rather fashionable of late to take printed, spoken and radioed cracks at the airlines of the United States.

We're not offering a blanket defense of the airlines. Some of them seem to be grabbing more business than they can handle. Many a traveler can tell of exasperating flight cancellations or postponements, without the courtesy of intelligent explanations. There seem to be big holes in some airlines' personnel and public-relations work.

Legitimate and fact-backed squawks about these and other faults are wholly desirable and healthy. We have the assurance of one major airline official that his concern welcomes and carefully investigates every written complaint that looks substantial.

We hope that the general public won't get into a blindly prejudiced frame of mind regarding the airlines. That could be harmful to all of us.

The railroads in their early years gave bad and dangerous service by and large. Suppose the public had jumped to the conclusion that the railroads would never be any good, and had withheld its investment, freight and passenger ticket money from them. The rails would never have become the great and efficient network that they now are, and this would be a second-rate country as a result.

For all the airlines' numerous present shortcomings, they are among our most valuable and promising assets. It is to our own interest as well as theirs that they get fair treatment from both customers and kibitzers.

THOSE NEW LABOR LAWS

IN THE recent elections, voters in three states (Arizona, Nebraska, South Dakota) ratified constitutional amendments outlawing the closed shop. Massachusetts voters adopted a law requiring labor unions to issue regular financial statements.

There is much to be said for and against legislation of these types. All arguments aside, though, we think various labor leaders would do well to consider, as calmly as they can, the fact that such laws were adopted in four states at one clip.

The reason, we believe, was that voters in those states were seriously annoyed with what some labor leaders and unions have been doing of late years, and were anxious to lash out at them in any way they could. We do not believe this feeling is confined to Arizona, Massachusetts, Nebraska and South Dakota.

It seems to us that if our topflight labor leaders are smart, they will react energetically to this sign that the U.S. climate is changing with regard to organized labor.

We doubt that one American in 1,000 would like to see the unions run out of business. That desire is pretty strictly limited to Ku Klux-minded racketeers and hate merchants.

But we are convinced that plenty of Americans are sick of the racketeering and domineering of some labor leaders, and want these matters cleaned up in a hurry. The job can be done voluntarily, inside the unions, and there is no use trying to kid the public that it can't.

If it isn't done voluntarily and soon, we think there is danger of some repressive Congressional legislation which may do more harm than good.

IMPORTANT MOVIE

IF YOU'RE a veteran, or if for any reason you are anxious to know more about some of the veterans' most perplexing and most frequent problems, there is a motion picture now on the boards which you should not miss.

It is Samuel Goldwyn's *The Best Years of Our Lives*, a highly significant and important motion-picture drama, and an interesting and exciting one into the bargain. It is a pleasure to give the film this unqualified, and unsolicited, endorsement.

Collier's for January 11, 1947

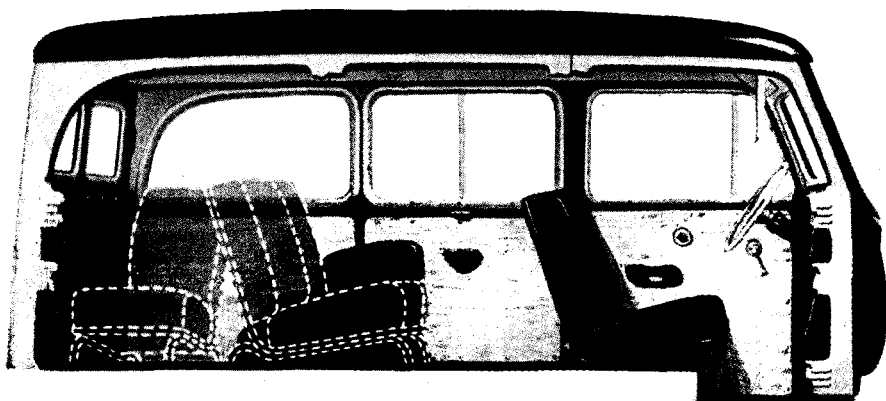
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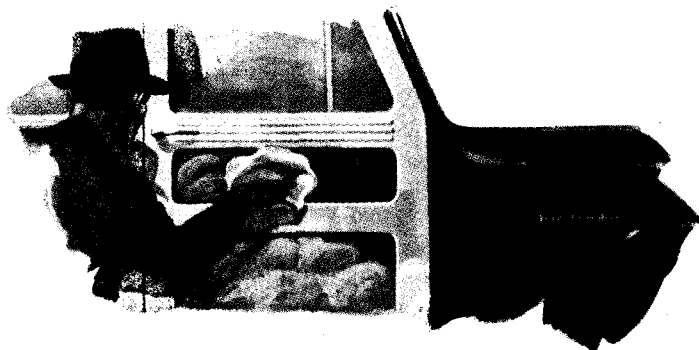
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